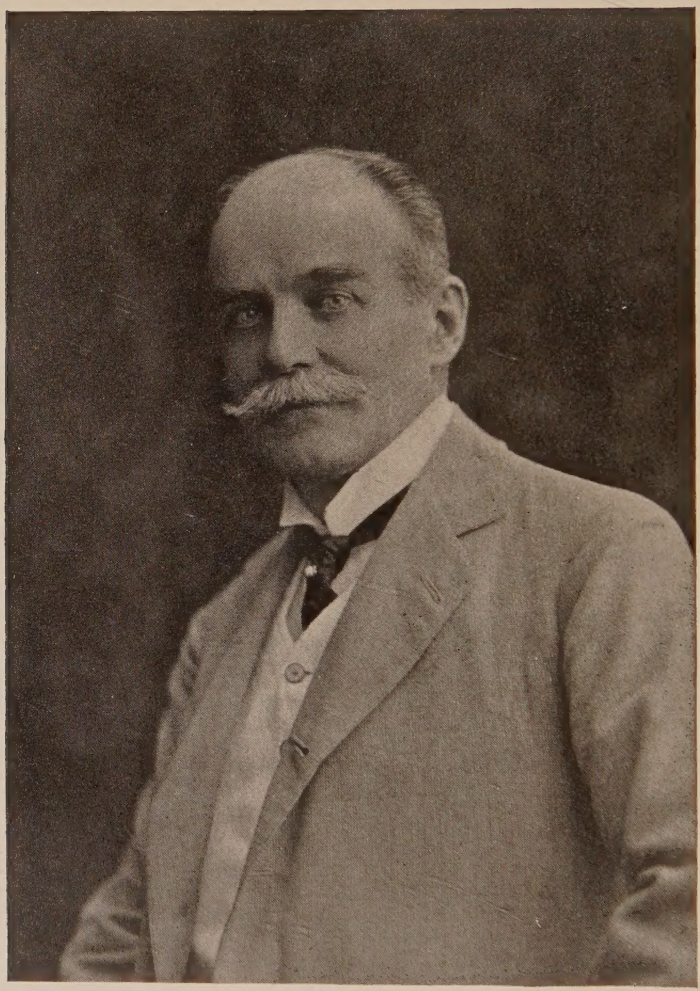

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A THOUSAND HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS

By JOHN L. STODDARD

VOL. I

ILLUSTRATED

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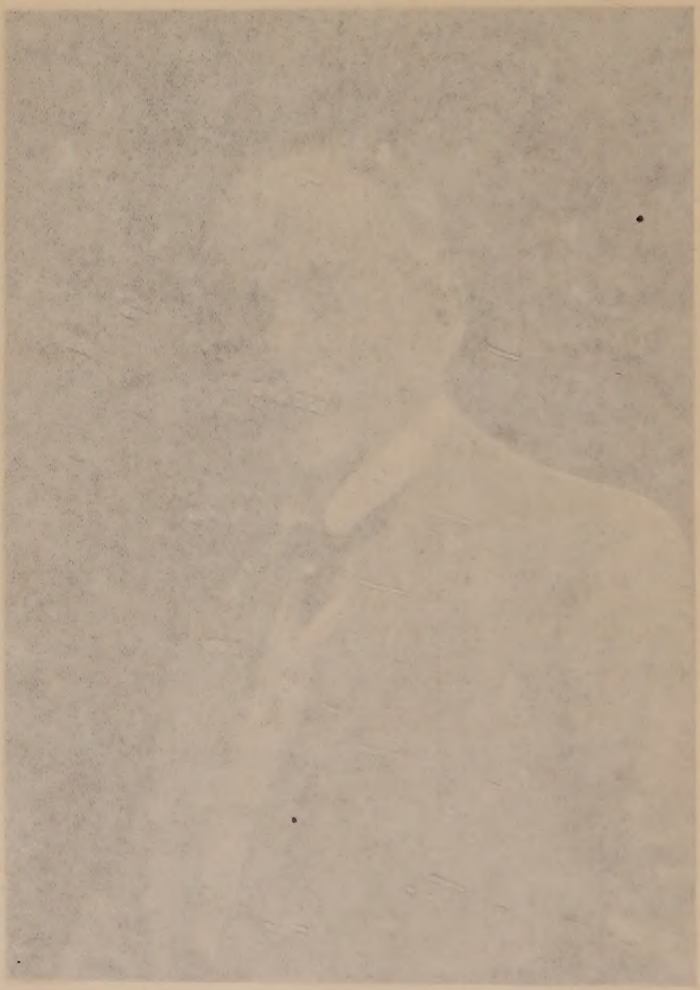

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PREFACE

A PROFITABLE use of the great realm of literature, whose confines constantly grow more remote, was never more essential than it is to-day.

The spread of education has enlarged the reading public to such huge proportions, that its choice of books decides the character and conduct of unnumbered millions. To read omnivorously and without discernment gives one mental indigestion. To choose poor, frivolous material impoverishes thought. To read too little starves the soul. Hence in the sphere of letters to discriminate and to select is of the first importance. The recognition of this process is not new. Selections from the world's best writings are as old as literature itself. The sacred books of all religions are but compilations of the choicest utterances of their priests and prophets. Even the contents of our Christian Bible were selected out of many books, whose claims to be admitted to the scriptural canon were for centuries contested. In secular writings also there have always been attempts to winnow out the worthless, and retain the good. The famous libraries of antiquity, from the enormous Alexandrian collection to the private literary treasures of such men as Atticus and Cicero, were not promiscuous accumulations of all sorts of manuscripts. If for no other reason, careful choice among the classics and limited quotations from the best were rendered necessary by the scarcity of books.

While manuscripts were rare, and when the labor of transcribing them was irksome and expensive, it was the part of wisdom and economy to make selections. But such survivals of the fittest in our day spring from a far more powerful motive than economy. Human capacity is limited. No man, however long-lived and industrious, can absorb more than a fraction of the literary output of the race; and now that this accumulated mass, — already so immense, — receives on the average every year ten thousand new books from Great Britain and America alone,

the need of some eclecticism is imperative. The classic name for such a compilation is Anthology, which signified originally a collection of flowers. From this its meaning was quite naturally extended to include the flowers of literature. Many anthologies have been published since the first selection of four thousand poems made by Meleager of Gadara two millenniums ago, yet the compiler of the "Stoddard Library" would fain believe that there is room for still another, planned and constructed for a definite class of readers. He has not aimed to offer in these volumes either an encyclopedia of literature or a history of letters. Their pages have, designedly, no essays on the growth of national literatures, or critical analyses of any of the masterpieces mentioned. They have no extracts from such ancient, almost unknown, authors, as are interesting only to the literary expert. All these are, in their place, both valuable and instructive, and the effort to combine them with a large amount of entertaining reading is commendable. It is, however, possible that an anthology, less comprehensive in its scope and therefore less voluminous and didactic, will meet a genuine want among the rank and file of book lovers and readers, who still believe that works of genius were not written to be analyzed, but to be enjoyed. The author's plan has been to make a carefully selected library of literature, comprised in a small number of attractive volumes, which may be helpful to the *average American family*. This work, in fact, is specially designed to make it possible for those who have a fair amount of culture, and desire more, to own,—and hence *to read with pleasure and advantage at any moment when they wish to do so, — a goodly portion of the best that men have ever thought and written.* It is not meant to be a substitute for all the literary treasures found within our public libraries, or for the special books of reference needed by professional men. But it is hoped that it may find a valued place among the volumes of those intimate collections which form the joy and pride of every soulful home. As such, it may assist the reader to use with more advantage the great public libraries, as well as to add wisely to the contents of his own. In all the author's lectures upon Travel he sought to seize the salient points of interest in every land and city visited, and to describe them, or at least allude to them, *suggestively*. Opening the

portals leading to the famous shrines of nature, art, and history, his aim was to make evident that further exploration would abundantly reward the eager and appreciative pilgrim. In the same general way he has endeavored in these volumes to present what in the world of letters has instructed and delighted him, and to suggest by the selections chosen what else may prove inspiring to his old companions over land and sea.

Out of the fields of literature he has sought to gather many fadeless flowers, not to dissect them scientifically, but to weave them into garlands, and diffuse their perfume. In the construction of this Library care has been taken also to prepare its volumes with a view to satisfying the æsthetic tastes of its possessors. Beautiful thoughts are worthy of artistic presentation. They certainly lose nothing of their strength and value, when appropriately framed. The illustrations, to whose preparation in soft, pleasing colors great attention has been given, have been especially chosen, in order to familiarize the reader with the homes of many of the authors quoted, or with some spots associated with their lives. All of the biographical sketches have been purposely made brief. Only the most important facts which every one would wish to learn, or to recall, have been concisely stated.

Some critics of the general purpose of a work like this may claim that they are not content with mere quotations, but wish to own the entire works of all those represented in its pages. But such a vast collection would prove far too bulky and expensive for a private owner. Others may urge that public libraries furnish all they care to read. But who will there conduct them through the labyrinth of letters, and place before them what they wish to know in a compact and entertaining form? Moreover, what a difference exists between a book, borrowed for brief perusal from a colossal storehouse of such printed matter, and the loved private volumes which adorn the home, and can be constantly referred to! It may be also said that one man's taste can never be a guide in making an anthology. Alas, it is too true that no selection can be perfect, and that no single choice is faultless. Yet, though opinions differ as to the relative value of much that has been chosen or omitted here, it may be claimed with confidence that nothing worthless has been printed on these

pages, and that at least an introduction is thus given to hundreds of the foremost writers of the world, whose works withstand triumphantly the test of criticism and the tooth of time.

From such a standpoint, therefore, one can accurately judge how much or little of their other writings he may care to read. That an increasing love for literature may be stimulated by a study of these volumes is almost a certainty. To see an exquisite bouquet of freshly cut and dewy roses fills one with a longing to explore the floral paradise in which they bloom. To gaze upon one noble mountain peak is certainly inspiring, but having felt the thrill awakened by its radiant beauty, we remain unsatisfied till we behold the whole sublime expanse of the great Alpine world. Another wish of the compiler of this work has been to offer some selections, less distinguished for their intellectual brilliancy than for a tender sentiment, which, often after centuries, still moves the heart, and stirs its holiest emotions. There is in all good writing worthy of the name a touch of human nature that makes kindred of us all. This he has tried to find, as the prospector seeks the vein of gold. A memorable thought connected with the preparation of a Library like this is the enormous influence which it is capable of exerting. It is not one book, or a dozen books, but the carefully distilled quintessence of a thousand! It is a concentration of tremendous intellectual and moral forces, — an inexhaustible spiritual dynamo, — a compilation of the very pages which have transformed lives, determined history, and decided destinies. Such literature is the priceless heritage of humanity. We know that life will ultimately end upon our planet; but it is almost inconceivable that certain books, or parts of books, with all their precious consolations of religion, science, poetry, and philosophy, will fail to cheer to the last moment the declining remnant of the race. And even when the final flicker of intelligence shall have been extinguished, and all the world's accumulated volumes shall have shriveled into ashes in the earth's combustion, or have been sepulchered in monster glaciers on its frozen frame, the *soul* of literature, rising from its printed words, as music soars above the ivory keys and quivering strings of instruments which gave it voice, will still survive. As surely as our consciousness outlives the body's dissolution, all that is best and highest in our

books will still continue to exist in minds inspired, memories quickened, and characters ennobled by its influence. The master works of literature are deathless in their psychic power; — imperishable, while the men and women molded by them tread our globe; immortal also in that brighter realm, to which our tiny planet is the anteroom, and death the curtained door.

JOHN L. STODDARD.

NOTE. — The extracts used in this work from Hodgkin's "Italy and her Invaders" and from Jowett's translation of Thucydides are inserted by permission of The Clarendon Press, Oxford, England.

LAKE COMO, HOME OF JOHN L. STODDARD

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JOSEPH ADDISON

Joseph Addison. Born at Milston, Wiltshire, England, May 1, 1672; died at Holland House, June 17, 1719. A scholar of the Charterhouse, London, and at King's College, Oxford. He was the author of the tragedy "Cato," "Travels in Italy," and of many famous contributions to the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, of which Richard Steele was editor.

Addison's style is simple, clear, and graceful; his literary work well-balanced and delicately finished.

In reading Addison, we meet a refined gentleman, of a calm and lofty mind, never ruffled, never morbid, never sharply sarcastic, of genial humor, always charitable and sweet-spirited.

Modern society owes a great debt to the press issues conducted by Addison and Steele. They lived in a rude age, when newspapers and pamphlets were usually coarse and vulgar; but the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* were prepared by them for intelligent and refined women, as well as for men.

VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti!
Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulaeque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia. — Hor. Od. i. 4. 13.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial Fate
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below. — Creech.

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not

disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τε, Μέδοντά τε, Θερσίλοχόν τε.
— Hom. Il. p. 216.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque. — Virg.

Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-ful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh moldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them

were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offense. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions, under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honor. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know

that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature, in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.

PUNNING

Non equidem hoc studeo bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
— Pers. Sat. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise. — Dryden.

There is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the

mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished, was in the reign of King James I. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counselors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakespeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Plocé*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was

formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder, therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters; at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy

and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the Witches Prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such painstakers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion, than from the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dullness on both sides. I have seen tory acrostics and whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them because they are whigs or tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language. If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *vox et praeterea nihil*, "a sound, and nothing but a sound." On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristenetus makes of a fine woman; when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful; or as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, "*Induitur formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est.*"

GOOD NATURE

Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis: adversus nemini;
Nunquam praeponens se aliis. Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.

— Ter. Andr. Act 1. Sc. 1.

His manner of life was this: to bear with everybody's humors; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those he conversed with; to contradict nobody; never to assume a superiority over others. This is the ready way to gain applause, without exciting envy.

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of affliction is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbor. At the same time that the storm beats on the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good nature, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day's speculation.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good nature is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his deathbed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated passage of Sallust, where Cæsar and Cato are placed in such beautiful but opposite lights, Cæsar's character is chiefly made up of good nature, as it showed itself in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his servants or dependants, the guilty or the distressed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A Being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe temper in a worthless man.

This part of good nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves justice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for in the public administrations of justice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a maxim, that good-natured men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest wits I have conversed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons. First, because ill nature among ordinary observers passes for wit.

A spiteful saying gratifies so many little passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh rises upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd satirist. This may be one reason why a great many pleasant companions appear so surprisingly dull when they have endeavored to be merry in print, the public being more just than private clubs or assemblies, in distinguishing between what is wit and what is ill nature.

Another reason why the good-natured man may sometimes bring his wit in question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with compassion for those misfortunes or infirmities which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a wit. The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himself a larger field to expatiate in; he exposes those failings in human nature which the other would cast a veil over, laughs at vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, exposes the person who has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his character as a wit. It is no wonder, therefore, he succeeds in it better than the man of humanity, as a person who makes use of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader.

VISION OF MIRZA

Omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam. — Virg. Æn. ii. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, The Visions of Mirza, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows: —

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed

myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is

the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in

the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scymitars in their hands, who ran to and fro from the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with gar-

lands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among those several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length I said, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

ÆSCHYLUS

ÆSCHYLUS, the greatest of the Greek writers of tragedy. Born at Eleusis, B.C. 525; died in Sicily, B.C. 456. Author of seventy tragedies, of which seven survive. His "Prometheus Bound" is the best known. At Marathon and Salamis he was a distinguished soldier.

The imperishable character of his poetic work has been attested by seventy generations of men.

(From "PROMETHEUS BOUND," translation of E. B. Browning)

THE ANGUISH OF PROMETHEUS

Hephæstus. Let us go. He is netted round with chains.

Strength. Here, now, taunt on! and having spoiled the gods
Of honors, crown withal thy mortal men
Who live a whole day out. Why how could *they*
Draw off from thee one single of thy griefs?
Methinks the Dæmons gave thee a wrong name,
"Prometheus," which means Providence, — because
Thou dost thyself need providence to see
Thy roll and ruin from the top of doom.

Prometheus (*alone*). O holy Æther, and swift-wingèd Winds,
And River-wells, and laughter innumerous
Of yon sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you, —
Behold me, a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold, with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,
I wrestle down the myriad years of time!
Behold, how fast around me,
The new King of the happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's
I cover with one groan. And where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?
And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
Clearly all things that should be; nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul; and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware

Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate. Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferule's brim, and manward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony,
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky.
Ah, ah me! what a sound,
What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between,
Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her bound,
To have sight of my pangs or some guerdon obtain.
Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!
The god, Zeus hateth sore
And his gods hate again,
As many as tread on his glorified floor,
Because I loved mortals too much evermore.
Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
As of birds flying near!
And the air undersings
The light stroke of their wings —
And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

THE CONFESSION OF PROMETHEUS

Prometheus. The utterance of these things is torture to me,
But so, too, is their silence; each way lies
Woe strong as fate.
When gods began with wrath,
And war rose up between their starry brows,
Some choosing to cast Chronos from his throne
That Zeus might king it there, and some in haste
With opposite oaths that they would have no Zeus
To rule the gods forever, — I, who brought
The counsel I thought meetest, could not move

The Titans, children of the Heaven and Earth,
What time, disdaining in their rugged souls
My subtle machinations, they assumed
It was an easy thing for force to take
The mastery of fate. My mother, then,
Who is called not only Themis but Earth too,
(Her single beauty joys in many names)
Did teach me with reiterant prophecy
What future should be, and how conquering gods
Should not prevail by strength and violence
But by guile only. When I told them so,
They would not deign to contemplate the truth
On all sides round; whereat I deemed it best
To lead my willing mother upwardly
And set my Themis face to face with Zeus
As willing to receive her. Tartarus,
With its abysmal cloister of the Dark,
Because I gave that counsel, covers up
The antique Chronos and his siding hosts,
And, by that counsel helped, the king of gods
Hath recompensed me with these bitter pangs:
For kingship wears a cancer at the heart, —
Distrust in friendship. Do ye also ask
What crime it is for which he tortures me?
That shall be clear before you. When at first
He filled his father's throne, he instantly
Made various gifts of glory to the gods
And dealt the empire out. Alone of men,
Of miserable men, he took no count,
But yearned to sweep their track off from the world
And plant a newer race there. Not a god
Resisted such desire except myself.
I dared it! *I* drew mortals back to light,
From meditated ruin deep as hell!
For which wrong, I am bent down in these pangs
Dreadful to suffer, mournful to behold,
And I, who pitied man, am thought myself
Unworthy of pity; while I render out
Deep rhythms of anguish 'neath the harping hand
That strikes me thus — a sight to shame your Zeus!

ÆSOP

Æsop, the most renowned of fabulists. Born in Phrygia, about B.C. 620, he was in early life a slave at Athens. His fables are cited by Socrates and Aristophanes. Some two hundred and fifty years after his death, Demetrius, one of the founders of the Alexandrine library, made a collection of such fables as had become attributed to Æsop.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A Fox, just at the time of the vintage, stole into a vineyard where the ripe sunny Grapes were trellised up on high in most tempting show. He made many a spring and a jump after the luscious prize; but, failing in all his attempts, he muttered as he retreated, "Well! what does it matter! The Grapes are sour!"

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

As a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray Lamb paddling, at some distance, down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence. "Villain!" said he, running up to her, "how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?" "Indeed," said the Lamb humbly, "I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you." "Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names." "Oh, Sir!" said the Lamb, trembling, "a year ago I was not born." "Well," replied the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to argue me out of my supper;" and without another word he fell upon the poor helpless Lamb and tore her to pieces.

A tyrant never wants a plea. And they have little chance of resisting the injustice of the powerful whose only weapons are innocence and reason.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A Lion was sleeping in his lair, when a Mouse, not knowing where he was going, ran over the mighty beast's nose and awak-

ened him. The Lion clapped his paw upon the frightened little creature, and was about to make an end of him in a moment, when the Mouse, in pitiable tone, besought him to spare one who had so unconsciously offended, and not stain his honorable paws with so insignificant a prey. The Lion, smiling at his little prisoner's fright, generously let him go. Now it happened no long time after, that the Lion, while ranging the woods for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunters; and finding himself entangled without hope of escape, set up a roar that filled the whole forest with its echo. The Mouse, recognizing the voice of his former preserver, ran to the spot, and without more ado set to work to nibble the knot in the cord that bound the Lion, and in a short time set the noble beast at liberty; thus convincing him that kindness is seldom thrown away, and that there is no creature so much below another but that he may have it in his power to return a good office.

THE FROG AND THE OX

An Ox, grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young Frogs, and crushed nearly the whole brood to death. One that escaped ran off to his mother with the dreadful news; "And, O mother!" said he, "it was a beast — such a big four-footed beast! — that did it." "Big?" quoth the old Frog, "how big? was it as big" — and she puffed herself out to a great degree — "as big as this?" "Oh!" said the little one, "a great deal bigger than that." "Well, was it so big?" and she swelled herself out yet more. "Indeed, mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its size." Provoked at such a disparagement of her powers, the old Frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed.

So men are ruined by attempting a greatness to which they have no claim.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A Dog made his bed in a Manger, and lay snarling and growling to keep the horses from their provender. "See," said one of them, "what a miserable cur! who neither can eat corn himself, nor will allow those to eat it who can."

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING

In the days of old, when the Frogs were all at liberty in the lakes, and had grown quite weary of following every one his own devices, they assembled one day together, and with no little clamor petitioned Jupiter to let them have a King to keep them in better order, and make them lead honester lives. Jupiter, knowing the vanity of their hearts, smiled at their request, and threw down a Log into the lake, which by the splash and commotion it made, sent the whole commonwealth into the greatest terror and amazement. They rushed under the water and into the mud, and dared not come within ten leaps' length of the spot where it lay. At length one Frog bolder than the rest ventured to pop his head above the water, and take a survey of their new King at a respectful distance. Presently, when they perceived the Log lie stock-still, others began to swim up to it and around it; till by degrees, growing bolder and bolder, they at last leaped upon it, and treated it with the greatest contempt. Dissatisfied with so tame a ruler, they forthwith petitioned Jupiter a second time for another and more active King. Upon which he sent them a Stork, who no sooner arrived among them than he began laying hold of them and devouring them one by one as fast as he could, and it was in vain that they endeavored to escape him. Then they sent Mercury with a private message to Jupiter, beseeching him that he would take pity on them once more; but Jupiter replied, that they were only suffering the punishment due to their folly, and that another time they would learn to let well alone, and not be dissatisfied with their natural condition.

THE FOX AND THE STORK

A Fox one day invited a Stork to dinner, and being disposed to divert himself at the expense of his guest, provided nothing for the entertainment but some thin soup in a shallow dish. This the Fox lapped up very readily, while the Stork, unable to gain a mouthful with her long narrow bill, was as hungry at the end of dinner as when she began. The Fox, meanwhile, professed his regret at seeing her eat so sparingly, and feared that the dish was not seasoned to her mind. The Stork said little,

but begged that the Fox would do her the honor of returning her visit; and accordingly he agreed to dine with her on the following day. He arrived true to his appointment, and the dinner was ordered forthwith; but when it was served up, he found to his dismay that it was contained in a narrow-necked vessel, down which the Stork readily thrust her long neck and bill, while he was obliged to content himself with licking the neck of the jar. Unable to satisfy his hunger, he retired with as good a grace as he could, observing that he could hardly find fault with his entertainer, who had only paid him back in his own coin.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

The Wind and the Sun were disputing which was the stronger. Suddenly they saw a traveler coming down the road, and the Sun said: "I see a way to decide our dispute. Whichever of us can cause that traveler to take off his cloak shall be regarded as the stronger. You begin." So the Sun retired behind a cloud, and the Wind began to blow as hard as it could upon the traveler. But the harder he blew the more closely did the traveler wrap his cloak round him, till at last the Wind had to give up in despair. Then the Sun came out and shone in all his glory upon the traveler, who soon found it too hot to walk with his cloak on.

Kindness effects more than Severity.

BELLING THE CAT

Long ago, the Mice held a general council to consider what measures they could take to outwit their common enemy, the Cat. Some said this, and some said that; but at last a young Mouse got up and said he had a proposal to make, which he thought would meet the case. "You will agree," said he, "that our chief danger consists in the sly and treacherous manner in which the enemy approaches us. Now, if we could receive some signal of her approach, we could easily escape from her. I venture, therefore, to propose that a small bell be procured, and attached by a ribbon round the neck of the Cat. By this means we should always know when she was about, and could easily retire while she was in the neighborhood."

This proposal met with general applause, until an old Mouse got up and said: "That is all very well, but who is to bell the Cat?" The Mice looked at one another and nobody spoke. Then the old Mouse said: —

"It is easy to propose impossible remedies."

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

The Hare was once boasting of his speed before the other animals. "I have never yet been beaten," said he, "when I put forth my full speed. I challenge any one here to race with me."

The Tortoise said quietly: "I accept your challenge."

"That is a good joke," said the Hare; "I could dance round you all the way."

"Keep your boasting till you've beaten," answered the Tortoise. "Shall we race?"

So a course was fixed and a start was made. The Hare darted almost out of sight at once, but soon stopped and, to show his contempt for the Tortoise, lay down to have a nap. The Tortoise plodded on and plodded on, and when the Hare awoke from his nap, he saw the Tortoise just near the winning-post and could not run up in time to save the race. Then said the Tortoise: —

"Plodding wins the race."

THE LION IN LOVE

A Lion once fell in love with a beautiful maiden and proposed marriage to her parents. The old people did not know what to say. They did not like to give their daughter to the Lion, yet they did not wish to enrage the King of Beasts. At last the father said: "We feel highly honored by your Majesty's proposal, but you see our daughter is a tender young thing, and we fear that in the vehemence of your affection you might possibly do her some injury. Might I venture to suggest that your Majesty should have your claws removed, and your teeth extracted; then we would gladly consider your proposal again." The Lion

was so much in love that he had his claws trimmed and his big teeth taken out. But when he came again to the parents of the young girl they simply laughed in his face, and bade him do his worst.

Love can tame the wildest.

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE BEASTS

The Lion once gave out that he was sick unto death, and summoned the animals to come and hear his last Will and Testament. So the Goat came to the Lion's cave, and stopped there listening for a long time. Then a Sheep went in, and before she came out a Calf came up to receive the last wishes of the Lord of the Beasts. But soon the Lion seemed to recover, and came to the mouth of his cave, and saw the Fox who had been waiting outside for some time. "Why do you not come to pay your respects to me?" said the Lion to the Fox. "I beg your Majesty's pardon," said the Fox, "but I noticed the track of the animals that have already come to you; and while I see many footmarks going in, I see none coming out. Till the animals that have entered your cave come out again I prefer to remain in the open air."

It is easier to get into the enemy's toils than out again.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

By an unlucky chance a Fox fell into a deep well from which he could not get out. A Goat passed by shortly afterwards, and asked the Fox what he was doing down there. "Oh, have you not heard?" said the Fox; "there is going to be a great drought, so I jumped down here in order to be sure to have water by me. Why don't you come down too?" The Goat thought well of this advice, and jumped down into the well. But the Fox immediately jumped on her back, and by putting his foot on her long horns managed to jump up to the edge of the well. "Good-by, friend," said the Fox; "remember next time: —

"Never trust the advice of a man in difficulties."

ANDROCLES

A Slave named Androcles once escaped from his master and fled to the forest. As he was wandering about there he came upon a Lion lying down moaning and groaning. At first he turned to flee, but finding that the Lion did not pursue him, he turned back and went up to him. As he came near, the Lion put out his paw, which was all swollen and bleeding, and Androcles found that a huge thorn had got into it, and was causing all the pain. He pulled out the thorn and bound up the paw of the Lion, who was soon able to rise and lick the hand of Androcles like a dog. Then the Lion took Androcles to his cave, and every day used to bring him meat from which to live. But shortly afterwards both Androcles and the Lion were captured, and the Slave was sentenced to be thrown to the Lion, after the latter had been kept without food for several days. The Emperor and all his Court came to see the spectacle, and Androcles was led out into the middle of the arena. Soon the Lion was let loose from his den, and rushed bounding and roaring towards his victim. But as soon as he came near to Androcles he recognized his friend, and fawned upon him, and licked his hands like a friendly dog. The Emperor, surprised at this, summoned Androcles to him, who told him the whole story. Whereupon the Slave was pardoned and freed, and the Lion let loose to his native forest.

Gratitude is the sign of noble souls.

THE BALD MAN AND THE FLY

There was once a Bald Man who sat down after work on a hot summer's day. A Fly came up and kept buzzing about his bald pate, and stinging him from time to time. The Man aimed a blow at his little enemy, but — whack — his palm came on his head instead; again the Fly tormented him, but this time the Man was wiser and said: —

"You will only injure yourself if you take notice of despicable enemies."

THE FOX AND THE MASK

A Fox had by some means got into the store-room of a theater. Suddenly he observed a face glaring down on him, and began to be very frightened; but looking more closely he found it was only a Mask, such as actors use to put over their faces. "Ah," said the Fox, "you look very fine; it is a pity you have not got any brains."

Outside show is a poor substitute for inner worth.

THE JAY AND THE PEACOCK

A Jay venturing into a yard where Peacocks used to walk, found there a number of feathers which had fallen from the Peacocks when they were moulting. He tied them all to his tail and strutted down towards the Peacocks. When he came near them they soon discovered the cheat, and striding up to him pecked at him and plucked away his borrowed plumes. So the Jay could do no better than go back to the other Jays, who had watched his behavior from a distance; but they were equally annoyed with him, and told him: —

"It is not only fine feathers that make fine birds."

THE TWO CRABS

One fine day two Crabs came out from their home to take a stroll on the sand. "Child," said the mother, "you are walking very ungracefully; you should accustom yourself to walking straight forward without twisting from side to side."

"Pray, mother," said the young one, "do but set the example yourself, and I will follow you."

Example is the best precept.

JEAN LOUIS RODOLPHE AGASSIZ

JEAN LOUIS RUDOLPHE AGASSIZ. Born in Motier, near Lake Neuchâtel, Switzerland, May 28, 1807; was distinguished in early youth and manhood for his natural history studies. When forty years old, he was appointed Professor of Geology and Zoölogy in Harvard University, where he laid the foundation of the Museum of Natural History. He had a boundless enthusiasm in his calling, which he imparted to others. "The Structure of Animal Life," "Principles of Zoölogy," and "Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil" were but a portion of his writings in English. Dying at Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 14, 1873, his grave is shadowed by pines sent from Switzerland, and is marked by a boulder from the Aar glacier.

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(From "GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES")

MOUNTAINS AND THEIR ORIGIN

A CHAPTER on mountains will not be an inappropriate introduction to that part of the world's history on which we are now entering, when the great inequalities of the earth's surface began to make their appearance; and before giving any special account of the geological succession in Europe, I will say something of the formation of mountains in general, and of the men whose investigations first gave us the clue to the intricacies of their structure. It has been the work of the nineteenth century to decipher the history of the mountains, to smooth out these wrinkles in the crust of the earth, to show that there was a time when they did not exist, to decide at least comparatively upon their age, and to detect the forces which have produced them.

But while I speak of the reconstructive labors of the geologist with so much confidence, because to my mind they reveal an intelligible coherence in the whole physical history of the world, yet I am well aware that there are many and wide gaps in our knowledge to be filled up. All the attempts to represent the appearance of the earth in past periods by means of geological maps are, of course, but approximations of the truth, and will

compare with those of future times when the phenomena are better understood, much as our present geographical maps, the result of repeated surveys and of the most accurate measurements, compare with those of the ancients.

Homer's world was a flat expanse, surrounded by ocean, of which Greece was the center. Asia Minor, the Ægean Islands, Egypt, part of Italy and Sicily, the Mediterranean and the Black Sea filled out and completed his map.

Hecatæus, the Greek historian and geographer, who lived more than five hundred years before Christ, had not enlarged it much. He was, to be sure, a voyager on the Mediterranean, and had an idea of the extent of Italy. Acquaintance with Phœnician merchants also had enlarged his knowledge of the world; Sardinia, Corsica, and Spain were known to him, and he was familiar with the Black and Red Seas; though an indentation on his map in the neighborhood of the Caspian would seem to indicate that he was aware of the existence of this sea also, it is not otherwise marked.

Herodotus makes a considerable advance beyond his predecessors. The Caspian Sea has a place on his map; Asia is sketched out, including the Persian Gulf, with the large rivers pouring into it; and the course of the Ganges is traced, though he makes it flow east and empty into the Pacific, instead of turning southward and emptying into the Indian Ocean.

Eratosthenes, two centuries before Christ, is the first geographer who makes some attempt to determine the trend to the land and water, presenting a suggestion that the earth is broader in one direction than in the other. In his map he adds also the geographical results derived from the expeditions of Alexander the Great.

Ptolemy, who flourished in Alexandria in the reign of Hadrian, is the next geographer of eminence, and he shows us something of Africa; for, in his time, the Phœnicians, in their commercial expeditions, had sailed far to the south, had reached the termination of Africa, with ocean lying all around it, and had seen the sun to the north of them. This last assertion, however, Ptolemy does not credit, and he is as skeptical of the open ocean surrounding the extremity of Africa as modern geographers and explorers have been of the existence of Kane's open Arctic Sea.

He believes that what the Phœnician traders took to be the broad ocean must be part of an inland sea, corresponding to the Mediterranean, with which he was so familiar. His map includes also England, Ireland, and Scotland; and his Ultima Thule is, no doubt, the Hebrides of our days.

Our present notions of the past periods of the world's history probably bear about the same relation to the truth that these ancient geographical maps bear to the modern ones. But this should not discourage us, for, after all, those maps were in the main true as far as they went; and as the ancient geographers were laying the foundation for all our modern knowledge of the present conformation of the globe, so are the geologists of the nineteenth century preparing the ground for future investigators, whose work will be as far in advance of theirs as are the delineations of Carl Ritter, the great master of physical geography in our age, in advance of the map drawn by the old Alexandrian geographer. We shall have our geological explorers and discoverers in the lands and seas of past times, as we have had in those of the present, — our Columbuses, our Captain Cooks, our Livingstones in geology, as we have had in geography. There are undiscovered continents and rivers and inland seas in the past world to exercise the ingenuity, courage, and perseverance of men, after they shall have solved all the problems, sounded all the depths, and scaled all the heights of the present surface of the earth.

What has been done thus far is chiefly to classify the inequalities of the earth's surface, and to detect the different causes which have produced them. Foldings of the earth's crust, low hills, extensive plains, mountain-chains, and narrow valleys, broad table-lands and wide valleys, local chimneys or volcanoes, river beds, lake basins, inland seas, — such are some of the phenomena which, disconnected as they seem at first glance, have nevertheless been brought under certain principles, and explained according to definite physical laws.

Formerly men looked upon the earth as a unit in time, as the result of one creative act, with all its outlines established from the beginning. It has been the work of modern science to show that its inequalities are not contemporaneous or simultaneous, but successive, including a law of growth, — that heat and cold, and

the consequent expansion and contraction of its crust, have produced wrinkles and folds upon the surface, while constant oscillations, changes of level which are even now going on, have modified its conformation, and molded its general outline through successive ages.

In thinking of the formation of the globe, we must at once free ourselves from the erroneous impression that the crust of the earth is a solid, steadfast foundation. So far from being immovable, it has been constantly heaving and falling; and if we are not impressed by its oscillations, it is because they are not so regular or so evident to our senses as the rise and fall of the sea. The disturbances of the ocean, and the periodical advance and retreat of its tides, are known to our daily experience; we have seen it tossed into great billows by storms, or placid as a lake when undisturbed. But the crust of the earth also has had its storms, to which the tempests of the sea are as nothing, — which have thrown up mountain waves twenty thousand feet high, and fixed them where they stand, perpetual memorials of the convulsions that upheaved them. Conceive an ocean wave that should roll up for twenty thousand feet, and be petrified at its greatest height: the mountains are but the gigantic waves raised on the surface of the land by the geological tempests of past times. Besides these sudden storms of the earth's surface, there have been its gradual upheavals and depressions, going on now as steadily as ever, and which may be compared to the regular action of the tides. These, also, have had their share in determining the outlines of the continents, the height of the lands, and the depth of the seas.

Leaving aside the more general phenomena, let us look now at the formation of mountains especially. I have stated in a previous article that the relative position of the stratified and unstratified rocks gives us the key to their comparative age. To explain this I must enter into some details respecting the arrangement of stratified deposits on mountain-slopes and in mountain-chains, taking merely theoretical cases, however, to illustrate phenomena which we shall meet with repeatedly in actual facts, when studying special geological formations.

We have, for instance, a central granite mountain, with a succession of stratified beds sloping against its sides, while at its

base are deposited a number of horizontal beds which have evidently never been disturbed from the position in which they were originally accumulated. The reader will at once perceive the method by which the geologist decides upon the age of such a mountain. He finds the strata upon its slopes in regular superposition, the uppermost belonging, we will suppose, to the Triassic period; at its base he finds undisturbed horizontal deposits, also in regular superposition, belonging to the Jurassic and Cretaceous periods. Therefore, he argues, this mountain must have been uplifted after the Triassic and all preceding deposits were formed, since it has broken its way through them, and forced them out of their natural position; and it must have been previous to the Jurassic and Cretaceous deposits, since they have been accumulated peacefully at its base, and have undergone no such perturbations.

The task of the geologist would be an easy one, if all the problems he has to deal with were as simple as the case I have presented here; but the most cursory glance at the intricacies of mountain structure will show us how difficult it is to trace the connection between the phenomena. We must not form an idea of ancient mountain upheavals from existing active volcanoes, although the causes which produced them were, in a somewhat modified sense, the same. Our present volcanic mountains are only chimneys, or narrow tunnels, as it were, pierced in the thickness of the earth's surface, through which the molten lava pours out, flowing over the edges and down the sides and hardening upon the slopes, so as to form conical elevations. The mountain ranges upheaved by ancient eruptions, on the contrary, are folds of the earth's surface, produced by the cooling of a comparatively thin crust upon a hot mass. The first effect of this cooling process would be to cause contractions; the next, to produce corresponding protrusions, — for, wherever such a shrinking and subsidence of the crust occurred, the consequent pressure upon the melted materials beneath must displace them and force them upward. While the crust continued so thin that these results could go on without very violent dislocations, — the materials within easily finding an outlet, if displaced, or merely lifting the surface without breaking through it, — the effect would be moderate elevations divided by corresponding

depressions. We have seen this kind of action, during the earlier geological epochs, in the upheaval of the low hills in the United States, leading to the formation of the coal basins.

On our return to the study of the American continent, we shall find in the Alleghany chain, occurring at a later period, between the Carboniferous and Triassic epochs, a good illustration of the same kind of phenomena, though the action of the Plutonic agents was then much more powerful, owing to the greater thickness of the crust and the consequent increase of resistance. The folds forced upward in this chain by the subsidence of the surface are higher than any preceding elevations; but they are nevertheless a succession of parallel folds divided by corresponding depressions, nor does it seem that the displacement of the materials within the crust was so violent as to fracture it extensively.

Even so late as the formation of the Jura mountains, between the Jurassic and Cretaceous periods, the character of the upheaval is the same, though there are more cracks at right angles with the general trend of the chain, and here and there the masses below have broken through. But the chain, as a whole, consists of a succession of parallel folds, forming long domes or arches, divided by longitudinal valleys. The valleys represent the subsidences of the crust; the domes are the corresponding protrusions resulting from these subsidences. The lines of gentle undulation in this chain, so striking in contrast to the rugged and abrupt character of the Alps immediately opposite, are the result of this mode of formation.

After the crust of the earth had grown so thick, as it was, for instance, in the later Tertiary periods, when the Alps were uplifted, such an eruption could take place only through the agency of an immense force, and the extent of the fracture would be in proportion to the resistance opposed. It is hardly to be doubted, from the geological evidence already collected, that the whole mountain range from Western Europe through the continent of Asia, including the Alps, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas, was raised at the same time. A convulsion that thus made a gigantic rent across two continents, giving egress to three such mountain ranges, must have been accompanied by a thousand fractures and breaks in contrary directions. Such a pressure along so

extensive a tract could not be equal everywhere; the various thicknesses of the crust, the greater or less flexibility of the deposits, the direction of the pressure, would give rise to an infinite variety in the results; accordingly, instead of the long, even arches, such as characterize the earlier upheavals of the Alleghanies and the Jura, there are violent dislocations of the surface, cracks, rents, and fissures in all directions, transverse to the general trend of the upheaval, as well as parallel with it.

Leaving aside for the moment the more baffling and intricate problems of the later mountain formations, I will first endeavor to explain the simpler phenomena of the earlier upheavals.

Suppose that the melted materials within the earth are forced up against a mass of stratified deposits, the direction of the pressure being perfectly vertical. Such a pressure, if not too violent, would simply lift the strata out of their horizontal position into an arch or dome, and if continued or repeated in immediate sequence, it would produce a number of such domes, like long billows following each other, such as we have in the Jura. But though this is the prevailing character of the range, there are many instances even here where an unequal pressure has caused a rent at right angles with the general direction of the upheaval; and one may trace the action of this unequal pressure, from the unbroken arch, where it has simply lifted the surface into a dome, to the granite crest, where the melted rock has forced its way out and crystallized between the broken beds that rest against its slopes.

In other instances, the upper beds alone may have been cracked, while the continuity of the lower ones remains unbroken. In this case we have a longitudinal valley on the top of a mountain range, lying between the two sides of the broken arch. Suppose, now, that there are also transverse cracks across such a longitudinal split, we have then a longitudinal valley with transverse valleys opening into it. There are many instances of this in the Alleghanies and in the Jura. Sometimes such transverse valleys are cut straight across, so that their openings face each other; but often the cracks have taken place at different points on the opposite sides, so that, in traveling through such a transverse valley, you turn to the right or left, as the case may be, where it enters the longitudinal valley, and follow that till

you come to another transverse valley opening into it from the opposite side, through which you make your way out, thus crossing the chain in a zigzag course. Such valleys are often much narrower at some points than at others. There are even places in the Jura where a rent in the chain begins with a mere crack, — a slit but just wide enough to admit the blade of a knife; follow it for a while, and you may find it spreading gradually into a wider chasm, and finally expanding into a valley perhaps half a mile wide, or even wider.

By means of such cracks, rivers often pass through lofty mountain-chains, and when we come to the investigation of the glacial phenomena connected with the course of the Rhone, we shall find that river following the longitudinal valley which separates the northern and southern parts of the chain of the Alps till it comes to Martigny, where it takes a sharp turn to the right through a transverse crack, flowing northward between walls fourteen thousand feet high, till it enters the Lake of Geneva, through which it passes, issuing at the other end, where it takes a southern direction. For a long time mountains were supposed to be the limitations of rivers, and old maps represent them always as flowing along the valleys without ever passing through the mountain-chains that divide them; but geology is fast correcting the errors of geography, and a map which represents merely the external features of a country, without reference to their structural relations, is no longer of any scientific value.

It is not, however, by rents in mountain-chains alone, or by depressions between them, that valleys are produced; they are often due to the unequal hardness of the beds raised, and to their greater or less liability to be worn away and disintegrated by the action of the rains. This inequality in the hardness of the rocks forming a mountain range, not only adds very much to the picturesqueness of outline, but also renders the landscape more varied through the greater or less fertility of the soil. On the hard rocks, where little soil can gather, there are only pines, or a low, dwarfed growth; but on the rocks of softer materials, more easily acted upon by the rain, a richer soil gathers, and there, in the midst of mountain scenery, may be found the most fertile growth, the richest pasturage, the brightest flowers. Where such a patch of arable soil has a southern exposure on a

mountain side, we may have a most fertile vegetation at a great height, and surrounded by the dark pine forests. Many of the pastures on the Alps, to which from height to height the shepherds ascend with their flocks in the summer, — seeking the higher ones as the lower become dry and exhausted, — are due to such alternations in the character of the rocks.

In consequence of the influence of time, weather, atmospheric action of all kinds, the apparent relation of beds has often become so completely reversed that it is exceedingly difficult to trace their original relation. Take, for instance, the following case. An eruption has upheaved the strata over a given surface in such a manner as to lift them into a mountain, cracking open the upper beds, but leaving the lower ones unbroken. We have then a valley on a mountain summit between two crests. Such a narrow passage between two crests may be changed in the course of time to a wide expansive valley by the action of the rains, frosts, and other disintegrating agents, and the relative position of the strata forming its walls may seem to be entirely changed.

Suppose, for example, that the two upper layers of the strata rent apart by the upheaval of the mountain are limestone and sandstone, while the third is clay and the fourth again limestone. Clay is soft, and yields very readily to the action of rain. In such a valley the edges of the strata forming its walls are of course exposed, and the clay formation will be the first to give way under the action of external influences. Gradually the rains wear away its substance till it is completely hollowed out. By the disintegration of the bed beneath them, the lime and sandstone layers above lose their support and crumble down, and this process goes on, the clay constantly wearing away, and the lime and sand above consequently falling in, till the upper beds have receded to a great distance, the valley has opened to a wide expanse instead of being inclosed between two walls, and the lowest limestone bed now occupies the highest position on the mountain.

But the phenomena of eruptions in mountain-chains are far more difficult to trace than the effects thus gradually produced. Plutonic action has, indeed, played the most fantastic tricks with the crust of the earth, which seems as plastic in the grasp of the

fiery power hidden within it as does clay in the hands of the sculptor.

We have seen that an equal vertical pressure from below produces a regular dome, — or that, if the dome be broken through, a granite crest is formed, with stratified materials resting against its slopes. But the pressure has often been oblique instead of vertical, and then the slope of the mountain is uneven, with a gradual ascent on one side and an abrupt wall on the other; or in some instances the pressure has been so lateral that the mountain is overturned and lies upon its side, and there are still other cases where one mountain has been tilted over and has fallen upon an adjoining one.

Sometimes, when beds have been torn asunder, one side of them has been forced up above the other; and there are even instances where one side of a mountain has been forced under the surface of the earth, while the other has remained above. Stratified beds of rock are occasionally found which have been so completely capsized, that the layers, which were of course deposited horizontally, now stand on end, side by side, in vertical rows. I remember, after a lecture on some of these extravagances in mountain formations, a friend said to me, not inaptly, — "One can hardly help thinking of these extraordinary contortions as a succession of frantic frolics; the mountains seem like a troop of rollicking boys, hunting one another in and out and up and down in a gigantic game of hide-and-seek."

The width of the arch of a mountain depends in a great degree on the thickness and flexibility of the beds of which it is composed. There is not only a great difference in the consistency of stratified material, but every variety in the thickness of the layers, from an inch, and even less, to those measuring from ten or twenty to one hundred feet and more in depth, without marked separation of the successive beds. This is accounted for by the frequent alternations of subsidence and upheaval; the continents having tilted sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, so that in certain localities there has been much water and large deposits, while elsewhere the water was shallow and the deposits consequently less. Thin and flexible strata have been readily lifted into a sharp, abrupt arch with narrow base,

while the thick and rigid beds have been forced up more slowly in a wider arch with broader base.

Table-lands are only long unbroken folds of the earth's surface, raised uniformly and in one direction. It is the same pressure from below, which, when acting with more intense force in one direction, makes a narrow and more abrupt fold, forming a mountain ridge, but, when acting over a wider surface with equal force, produces an extensive uniform elevation. If the pressure be strong enough, it will cause cracks and dislocations at the edges of such a gigantic fold, and then we have table-lands between two mountain-chains, like the Gobi in Asia between the Altai Mountains and the Himalayas, or the table-lands inclosed between the Rocky Mountains and the coast range of the Pacific shore.

We do not think of table-lands as mountainous elevations, because their broad, flat surfaces remind us of the level tracts of the earth; but some of the table-lands are nevertheless higher than many mountain-chains, as, for instance, the Gobi, which is higher than the Alleghanies, or the Jura, or the Scandinavian Alps. One of Humboldt's masterly generalizations was his estimate of the average thickness of the different continents, supposing their heights to be leveled and their depressions filled up, and he found that upon such an estimate Asia would be much higher than America, notwithstanding the great mountain-chains of the latter. The extensive table-land of Asia, with the mountains adjoining it, outweighed the Alleghanies, the Rocky Mountains, the Coast Chain, and the Andes.

When we compare the present state of our knowledge of geological phenomena with that which prevailed fifty years ago, it seems difficult to believe that so great and important a change can have been brought about in so short a time. It was on German soil and by German students that the foundation was laid for the modern science of systematic geology.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, extensive mining operations in Saxony gave rise to an elaborate investigation of the soil for practical purposes. It was found that the rocks consisted of a succession of materials following each other in regular sequence, some of which were utterly worthless for industrial purposes, while others were exceedingly valuable. The

Muschel-Kalk formation, so called from its innumerable remains of shells, and a number of strata underlying it, must be penetrated before the miners reached the rich veins of *Kupferschiefer* (copper slate), and below this came what was termed the *Todtliegende* (dead weight), so called because it contained no serviceable materials for the useful arts, and had to be removed before the valuable beds of coal lying beneath it, and making the base of the series, could be reached. But while the workmen wrought at these successive layers of rock to see what they would yield for practical purposes, a man was watching their operations who considered the crust of the earth from quite another point of view.

Abraham Gottlob Werner was born more than a century ago in Upper Lusatia. His very infancy seemed to shadow forth his future studies, for his playthings were the minerals he found in his father's forge. At a suitable age he was placed at the mining school of Freiberg in Saxony, and having, when only twenty-four years of age, attracted attention in the scientific world by the publication of an "Essay on the Characters of Minerals," he was soon after appointed to the professorship of mineralogy in Freiberg. His lot in life could not have fallen in a spot more advantageous for his special studies, and the enthusiasm with which he taught communicated itself to his pupils, many of whom became his devoted disciples, disseminating his views in their turn with a zeal which rivaled the master's ardor.

Werner took advantage of the mining operations going on in his neighborhood, the blasting, sinking of shafts, etc., to examine critically the composition of the rocks thus laid open, and the result of his analysis was the establishment of the Neptunic school of geology alluded to in a previous article, and so influential in science at the close of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century. From the general character of these rocks, as well as the number of marine shells contained in them, he convinced himself that the whole series, including the Coal, the *Todtliegende*, the *Kupferschiefer*, the *Zechstein*, the Red Sandstone, and the *Muschel-Kalk*, had been deposited under the agency of water, and were the work of the ocean.

Thus far he was right, with the exception that he did not include the accumulation of materials by the local action of fresh water afterwards traced by Cuvier and Brongniart in the Ter-

tiary deposits about Paris. But from these data he went a step too far, and assumed that all rocks, except the modern lavas, must have been accumulated by the sea, — believing even the granites, porphyries, and the basalts to have been deposited in the ocean and crystallized from the substances it contained in solution.

But, in the meantime, James Hutton, a Scotch geologist, was looking at phenomena of a like character from a very different point of view. In the neighborhood of Edinburgh, where he lived, was an extensive region of trap-rock, — that is, of igneous rock, which had forced itself through the stratified deposits, sometimes spreading in a continuous sheet over large tracts, or splitting them open and filling all the interstices and cracks so formed. Thus he saw igneous rocks not only covering or underlying stratified deposits, but penetrating deep into their structure, forming dikes at right angles with them, and presenting, in short, all the phenomena belonging to volcanic rocks in contact with stratified materials. He again pushed his theory too far, and, inferring from the phenomena immediately about him that heat had been the chief agent in the formation of the earth's crust, he was inclined to believe that the stratified materials also were in part at least due to this cause. I have alluded in a former number to the hot disputes and long-contested battles of geologists upon this point. It was a pupil of Werner's who at last set at rest this much vexed question.

At the age of sixteen, in the year 1790, Leopold von Buch was placed under Werner's care at the mining school of Freiberg. Werner found him a pupil after his own heart. Warmly adopting his teacher's theory, he pursued his geological studies with the greatest ardor, and continued for some time under the immediate influence and guidance of the Freiberg professor. His university studies over, however, he began to pursue his investigations independently, and his geological excursions led him into Italy, where his confidence in the truth of Werner's theory began to be shaken. A subsequent visit to the region of extinct volcanoes in Auvergne, in the south of France, convinced him that the aqueous theory was at least partially wrong, and that fire had been an active agent in the rock formations of past times. This result did not change the convictions of his master, Werner, who was too old or too prejudiced to accept the later

views, which were nevertheless the result of the stimulus he himself had given to geological investigations.

But Von Buch was indefatigable. For years he lived the life of an itinerant geologist. With a shirt and a pair of stockings in his pocket, and a geological hammer in his hand, he traveled all over Europe on foot. The results of his foot journey to Scandinavia were among his most important contributions to geology. He went also to the Canary Islands; and it is in his extensive work on the geological formations of these islands that he showed conclusively not only the Plutonic character of all unstratified rocks, but also that to their action upon the stratified deposits the inequalities of the earth's surface are chiefly due. He first demonstrated that the melted masses within the earth had upheaved the materials deposited in layers upon its surface, and had thus formed the mountains.

No geologist has ever collected a larger amount of facts than Von Buch, and to him we owe a great reform not only in geological principles, but in methods of study also. An amusing anecdote is told of him, as illustrating his untiring devotion to his scientific pursuits. In studying the rocks, he had become engaged also in the investigation of the fossils contained in them. He was at one time especially interested in the *Terebratulae*, certain fossil shells found in great abundance in all stratified rocks, and one evening in Berlin, where he was engaged in the study of these remains, he came across a notice in a Swedish work of a particular species of that family which he could not readily identify without seeing the original specimens. The next morning Von Buch was missing, and as he had invited guests to dine with him, some anxiety was felt on account of his non-appearance. On inquiry, it was found that he was already far on his way to Sweden: he had started by daylight on a pilgrimage after the new, or rather the old, *Terebratula.* I tell the story as I heard it from one of the disappointed guests.

All great natural phenomena impressed him deeply. On one occasion it was my good fortune to make one of a party from the "Helvetic Association for the Advancement of Science" on an excursion to the eastern extremity of the Lake of Geneva. I well remember the expressive gesture of Von Buch, as he faced the deep gorge through which the Rhone issues from the interior

of the Alps. While others were chatting and laughing about him, he stood for a moment absorbed in silent contemplation of the grandeur of the scene, then lifted his hat and bowed reverently before the mountains.

Next to Von Buch, no man has done more for modern geology than Elie de Beaumont, the great French geologist. Perhaps the most important of his generalizations is that by which he has given us the clue to the limitation of the different epochs in past times by connecting them with the great revolutions in the world's history. He has shown us that the great changes in the aspect of the globe, as well as in its successive sets of animals, coincide with the mountain upheavals.

I might add a long list of names, American as well as European, which will be forever honored in the history of science for their contributions to geology in the last half century. But I have intended only to close this chapter on mountains with a few words respecting the man who first investigated their intimate structural organization, and established methods of study in reference to them now generally adopted throughout the scientific world. In my next article I shall proceed to give some account of special geological formations in Europe, and the gradual growth of that continent.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

Louisa May Alcott. Born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1832; died in Boston, March 6, 1888. Her most famous and popular work was "Little Women," which has been translated into many languages. "An Old-fashioned Girl," "Little Men," and "Jo's Boys" are other noted books. Her best-known poem is "Thoreau's Flute." It is not too much to say that Miss Alcott's cheery humor and sympathy with child life revolutionized juvenile literature. Her name is greatly endeared to children. There is an abiding charm in her books, and in the public libraries they are constantly "worn out."

THOREAU'S FLUTE

We, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;—

Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him; —
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
"For such as he there is no death; —
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man's aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And tuned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine, —
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
'Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

"To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen, —
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him, — he is with thee."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836; died in Boston in 1907. Early engaged in mercantile life in New York, he removed to Boston when thirty years old and became editor of *Every Saturday*. Later he was for some years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Author of "The Ballad of Babie Bell and Other Poems," "Cloth of Gold," "Flower and Thorn," "The Story of a Bad Boy," "Marjorie Daw," "Prudence Palfrey," "The Queen of Sheba," "The Stillwater Tragedy," "An Old Town by the Sea." Aldrich achieved distinction both as a poet and as a prose writer. His work is characterized by a bright, dainty humor, a keen dramatic sense, a swift upgathering of the points that interest the reader, and by an "art concealing art" even in that which is in reality highly elaborated.

(The following selections are used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers.)

(From "MARJORIE DAW AND OTHER STORIES")

PÈRE ANTOINE'S DATE-PALM

NEAR the Levee, and not far from the old French cathedral in the Place d'Armes, at New Orleans, stands a fine date-palm, thirty feet in height, spreading its broad leaves in the alien air as hardily as if its sinuous roots were sucking strength from their native earth.

Sir Charles Lyell, in his "Second Visit to the United States," mentions this exotic: "The tree is seventy or eighty years old; for Père Antoine, a Roman Catholic priest, who died about twenty years ago, told Mr. Bringier that he planted it himself, when he was young. In his will he provided that they who succeeded to this lot of ground should forfeit it if they cut down the palm."

Wishing to learn something of Père Antoine's history, Sir Charles Lyell made inquiries among the ancient creole inhabitants of the faubourg. That the old priest, in his last days, became very much emaciated, that he walked about the streets like a mummy, that he gradually dried up, and finally blew away, was the meager and unsatisfactory result of the tourist's

ALDRICH'S SUMMER HOME IN MAINE

[illegible]

THOMAS [illegible] ALDRICH. Born at Portsmouth, New [illegible] vember 11, [illegible]; died in Boston in 1907. Early engaged in [illegible] life in New York, he removed to Boston when thirty years old a[illegible] editor of *Every Saturday*. Later he was for some years ed[illegible] *Atlantic Monthly*. Author of "The Ballad of Babie Bell and [illegible] Poems," "Cloth of Gold," "Flower and [illegible]," "The Story of [illegible] Boy," "Marjorie Dau[illegible]" [illegible]

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(The following selections are used by permission of Houghton Mifflin [illegible] pany, Boston, the publishers.)

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[illegible] to learn something of Père Antoine's history, Sir [illegible] made inquiries [illegible] of the embourg. That the old [illegible] very much emaciated, that he [illegible] a mummy, that he gradually [illegible] finally [illegible] was the meager and unsatisfactory [illegible] of [illegible]

investigations. This is all that is generally told of Père Antoine.

In the summer of 1861, while New Orleans was yet occupied by the Confederate forces, I met at Alexandria, in Virginia, a lady from Louisiana — Miss Blondeau by name — who gave me the substance of the following legend touching Père Antoine and his wonderful date-palm. If it should appear tame to the reader, it will be because I am not habited in a black ribbed-silk dress, with a strip of point-lace around my throat, like Miss Blondeau; it will be because I lack her eyes and lips and Southern music to tell it with.

When Père Antoine was a very young man, he had a friend whom he loved as he loved his life. Émile Jardin returned his passion, and the two, on account of their friendship, became the marvel of the city where they dwelt. One was never seen without the other; for they studied, walked, ate, and slept together.

Thus began Miss Blondeau, with the air of Fiammetta telling her prettiest story to the Florentines in the garden of Boccaccio.

Antoine and Émile were preparing to enter the Church; indeed, they had taken the preliminary steps, when a circumstance occurred which changed the color of their lives. A foreign lady, from some nameless island in the Pacific, had a few months before moved into their neighborhood. The lady died suddenly, leaving a girl of sixteen or seventeen, entirely friendless and unprovided for. The young men had been kind to the woman during her illness, and at her death — melting with pity at the forlorn situation of Anglice, the daughter — swore between themselves to love and watch over her as if she were their sister.

Now Anglice had a wild, strange beauty that made other women seem tame beside her; and in the course of time the young men found themselves regarding their ward not so much like brothers as at first. In brief, they found themselves in love with her.

They struggled with their hopeless passion month after month, neither betraying his secret to the other; for the austere orders which they were about to assume precluded the idea of love and marriage. Until then they had dwelt in the calm air of religious

meditations, unmoved except by that pious fervor which in other ages taught men to brave the tortures of the rack and to smile amid the flames. But a blond girl, with great eyes and a voice like the soft notes of a vesper hymn, had come in between them and their ascetic dreams of heaven. The ties that had bound the young men together snapped silently one by one. At last each read in the pale face of the other the story of his own despair.

And she? If Anglice shared their trouble, her face told no story. It was like the face of a saint on a cathedral window. Once, however, as she came suddenly upon the two men and overheard words that seemed to burn like fire on the lip of the speaker, her eyes grew luminous for an instant. Then she passed on, her face as immobile as before in its setting of wavy gold hair.

"Entre or et roux Dieu fit ses longs cheveux."

One night Émile and Anglice were missing. They had flown — but whither, nobody knew, and nobody, save Antoine, cared. It was a heavy blow to Antoine — for he had himself half resolved to confess his love to Anglice and urge her to fly with him.

A strip of paper slipped from a volume on Antoine's prie-dieu, and fluttered to his feet.

"*Do not be angry,*" said the bit of paper piteously; "*forgive us, for we love.*" (Pardonnez-nous, car nous nous aimons.)

Three years went by wearily enough. Antoine had entered the Church, and was already looked upon as a rising man; but his face was pale and his heart leaden, for there was no sweetness in life for him.

Four years had elapsed, when a letter, covered with outlandish postmarks, was brought to the young priest — a letter from Anglice. She was dying — would he forgive her? Emile, the year previous, had fallen a victim to the fever that raged on the island; and their child, Anglice, was likely to follow him. In pitiful terms she begged Antoine to take charge of the child until she was old enough to enter the Convent of the Sacré-Cœur. The epistle was finished hastily by another hand, informing Antoine of Madame Jardin's death; it also told him

that Anglice had been placed on board a vessel shortly to leave the island for some Western port.

The letter, delayed by storm and shipwreck, was hardly read and wept over when little Anglice arrived.

On beholding her, Antoine uttered a cry of joy and surprise — she was so like the woman he had worshiped.

The passion that had been crowded down in his heart broke out and lavished its richness on this child, who was to him not only the Anglice of years ago, but his friend Émile Jardin also.

Anglice possessed the wild, strange beauty of her mother — the bending, willowy form, the rich tint of skin, the large tropical eyes, that had almost made Antoine's sacred robes a mockery to him.

For a month or two Anglice was wildly unhappy in her new home. She talked continually of the bright country where she was born, the fruits and flowers and blue skies, the tall, fanlike trees, and the streams that went murmuring through them to the sea. Antoine could not pacify her.

By and by she ceased to weep, and went about the cottage in a weary, disconsolate way that cut Antoine to the heart. A long-tailed paroquet, which she had brought with her in the ship, walked solemnly behind her from room to room, mutely pining, it seemed, for those heavy Orient airs that used to ruffle its brilliant plumage.

Before the year ended, he noticed that the ruddy tinge had faded from her cheek, that her eyes had grown languid, and her slight figure more willowy than ever.

A physician was consulted. He could discover nothing wrong with the child, except this fading and drooping. He failed to account for that. It was some vague disease of the mind, he said, beyond his skill.

So Anglice faded day after day. She seldom left the room now. At last Antoine could not shut out the fact that the child was passing away. He had learned to love her so!

"Dear heart," he said once, "what is 't ails thee?"

"Nothing, mon père," for so she called him.

The winter passed, the balmy spring had come with its magnolia blooms and orange blossoms, and Anglice appeared to revive. In her small bamboo chair, on the porch, she swayed

to and fro in the fragrant breeze, with a peculiar undulating motion, like a graceful tree.

At times something seemed to weigh upon her mind. Antoine observed it, and waited. Finally she spoke.

"Near our house," said little Anglice — "near our house, on the island, the palm trees are waving under the blue sky. Oh, how beautiful! I seem to lie beneath them all day long. I am very, very happy. I yearned for them so much that I grew ill — don't you think it was so, mon père?"

"Hélas, yes!" exclaimed Antoine suddenly. "Let us hasten to those pleasant islands where the palms are waving."

Anglice smiled.

"I am going there, mon père."

A week from that evening the wax candles burned at her feet and forehead, lighting her on the journey.

All was over. Now was Antoine's heart empty. Death, like another Émile, had stolen his new Anglice. He had nothing to do but to lay the blighted flower away.

Père Antoine made a shallow grave in his garden, and heaped the fresh brown mold over the child.

In the tranquil spring evenings, the priest was seen sitting by the mound, his finger closed in the unread breviary.

The summer broke on that sunny land; and in the cool morning twilight, and after nightfall, Antoine lingered by the grave. He could never be with it enough.

One morning he observed a delicate stem, with two curiously shaped emerald leaves, springing up from the center of the mound. At first he merely noticed it casually; but presently the plant grew so tall, and was so strangely unlike anything he had ever seen before, that he examined it with care.

How straight and graceful and exquisite it was! In the twilight it seemed to Antoine as if little Anglice were standing there in the garden.

The days stole by, and Antoine tended the fragile shoot, wondering what manner of blossom it would unfold, white, or scarlet, or golden. One Sunday, a stranger, with a bronzed, weather-beaten face like a sailor's, leaned over the garden rail, and said to him: —

"What a fine young date-palm you have there, sir!"

"Mon Dieu!" cried Père Antoine, starting, "and is it a palm?"

"Yes, indeed," returned the man. "I didn't reckon the tree would flourish like that in this latitude."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" was all the priest could say aloud; but he murmured to himself, "Bon Dieu, vous m'avez donné cela!"

If Père Antoine loved the tree before, he worshiped it now. He watered it, and nurtured it, and could have clasped it in his arms. Here were Émile and Anglice and the child, all in one!

The years glided away, and the date-palm and the priest grew together — only one became vigorous and the other feeble. Père Antoine had long passed the meridian of life. The tree was in its youth. It no longer stood in an isolated garden; for pretentious brick and stucco houses had clustered about Antoine's cottage. They looked down scowling on the humble thatched roof. The city was edging up, trying to crowd him off his land. But he clung to it like lichen and refused to sell.

Speculators piled gold on his doorsteps, and he laughed at them. Sometimes he was hungry, and cold, and thinly clad; but he laughed none the less.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" said the old priest's smile.

Père Antoine was very old now, scarcely able to walk; but he could sit under the pliant, spreading leaves of his palm, loving it like an Arab; and there he sat till the grimmest of speculators came to him. But even in death Père Antoine was faithful to his trust.

The owner of that land loses it if he injure the date-palm.

And there it stands in the narrow, dingy street, a beautiful, dreamy stranger, an exquisite foreign lady whose grace is a joy to the eye, the incense of whose breath makes the air enamored. May the hand wither that touches her ungently!

"*Because it grew from the heart of little Anglice*," said Miss Blondeau, tenderly.

A TURKISH LEGEND

A CERTAIN Pasha, dead these thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven, *Only God is great.*

So those four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,

And evermore, from the high barbican,
Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with dead leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust.

And all is ruin — save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, *Only God is great.*

IDENTITY

SOMEWHERE — in desolate wind-swept space —
In Twilight-land — in No-man's-land —
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face.
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

ELMWOOD

IN MEMORY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

HERE, in the twilight, at the well-known gate
I linger, with no heart to enter more.
Among the elm-tops the autumnal air
Murmurs, and spectral in the fading light
A solitary heron wings its way
Southward — save this no sound or touch of life.
Dark is that window where the scholar's lamp
Was used to catch a pallor from the dawn.

Yet I must needs a little linger here.
Each shrub and tree is eloquent of him,
For tongueless things and silence have their speech.
This is the path familiar to his foot

From infancy to manhood and old age;
For in a chamber of that ancient house
His eyes first opened on the mystery
Of life, and all the splendor of the world.
Here, as a child, in loving, curious way,
He watched the bluebird's coming; learned the date
Of hyacinth and goldenrod, and made
Friends of those little redmen of the elms,
And slyly added to their winter store
Of hazel-nuts: no harmless thing that breathed,
Footed or winged, but knew him for a friend.
The gilded butterfly was not afraid
To trust its gold to that so gentle hand,
The bluebird fled not from the pendent spray.
Ah, happy childhood, ringed with fortunate stars!
What dreams were his in this enchanted sphere,
What intuitions of high destiny!
The honey-bees of Hybla touched his lips
In that old New-World garden, unawares.

So in her arms did Mother Nature fold
Her poet, breathing what of strange and sweet
Into his ear — the state-affairs of birds,
The lore of dawn and sunset, what the wind
Said in the treetops — fine, unfathomed things
Henceforth to turn to music in his brain:
A various music, now like notes of flutes,
And now like blasts of trumpets blown in wars.
Later he paced this leafy academe
A student, drinking from Greek chalices
The ripened vintage of the antique world.
And here to him came love, and love's dear loss;
Here honors came, the deep applause of men
Touched to the heart by some swift-wingèd word
That from his own full heart took eager flight —
Some strain of piercing sweetness or rebuke,
For underneath his gentle nature flamed
A noble scorn for all ignoble deed,
Himself a bondman till all men were free.

Thus passed his manhood; then to other lands
He strayed, a stainless figure among courts
Beside the Manzanares and the Thames.
Whence, after too long exile, he returned
With fresher laurel, but sedater step
And eye more serious, fain to breathe the air
Where through the Cambridge marshes the blue Charles
Uncoils its length and stretches to the sea:
Stream dear to him, at every curve a shrine
For pilgrim Memory. Again he watched
His loved syringa whitening by the door,
And knew the catbird's welcome; in his walks
Smiled on his tawny kinsmen of the elms
Stealing his nuts; and in the ruined year
Sat at his widowed hearthside with bent brows
Leonine, frosty with the breath of time,
And listened to the crooning of the wind
In the wide Elmwood chimneys, as of old.
And then — and then . . .

The afterglow has faded from the elms,
And in the denser darkness of the boughs
From time to time the firefly's tiny lamp
Sparkles. How often in still summer dusks
He paused to note that transient phantom spark
Flash on the air — a light that outlasts him!

The night grows chill, as if it felt a breath
Blown from that frozen city where he lies.
All things turn strange. The leaf that rustles here
Has more than autumn's mournfulness. The place
Is heavy with his absence. Like fixed eyes
Whence the dear light of sense and thought has fled
The vacant windows stare across the lawn.
The wise sweet spirit that informed it all
Is otherwhere. The house itself is dead.

O autumn wind among the somber pines,
Breathe you his dirge, but be it sweet and low,

With deep refrains and murmurs of the sea,
Like to his verse — the art is yours alone.
His once — you taught him. Now no voice but yours.
Tender and low, O wind among the pines!

OUTWARD BOUND

I LEAVE behind me the elm-shadowed square
And carven portals of the silent street,
And wander on with listless, vagrant feet
Through seaward-leading alleys, till the air
Smells of the sea, and straightway then the care
Slips from my heart, and life once more is sweet.
At the lane's ending lie the white-winged fleet.
O restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou fare?
Here are brave pinions that shall take thee far —
Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red Ceylon;
Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores!
'Tis but an instant hence to Zanzibar,
Or to the regions of the Midnight Sun;
Ionian isles are thine, and all the fairy shores!

REMINISCENCE

THOUGH I am native to this frozen zone
That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or dead;
Though the cold azure arching overhead
And the Atlantic's never-ending moan
Are mine by heritage, I must have known
Life otherwhere in epochs long since fled;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
And through my thought are lotus blossoms blown.
I do remember . . . it was just at dusk,
Near a walled garden at the river's turn
(A thousand summers seem but yesterday!),
A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khoorja musk,
Came to the water-tank to fill her urn,
And, with the urn, she bore my heart away!

MRS. ALEXANDER

Mrs. Cecil Frances (Humphrey) Alexander, an Irish poetess of distinction. Born at Strabane, near Dublin, Ireland, about 1830; died at Londonderry, October 12, 1895. Author of seven volumes of hymns and poems.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth —
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;

Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, —
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

HENRY ALFORD

Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury. Born in London, October 10, 1810; died at Canterbury, January 12, 1871. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he became an eminent biblical student and achieved distinction as a poet and man of letters. He was accomplished also in painting and music, and excelled as an orator. His most popular poetical work is entitled "The School of the Heart and other Poems." His edition of the Greek New Testament secured for him a high reputation as a critical scholar.

HYMN TO THE SEA

Thou and the earth, twin sisters, as they say,
In the old prime were fashioned in one day;
And therefore thou delightest evermore
With her to lie and play
The summer hours away,
Curling thy lovely ripples up her quiet shore.

She is a married matron long ago
With nations at her side; her milk doth flow
Each year; but thee no husband dares to tame;
Thy wild will is thine own —
Thy sole and virgin throne —
Thy mood is ever changing — thy resolve the same.

Sunlight and moonlight minister to thee;
O'er the broad circle of the shoreless sea
Heaven's two great lights forever set and rise,
While the round vault above
In vast and silent love
Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred eyes.

All night thou utterest forth thy solemn moan,
Counting the weary minutes all alone;
Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie
Deep blue, ere yet the sun
His day's work hath begun,
Under the opening windows of the golden sky.

The spirit of the mountain looks on thee
Over a hundred hills: quaint shadows flee
Across thy marbled mirror: brooding lie
Storm mists of infant cloud,
With a sight-baffling shroud
Mantling the gray blue islands in the western sky.

Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast;
Whose stiff breath whistling shrill
Pierces with deadly chill
The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered mast.

Foam-white along the border of the shore
Thine onward-leaping billows plunge and roar;
While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
Cloaked figures, dim and gray

Through the thick mist of spray,
Watchers for some struck vessel in the boiling tide.

— Daughter and darling of remotest eld —
Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld;
His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim;
He tells old tales again —
He wearies of long pain, —
Thou art as at the first — thou journey'dst not with him.

ALFRED THE GREAT

ALFRED THE GREAT. Born at Wantage, Berkshire, A.D. 849; died October 28, 901. As King of the West Saxons, A.D. 871–901, he not only waged war with the invading Danes, but instituted both judicial and educational reforms. The King translated Bede's "History of the Church in England," Boethius's "Consolation of Philosophy," Gregory's "Pastoral Care" and "Dialogues," directed the preparation of the "Saxon Chronicle," and was an original contributor to the thought of his age. Alfred was the creator of English prose; the language in which he wrote being so literally the basis of English, that three-fourths of his Anglo-Saxon words now survive in English speech. He formed thus an English literature five hundred years before the time of Chaucer.

A FYTTE OF DESPAIR

ALAS! in how grim
A gulf of despair,
Dreary and dim
For sorrow and care,
My mind toils along
When the waves of the world
Stormy and strong
Against it are hurl'd.

When in such strife
My mind will forget
Its light and its life
In worldly regret,

And through the night
Of this world doth grope
Lost to the light
Of heavenly hope.

Thus it hath now
Befallen my mind
I know no more how
God's goodness to find,
But groan in my grief
Troubled and tost,
Needing relief
For the world I have lost.

A PSALM TO GOD

O THOU, that art Maker of heaven and earth,
Who steerest the stars and hast given them birth,
Forever Thou reignest upon Thy high throne,
And turnest all swiftly the heavenly zone.

Thou, by Thy strong holiness, drivest from far
In the way that Thou willest each worshiping star;
And, through thy great power, the sun from the night
Drags darkness away by the might of her light.

The moon, at Thy word, with his pale shining rays
Softens and shadows the stars as they blaze,
And even the Sun of her brightness bereaves
Whenever upon her too closely he cleaves.

So also the Morning and Evening Star
Thou makest to follow the Sun from afar,
To keep in her pathway each year evermore,
And go as she goeth in guidance before.

Behold too, O Father, Thou workest aright
To summer hot day-times of long-living light,
To winter all wondrously orderest wise
Short seasons of sunshine with frost on the skies.

Thou givest the trees a south-westerly breeze,
Whose leaves the swart storm in its fury did seize
By winds flying forth from the east and the north
And scattered and shattered all over the earth.

On earth and in heaven each creature and kind
Hears Thy behest with might and with mind,
But Man and Man only, who oftenest still
Wickedly worketh against Thy wise will.

Forever Almighty One, Maker and Lord,
On us, wretched earthworms, Thy pity be pour'd;
Why wilt Thou that welfare to sinners should wend,
But lettest weird ill the unguilty ones rend?

Evil men sit, each on earth's highest seat,
Trampling the holy ones under their feet;
Why good should go crookedly no man can say,
And bright deeds in crowds should lie hidden away.

The sinner at all times is scorning the just,
The wiser in right, and the worthier of trust;
Their leasing for long while with fraud is beclad;
And oaths that are lies do no harm to the bad.

O Guide, if Thou wilt not steer fortune amain
But lettest her rush so self-will'd and so vain,
I know that the worldly will doubt of Thy might,
And few among men in Thy rule will delight.

My Lord, overseeing all things from on high
Look down on mankind with mercy's mild eye,
In wild waves of trouble they struggle and strive,
Then spare the poor earthworms, and save them alive!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, a genial and lovable Irish poet. Born in Ballyshannon, Donegal County, Ireland, 1828; died at Hampstead, 1889. He was for some time editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. His works are contained in sixteen volumes.

ROBIN REDBREAST

A CHILD'S SONG

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away, —
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breastknot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house;

The frosty ways like iron,
  The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! in Winter dead and dark
  Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
  O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
  His little heart to cheer.

SONG

O Spirit of the Summertime!
  Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant clime,
  The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
  The gilded evenings, calm and late,
When merry children homeward run,
  And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing; and the scent
  Of meadowlands at dewy prime; —
O bring again my heart's content,
  Thou Spirit of the Summertime!

HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL

Henri Frédéric Amiel, Swiss poet and philosopher. Born of Huguenot stock, in Geneva, September 27, 1821. Educated in Germany, he became Professor of Esthetics, Moral Philosophy, and of French Literature at the Academy in Geneva. Author of "The Literary Movement in Romanish Switzerland," "A Study of Madame de Staël," and a volume of poems, "Millet Grains." After his death, May 11, 1881, portions of his Private Journal, published in 1882, attracted instant attention, as the revelation of a lofty, highly sensitive, and poetic spirit.

(From the "Journal")

9th August, 1859. — Nature is forgetful: the world is almost more so. However little the individual may lend himself to it,

oblivion soon covers him like a shroud. This rapid and inexorable expansion of the universal life, which covers, overflows, and swallows up all individual being, which effaces our existence, and annuls all memory of us, fills me with unbearable melancholy. To be born, to struggle, to disappear — there is the whole ephemeral drama of human life. Except in a few hearts, and not even always in one, our memory passes like a ripple on the water, or a breeze in the air. If nothing in us is immortal, what a small thing is life! Like a dream which trembles and dies at the first glimmer of dawn, all my past, all my present, dissolve in me, and fall away from my consciousness at the moment when it returns upon itself. I feel myself then stripped and empty, like a convalescent who remembers nothing. My travels, my reading, my studies, my projects, my hopes, have faded from my mind. It is a singular state. All my faculties drop away from me like a cloak that one takes off, like the chrysalis case of a larva. I feel myself returning into a more elementary form. I behold my own unclothing; I forget, still more than I am forgotten; I pass gently into the grave while still living, and I feel, as it were, the indescribable peace of annihilation, and the dim quiet of the Nirvana. I am conscious of the river of time passing before and in me, of the impalpable shadows of life gliding past me, but nothing breaks the cataleptic tranquillity which enwraps me.

I come to understand the Buddhist trance of the Soufis, the kief of the Turk, the "ecstasy" of the Orientals, — and yet I am conscious all the time that the pleasure of it is deadly, that, like the use of opium or of haschish, it is a kind of slow suicide, inferior in all respects to the joys of action, to the sweetness of love, to the beauty of enthusiasm, to the sacred savor of accomplished duty.

17th April, 1860. — The cloud has lifted: I am better. I have been able to take my usual walk on the Treille; all the buds were opening and the young shoots were green on all the branches. The rippling of clear water, the merriment of birds, the young freshness of plants, and the noisy play of children, produce a strange effect upon an invalid. Or rather it was strange to me to be looking at such things with the eyes of a

sick and dying man; it was my first introduction to a new phase of experience. There is a deep sadness in it. One feels oneself cut off from nature, — outside her communion as it were. She is strength and joy and eternal health. "Room for the living," she cries to us; "do not come to darken my blue sky with your miseries; each has his turn: begone!" But to strengthen our own courage, we must say to ourselves, No; it is good for the world to see suffering and weakness; the sight adds zest to the joy of the happy and the careless, and is rich in warning for all who think. Life has been lent to us, and we owe it to our traveling companions to let them see what use we make of it to the end. We must show our brethren both how to live and how to die. These first summonses of illness have besides a divine value; they give us glimpses behind the scenes of life; they teach us something of its awful reality and its inevitable end. They teach us sympathy. They warn us to redeem the time while it is yet day. They awaken in us gratitude for the blessings which are still ours, and humility for the gifts which are in us. So that, evils though they seem, they are really an appeal to us from on high, a touch of God's fatherly scourge.

How frail a thing is health, and what a thin envelope protects our life against being swallowed up from without or disorganized from within! A breath, and the boat springs a leak or founders; a nothing, and all is endangered; a passing cloud, and all is darkness! Life is indeed a flower which a morning withers and the beat of a passing wing breaks down; it is the widow's lamp, which the slightest blast of air extinguishes. In order to realize the poetry which clings to morning roses, one needs to have just escaped from the claws of that vulture which we call illness. The foundation and the heightening of all things is the graveyard. The only certainty in this world of vain agitations and endless anxieties, is the certainty of death, and that which is the foretaste and small change of death — pain.

As long as we turn our eyes away from this implacable reality, the tragedy of life remains hidden from us. As soon as we look at it face to face, the true proportions of everything reappear, and existence becomes solemn again. It is made clear to us

that we have been frivolous and petulant, intractable and forgetful, — and that we have been wrong.

We must die and give an account of our life: here in all its simplicity is the teaching of sickness! "Do with all diligence what you have to do; reconcile yourself with the law of the universe; think of your duty; prepare yourself for departure:" such is the cry of conscience and of reason.

5th May, 1860. — To grow old is more difficult than to die, because to renounce a good once and for all, costs less than to renew the sacrifice day by day and in detail. To bear with one's own decay, to accept one's own lessening capacity, is a harder and rarer virtue than to face death. There is a halo round tragic and premature death; there is but a long sadness in declining strength. But look closer: so studied, a resigned and religious old age will often move us more than the heroic ardor of young years. The maturity of the soul is worth more than the first brilliance of its faculties, or the plenitude of its strength, and the eternal in us can but profit from all the ravages made by time. There is comfort in this thought.

16th November, 1864. — Heard of the death of ——. Will and intelligence lasted till there was an effusion on the brain which stopped everything.

A bubble of air in the blood, a drop of water in the brain, and a man is out of gear, his machine falls to pieces, his thought vanishes, the world disappears from him like a dream at morning. On what a spider thread is hung our individual existence! Fragility, appearance, nothingness. If it were not for our powers of self-detraction and forgetfulness, all the fairy world which surrounds and draws us would seem to us but a broken specter in the darkness, an empty appearance, a fleeting hallucination. Appeared — disappeared — there is the whole history of a man, or of a world, or of an infusoria.

Time is the supreme illusion. It is but the inner prism by which we decompose being and life, the mode under which we perceive successively what is simultaneous in idea. The eye does not see a sphere all at once although the sphere exists all at once. Either the sphere must turn before the eye which is looking at it, or the eye must go round the sphere. In the

first case it is the world which unrolls, or seems to unroll in time: in the second case it is our thought which successively analyzes and recomposes. For the supreme intelligence there is no time; what will be, is. Time and space are fragments of the Infinite for the use of finite creatures. God permits them, that He may not be alone. They are the mode under which creatures are possible and conceivable. Let us add that they are also the Jacob's ladder of innumerable steps by which the creation reascends to its Creator, participates in being, tastes of life, perceives the absolute, and can adore the fathomless mystery of the infinite divinity. That is the other side of the question. Our life is nothing, it is true, but our life is divine. A breath of nature annihilates us, but we surpass nature in penetrating far beyond her vast phantasmagoria to the changeless and the eternal. To escape by the ecstasy of inward vision from the whirlwind of time, to see oneself *sub specie eternitatis*, is the word of command of all the great religions of the higher races; and this psychological possibility is the foundation of all great hopes. The soul may be immortal because she is fitted to rise towards that which is neither born nor dies, towards that which exists substantially, necessarily, invariably, that is to say, towards God.

To know how to suggest is the great art of teaching. To attain it we must be able to guess what will interest; we must learn to read the childish soul as we might a piece of music. Then, by simply changing the key, we keep up the attraction and vary the song.

28th January, 1881. — A terrible night. For three or four hours I struggled against suffocation and looked death in the face. . . . It is clear that what awaits me is suffocation — asphyxia. I shall die by choking.

I should not have chosen such a death; but when there is no option, one must simply resign oneself, and at once. . . . Spinoza expired in the presence of the doctor whom he had sent for. I must familiarize myself with the idea of dying unexpectedly, some fine night, strangled by laryngitis. The last sigh of a patriarch surrounded by his kneeling family is more

beautiful: my fate indeed lacks beauty, grandeur, poetry; but stoicism consists in renunciation. *Abstine et sustine.*

I must remember besides that I have faithful friends; it is better not to torment them. The last journey is only made more painful by scenes and lamentations: one word is worth all others — "Thy will, not mine, be done!" Leibnitz was accompanied to the grave by his servant only. The loneliness of the deathbed and the tomb is not an evil. The great mystery cannot be shared. The dialogue between the soul and the King of Terrors needs no witnesses. It is the living who cling to the thought of last greetings. And, after all, no one knows exactly what is reserved for him. What will be will be. We have but to say, "Amen."

19th April, 1881. — A terrible sense of oppression. My flesh and my heart fail me.

" Que vivre est difficile, ô mon cœur fatigué! "

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Hans Christian Andersen. Born April 2, 1805, at Odense, Denmark; died at Copenhagen, August 4, 1875. As a writer of fairy tales he is unrivaled. A tender-hearted, lonely man, — and himself childless, — he has become the personal friend of innumerable children, made happier and better by his charming stories. He will never be forgotten. One may forget the volumes of historians and scientists, but Andersen's delightful fairy tales can never die in the mind of any one who has read and loved them in his youth.

THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them: their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words "Tin soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands: the soldiers had

been given to him, for it was his birthday; and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two; and it was just this Soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake, and were mirrored in it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she was also cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he; "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five and twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to make acquaintance with her."

And then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the little dainty lady, who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

When the evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somersaults, and the pencil amused itself on the table: there was so much noise that the canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the dancing lady: she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both

her arms; and he was just as enduring on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her.

Now the clock struck twelve — and, bounce! the lid flew off the snuff-box; but there was not snuff in it, but a little black Goblin: you see, it was a trick.

"Tin Soldier!" said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

But when the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and stuck with helmet downwards and his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him, they could not see him. If the Soldier had cried out, "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last it came down in a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a tin soldier. He must come out and ride in the boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it, and so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. Goodness preserve us! how the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! But then it had been a heavy rain. The paper boat rocked up and down and sometimes turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm, and never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady only sat here with

me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for what I should care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, which lived under the drain.

"Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood: —

"Hold him! hold him! He hasn't paid toll — he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think — just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal; and for him that would have been as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge — it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little dancer, and how he should never see her again; and it sounded in the soldier's ears: —

"Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!"

And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker yet than in the drain tunnel; and then it was very narrow too. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed

through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the Soldier round the body with both her hands, and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about in the inside of a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and there — no! What curious things may happen in the world! The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! He saw the same children, and the same toys stood on the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other extended in the air. She was hardy too. That moved the Tin Soldier: he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuff-box.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from love he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the Tin Soldier, and flashed up in a flame, and she was gone. Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

It was glorious out in the country. It was summer, and the corn-fields were yellow, and the oats were green; the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows, and the stork went

about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. All around the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was really glorious out in the country. In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, surrounded by deep canals, and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the loftiest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood. Here sat a duck upon her nest, for she had to hatch her young ones; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came; and then she so seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit down under a burdock, and cackle with her.

At last one egg-shell after another burst open. "Piep! piep!" it cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Rap! rap!" they said; and they all came rapping out as fast as they could, looking all round them under the green leaves; and the mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the mother. "That extends far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," she continued, and stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old duck, who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg," said the duck who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father: the bad fellow never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old visitor. "Believe me, it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones, for they are afraid of the water. I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and clucked, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg.

Yes, that's a turkey's egg! Let it lie there, and you teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the duck. "I've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Piep! piep!" said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and very ugly. The duck looked at it.

"It's a very large Duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that: can it really be a turkey chick? Now we shall soon find it out. It must go into the water, even if I have to thrust it in myself."

The next day the weather was splendidly bright, and the sun shone on all the green trees. The Mother-Duck went down to the water with all her little ones. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and then one duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam capitally; their legs went of themselves, and there they were all in the water. The ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she; "look how well it can use its legs, and how upright it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole it's quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me, and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the poultry-yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you, and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the poultry-yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there, for two families were quarreling about an eel's head, and the cat got it after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother-Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she, too, wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," she said. "See that you can bustle about, and bow your heads before the old duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here; she's of Spanish blood — that's why she's so fat; and do you see, she has a red rag round her leg; that's something particularly fine, and the greatest distinction a duck can enjoy: it signifies that one does not want to lose her, and that she's to be recognized by man and beast. Shake yourselves — don't turn in your toes; a well-brought-up duck turns its toes

quite out, just like father and mother, so! Now bend your necks and say 'Rap!'"

And they did so; but the other ducks round about looked at them, and said quite boldly:—

"Look there! now we're to have these hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And — fie! — how that Duckling yonder looks; we won't stand that!" And one duck flew up immediately, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no harm to any one."

"Yes, but it's too large and peculiar," said the duck who had bitten it; "and therefore it must be buffeted."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old duck with the rag round her leg. "They're all pretty but that one; that was a failure. I wish she could alter it."

"That cannot be done, my lady," replied the Mother-Duck. "It is not pretty, but it has a really good disposition, and swims as well as any other; I may even say it swims better. I think it will grow up pretty, and become smaller in time; it has lain too long in the egg, and therefore is not properly shaped." And then she pinched it in the neck, and smoothed its feathers. "Moreover, it is a drake," she said, "and therefore it is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong: he makes his way already."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duckling which had crept last out of the egg and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and jeered, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey-cock, who had been born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an Emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon it; then he gobbled, and grew quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where it should stand or walk; it was quite melancholy because it looked ugly, and was scoffed at by the whole yard.

So it went on the first day; and afterwards it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted about by every one; even its brothers and sisters were quite angry with it, and said,

"If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and it shut its eyes, but flew on farther; thus it came out into the great moor, where the wild ducks lived. Here it lay the whole night long; and it was weary and downcast.

Towards morning the wild ducks flew up, and looked at their new companion.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as it could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the wild ducks. "But that is very indifferent to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! it certainly did not think of marrying, and only hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp-water.

Thus it lay two whole days; then came thither two wild geese, or, properly speaking, two wild ganders. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here, in another moor, there are a few sweet lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and all able to say 'Rap!' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are!"

"Piff! paff!" resounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood-red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The hunters were lying in wait all round the moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees, which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up like clouds among the dark trees, and was wafted far away across the water; and the hunting dogs came — splash, splash! — into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side.

That was a fright for the poor Duckling! It turned its head, and put it under its wing; but at that moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth and his eyes gleamed horrible and ugly; he thrust out his nose close against the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and — splash, splash! — on he went without seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly, that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it lay quite quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, silence was restored; but the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up; it waited several hours before it looked round, and then hastened away out of the moor as fast as it could. It ran on over field and meadow; there was such a storm raging that it was difficult to get from one place to another.

Towards evening the Duck came to a little miserable peasant's hut. This hut was so dilapidated that it did not know on which side it should fall; and that's why it remained standing. The storm whistled round the Duckling in such a way that the poor creature was obliged to sit down, to stand against it; and the tempest grew worse and worse. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room; and it did so.

Here lived a woman, with her Tom Cat and her Hen. And the Tom Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and purr, he could even give out sparks; but for that one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite little short legs, and therefore she was called Chickabiddy-shortshanks; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was at once noticed, and the Tom Cat began to purr, and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all round; but she could not see well, and therefore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize," she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake. We must try that."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came. And the Tom Cat was master of the house,

and the Hen was the lady, and always said, "We and the world!" for she thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then you'll have the goodness to hold your tongue."

And the Tom Cat said, "Can you curve your back, and purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you cannot have any opinion of your own when sensible people are speaking."

And the Duckling sat in a corner and was melancholy; then the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in; and it was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water, that it could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Purr or lay eggs, and they will pass over."

"But it is so charming to swim on the water!" said the Duckling, "so refreshing to let it close above one's head, and to dive down to the bottom."

"Yes, that must be a mighty pleasure, truly," quoth the Hen. "I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it, — he's the cleverest animal I know, — ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive down: I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman; no one in the world is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim, and to let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Tom Cat and the old woman — I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child, and be grateful for all the kindness you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's true friends.

Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr and give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And the Duckling went away. It swam on the water, and dived, but it was slighted by every creature because of its ugliness.

Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them so that they danced about, and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snowflakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying, "Croak! croak!" for mere cold; yes, it was enough to make one feel cold to think of this. The poor little Duckling certainly had not a good time. One evening — the sun was just setting in his beauty — there came a whole flock of great handsome birds out of the bushes; they were dazzlingly white, with long, flexible necks; they were swans. They uttered a very peculiar cry, spread forth their glorious great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands with fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high! and the ugly little Duckling felt quite strangely as it watched them. It turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out its neck towards them, and uttered such a strange, loud cry as frightened itself. Oh! it could not forget those beautiful, happy birds; and so soon as it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom, and when it came up again, it was quite beside itself. It knew not the name of those birds, and knew not whither they were flying; but it loved them more than it had ever loved any one. It was not at all envious of them. How could it think of wishing to possess such loveliness as they had? It would have been glad if only the ducks would have endured its company — the poor ugly creature!

And the winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water, to prevent the surface from freezing entirely; but every night the hole in which it swam about became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the icy covering crackled again; and the Duckling was obliged to use its legs continually to prevent the hole from freezing up. At last it became exhausted, and lay quite still, and thus froze fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by, and when he saw what had happened, he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice-crust to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. Then it came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it; but the Duckling thought they would do it an injury, and in its terror fluttered up into the milk pan, so that the milk spurted down into the room. The woman clasped her hands, at which the Duckling flew down into the butter-tub, and then into the meal barrel, and out again. How it looked then! The woman screamed, and struck at it with the fire tongs; the children tumbled over one another, in their efforts to catch the Duckling; and they laughed and screamed finely! Happily the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out between the shrubs into the newly fallen snow; and there it lay quite exhausted.

But it would be too melancholy if I were to tell all the misery and care which the Duckling had to endure in the hard winter. It lay out on the moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine again and the larks to sing; it was a beautiful spring.

Then all at once the Duckling could flap its wings: they beat the air more strongly than before, and bore it strongly away; and before it well knew how all this had happened, it found itself in a great garden, where the elder trees smelt sweet, and bent their long green branches down to the canal that wound through the region. Oh, here it was so beautiful, such a gladness of spring! and from the thicket came three glorious white swans; they rustled their wings, and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt oppressed by a peculiar sadness.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds! and they will kill me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to approach them. But it is of no consequence! Better to be killed by *them* than to be pursued by ducks, and beaten by fowls, and pushed about by the girl who takes care of the poultry-yard, and to suffer hunger in winter!" And it flew out into the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans: these looked at it, and came sailing down upon it with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bent its head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what was this that it saw in the clear water? It beheld its

own image — and, lo! it was no longer a clumsy dark gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but — a swan.

It matters nothing if one was born in a duck yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg.

It felt quite glad at all the need and misfortune it had suffered, now it realized its happiness in all the splendor that surrounded it. And the great swans swam round it, and stroked it with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children, who threw bread and corn into the water; the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes, a new one has arrived!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; and bread and cake were thrown into the water; and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and handsome!" and the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought how he had been persecuted and despised; and now he heard them saying that he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart: —

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling!"

THE OLD STREET LAMP

Did you ever hear the story of the old Street Lamp? It is not very remarkable, but it may be listened to for once in a way.

It was a very honest old Lamp, that had done its work for many, many years, but which was now to be pensioned off. It hung for the last time to its post, and gave light to the street. It felt as an old dancer at the theater, who is dancing for the last time, and who to-morrow will sit forgotten in her garret. The Lamp was in great fear about the morrow, for it knew that it was to appear in the council-house, and to be inspected by the mayor and the council, to see if it were fit for further service or not.

And then it was to be decided whether it was to show its light

in future for the inhabitants of some suburb, or in the country in some manufactory; perhaps it would have to go at once into an iron foundry to be melted down. In this last case anything might be made of it; but the question whether it would remember, in its new state, that it had been a Street Lamp, troubled it terribly. Whatever might happen, this much was certain, that it would be separated from the watchman and his wife, whom it had got to look upon as quite belonging to its family. When the Lamp had been hung up for the first time, the watchman was a young sturdy man: it happened to be the very evening on which he entered on his office. Yes, that was certainly a long time ago, when it first became a Lamp and he a watchman. The wife was a little proud in those days. Only in the evening, when she went by, she deigned to glance at the Lamp; in the daytime never. But now, in these latter years, when all three, the watchman, his wife, and the Lamp, had grown old, the wife had also tended it, cleaned it, and provided it with oil. The two old people were thoroughly honest; never had they cheated the Lamp of a single drop of the oil provided for it.

It was the Lamp's last night in the street, and to-morrow it was to go to the council-house; — those were two dark thoughts! No wonder that it did not burn brightly. But many other thoughts passed through its brain. On what a number of events had it shone — how much it had seen! Perhaps as much as the mayor and the whole council had beheld. But it did not give utterance to these thoughts, for it was a good honest old Lamp, that would not willingly hurt any one, and least of all those in authority. Many things passed through its mind, and at times its light flashed up. In such moments it had a feeling that it, too, would be remembered.

"There was that handsome young man — it is certainly a long while ago — he had a letter on pink paper with a gilt edge. It was so prettily written, as if by a lady's hand. Twice he read it, and kissed it, and looked up to me with eyes which said plainly, 'I am the happiest of men!' Only he and I know what was written in this first letter from his true love. Yes, I remember another pair of eyes. It is wonderful how our thoughts fly about! There was a funeral procession in the street; the young beautiful lady lay in the decorated hearse, in a coffin adorned with flowers

and wreaths; and a number of torches quite darkened my light. The people stood in crowds by the houses, and all followed the procession. But when the torches had passed from before my face, and I looked round, a single person stood leaning against my post, weeping. I shall never forget the mournful eyes that looked up to me!"

This and similar thoughts occupied the old Street Lantern, which shone to-night for the last time.

The sentry relieved from his post, at least knows who is to succeed him, and may whisper a few words to him; but the Lamp did not know its successor; and yet it might have given a few useful hints with respect to rain and fog, and some information as to how far the rays of the moon lit up the pavement, from what direction the wind usually came, and much more of the same kind.

On the bridge of the gutter stood three persons who wished to introduce themselves to the Lamp, for they thought the Lamp itself could appoint its successor. The first was a herring's head, that could gleam with light in the darkness. He thought it would be a great saving of oil if they put him up on the post. Number Two was a piece of rotten wood, which also glimmers in the dark. He conceived himself descended from an old stem, once the pride of the forest. The third person was a glow-worm. Where this one had come from the Lamp could not imagine; but there it was, and it could give light. But the rotten wood and the herring's head swore by all that was good that it only gave light at certain times, and could not be brought into competition with themselves.

The old Lamp declared that not one of them gave sufficient light to fill the office of a street lamp; but not one of them would believe this. When they heard that the Lamp had not the office to give away, they were very glad of it, and declared that the Lamp was too decrepit to make a good choice.

At the same moment the Wind came careering from the corner of the street, and blew through the air-holes of the old Lamp.

"What's this I hear?" he asked. "Are you to go away to-morrow? Do I see you for the last time? Then I must make you a present at parting. I will blow into your brain-box in such a way that you shall be able in future not only to remember every-

thing you have seen and heard, but that you shall have such light within you as shall enable you to see all that is read of or spoken of in your presence."

"Yes, that is really much, very much!" said the old Lamp. "I thank you heartily. I only hope I shall not be melted down."

"That is not likely to happen at once," said the Wind. "Now I will blow a memory into you: if you receive several presents of this kind, you may pass your old days very agreeably."

"If I am only not melted down!" said the Lamp again. "Or should I retain my memory even in that case?"

"Be sensible, old Lamp," said the Wind. And he blew, and at that moment the Moon stepped forth from behind the clouds.

"What will you give the old Lamp?" asked the Wind.

"I'll give nothing," replied the Moon. "I am on the wane, and the lamps never lighted me; but, on the contrary, I've often given light for the lamps."

And with these words the Moon hid herself again behind the clouds, to be safe from further importunity.

A Drop now fell upon the Lamp, as if from the roof; but the Drop explained that it came from the clouds, and was a present — perhaps the best present possible.

"I shall penetrate you so completely that you shall receive the faculty, if you wish it, to turn into rust in one night, and to crumble into dust."

The Lamp considered this a bad present, and the Wind thought so too.

"Does no one give more? Does no one give more?" it blew as loud as it could.

Then a bright shooting star fell down, forming a long, bright stripe.

"What was that?" cried the Herring's Head. "Did not a star fall? I really think it went into the Lamp! Certainly if such high-born personages try for this office, we may say good night and betake ourselves home."

And so they did, all three. But the old Lamp shed a marvelous strong light around.

"That was a glorious present," it said. "The bright stars which I have always admired, and which shine as I could never shine though I shone with all my might, have noticed me, a poor

old lamp, and have sent me a present, by giving me the faculty that all I remember and see as clearly as if it stood before me, shall also be seen by all whom I love. And in this lies the true pleasure; for joy that we cannot share with others is only half enjoyed."

"That sentiment does honor to your heart," said the Wind. "But for that wax lights are necessary. If these are not lit up in you, your rare faculties will be of no use to others. Look you, the stars did not think of that; they take you and every other light for wax. But I will go down." And he went down.

"Good heavens! wax lights!" exclaimed the Lamp. "I never had those till now, nor am I likely to get them! — If I am only not melted down!"

The next day — yes, it will be best that we pass over the next day. The next evening the Lamp was resting in a grandfather's chair. And guess where! In the watchman's dwelling. He had begged as a favor of the mayor and council that he might keep the Street Lamp, in consideration of his long and faithful service, for he himself had put up and lit the lantern for the first time on the first day of entering on his duties four and twenty years ago. He looked upon it as his child, for he had no other. And the Lamp was given to him.

Now it lay in the great arm-chair by the warm stove. It seemed as if the Lamp had grown bigger, now that it occupied the chair all alone.

The old people sat at supper, and looked kindly at the old Lamp, to whom they would willingly have granted a place at their table.

Their dwelling was certainly only a cellar two yards below the footway, and one had to cross a stone passage to get into the room. But within it was very comfortable and warm, and strips of list had been nailed to the door. Everything looked clean and neat, and there were curtains round the bed and the little windows. On the window-sill stood two curious flower-pots, which sailor Christian had brought home from the East or West Indies. They were only of clay, and represented two elephants. The backs of these creatures had been cut off; and instead of them bloomed from within the earth with which one elephant was filled some very excellent chives, and that was the kitchen garden; out

of the other grew a great geranium, and that was the flower garden. On the wall hung a great colored print representing the Congress of Vienna. There you had all the Kings and Emperors at once. A clock with heavy weights went "Tick! tick!" and in fact it always went too fast; but the old people declared this was far better than if it went too slow. They ate their supper, and the Street Lamp lay, as I have said, in the arm-chair close beside the stove. It seemed to the Lamp as if the whole world had been turned round. But when the old watchman looked at it, and spoke of all that they two had gone through in rain and in fog, in the bright short nights of summer and in the long winter nights, when the snow beat down, and one longed to be at home in the cellar, then the old Lamp found its wits again. It saw everything as clearly as if it was happening then; yes, the Wind had kindled a capital light for it.

The old people were very active and industrious; not a single hour was wasted in idleness. On Sunday afternoon some book or other was brought out; generally a book of travels. And the old man read aloud about Africa, about the great woods, with elephants running about wild; and the woman listened intently, and looked furtively at the clay elephants which served for flower-pots.

"I can almost imagine it to myself!" said she.

And the Lamp wished particularly that a wax candle had been there, and could be lighted up in it; for then the old woman would be able to see everything to the smallest detail, just as the Lamp saw it — the tall trees with great branches all entwined, the naked black men on horseback, and whole droves of elephants crashing through the reeds with their broad, clumsy feet.

"Of what use are all my faculties if I can't obtain a wax light?" sighed the Lamp. "They have only oil and tallow candles, and that's not enough."

One day a great number of wax candle-ends came down into the cellar: the larger pieces were burned, and the smaller ones the old woman used for waxing her thread. So there were wax candles enough; but no one thought of putting a little piece into the Lamp.

"Here I stand with my rare faculties!" thought the Lamp. "I carry everything within me, and cannot let them partake of it;

they don't know that I am able to cover these white walls with the most gorgeous tapestry, to change them into noble forests, and all that they can possibly wish."

The Lamp, however, was kept neat and clean, and stood all shining in a corner, where it caught the eyes of all. Strangers considered it a bit of old rubbish; but the old people did not care for that; they loved the Lamp.

One day — it was the old watchman's birthday — the old woman approached the Lantern, smiling to herself, and said: —

"I'll make an illumination to-day in honor of my old man!"

And the Lamp rattled its metal cover, for it thought, "Well, at last there will be a light within me." But only oil was produced, and no wax light appeared. The Lamp burned throughout the whole evening, but now understood only too well, that the gift of the stars would be a hidden treasure for all its life. Then it had a dream: for one possessing its rare faculties to dream was not difficult. It seemed as if the old people were dead, and itself had been taken to the iron foundry to be melted down. It felt as much alarmed as on that day when it was to appear in the council-house to be inspected by the mayor and council. But though the power had been given to it to fall into rust and dust at will, it did not use this power. It was put in the furnace, and turned into an iron candlestick, as fair a candlestick as you would desire — one on which wax lights were to be burned. It had received the form of an angel holding a great nosegay; and the wax light was to be placed in the middle of the nosegay.

The candlestick had a place assigned to it on a green writing table. The room was very comfortable; many books stood round about the walls, which were hung with beautiful pictures; it belonged to a poet. Everything that he wrote or composed showed itself round about him. Nature appeared sometimes in thick, dark forests, sometimes in beautiful meadows, where the storks strutted about, sometimes again in a ship sailing on the foaming ocean, or in the blue sky with all its stars.

"What faculties lie hidden in me!" said the old Lamp, when it awoke. "I could almost wish to be melted down! But no! that cannot be so long as the old people live. They love me for myself; they have cleaned me and brought me oil. I am as well

off now as the whole Congress, in looking at which they also take pleasure."

And from that time it enjoyed more inward peace; and the honest old Street Lamp had well deserved to enjoy it.

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE

(Anonymous)

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE: Anonymous. BEOWULF, the Hero of an Anglo-Saxon poem, of unknown authorship, probably written about A.D. 700. It is a wild story of stormy seas, festal music, song, revel, and warfare in the Northland. It is preserved in a single manuscript in the British Museum. It is the oldest English epic, and antedates all others in the whole Germanic group of languages.

(The following selection is from "BEOWULF," by permission of James M. Garnett, the translator, and Ginn & Company, Boston, the publishers.)

BEOWULF STRIVES AGAINST GRENDEL'S MOTHER

BEOWULF then spoke, Ecgtheow's son:
"Sorrow not, wise man! It is better for each
That his friend he avenge than that he mourn much.
Each of us shall the end await
Of worldly life: let him who may gain
Honor ere death. That is for a warrior,
When he is dead, afterwards best.
Arise, kingdom's guardian! Let us quickly go
To view the track of Grendel's kinsman.
I promise it thee: he will not escape,
Nor in earth's bosom, nor in mountain-wood,
Nor in ocean's depths, go where he will.
Throughout this day do thou patience have
Of each of thy woes, as I ween of thee!"
Up leaped the agéd one, thanked he then God,

The mighty Lord, for what the man spoke.
Then was for Hrothgar a horse provided,
A steed with curled mane: the ruler wise
Well-equipped went; the band stepped forth
Of bearers of shields. The foot-tracks were
On the forest-paths widely perceived,
The course o'er the plain: she went straight ahead
O'er the murky moor, of knightly thanes bore
The noblest one deprived of life,
Of those who with Hrothgar defended his home.
Went he then over, the offspring of princes,
The steep, stony slopes, the narrow ways,
The straight single paths, the unknown course,
The headlands steep, many houses of nickers.
He one of few went on before,
Of the wise men, the plain to view,
Until he all at once the mountain-trees
O'er the gray stone found bending down,
The joyless wood: the water stood under
Gory and restless. To all the Danes 'twas,
To the friends of the Scyldings, bitter in mood,
To many a thane sorrow to suffer,
To each one of earls, after of Æschere
On the holm-cliff the head they found.
The flood boiled with blood (the people looked on),
With the hot gore. The horn at times sang
The ready war-song. All the warriors sat down;
They saw then in the water many of worm-kind,
Strange sea-dragons, seeking the sea,
Such nickers lying out on the ness-slopes,
As at mid-day often prepare
A sorrowful voyage on the sail-road,
Worms and wild beasts: rushed they away
Fierce and angry; the noise they perceived
The war-horn sound. The prince of the Geats
With his arrowed bow deprived one of life,
Of strife with the sea, so that stood in his vitals
The hard war-arrow: he was in the holm
The slower in swimming, whom death took away.

Quickly was in the waves with their boar-spears,
Their hookéd swords, fiercely attacked,
Pressed after with struggles and to the ness drawn,
The wonderful monster: the men looked upon
The terrible stranger. Beowulf girded him
With noble armor, not for life did he care:
The war-burnie should, woven with hands,
Wide and well-wrought, seek out the sea,
That which his body could well protect,
So that him battle-grip might not in breast,
The mad one's assault, injure in life:
But the bright helmet protected his head,
Which was to mingle with the depths of the sea,
Adorned with treasure seek the sea-waves,
Encircled with diadem, as in days of old
The weapon-smith wrought it, wondrously framed it,
Set with swine-bodies, so that it never after
The flaming war-swords might be able to bite.
That was not then the least of strong helps,
That to him in need Hrothgar's orator lent:
Of that hilted sword Hrunting was name;
That was a chief one of old-time treasures;
Its edge was of iron, with poison-twigs stained,
Hardened with battle-gore; ne'er failed it in fight
Any of men, who it wielded with hand,
He who durst tread the terrible paths,
The folk-place of foes: that was not the first time,
That deeds of valor it should perform.
The kinsman of Ecglaf remembered not now,
Mighty in strength, what he before spoke
Drunken with wine, when the weapon he lent
To a better sword-bearer; he himself durst not
Under waves' tumult venture his life,
Heroic deeds work; there he lost fame,
A name for valor; not so with the other,
When he for battle himself had prepared.
Beowulf then spoke, Ecgtheow's son:
"Bethink thyself now, great kinsman of Healfdene,
Thou ruler wise, now I'm for the way ready,

Gold-friend of men, of what we once spoke,
If I in thy service should at any time
Of my life be deprived, that thou wouldst ever be
To me when gone hence, in stead of a father.
Be thou a protector to my knightly thanes,
My trusty comrades, if war take me off:
Also the treasures, which thou gavest me,
Do thou, dear Hrothgar, to Hygelac send.
May then by the gold the Geat's lord perceive,
Hrethel's son see, when he looks on the treasure,
That I did one find in man's virtues good,
A giver of rings, him enjoyed while I might.
And do thou let Hunferth the ancient relic,
The wonderful sword, the widely-known man
The hard-edged have. I shall with Hrunting
Fame for me gain, or death will me take."
After these words the prince of the Weder-Geats
Hastened with valor, not for an answer
Would he await. The water-flood took
The mighty warrior: then was a day's space
Ere the bottom-plain he might perceive.
Soon that discovered she who the flood's realm,
Eager for blood, for fifty years held,
Grim and greedy, that there some one of men
The monster's abode sought out from above.
She grasped then against him, the warrior seized
In her terrible claws; not sooner she injured
His body sound: the burnie him shielded,
So that she might not pierce through the corslet,
The locked linkéd sark, with fiendish fingers.
Bore then the sea-wolf, when she came to the bottom,
The giver of rings to her own abode,
So that he might not, tho' he was brave,
His weapons wield, but him many strange ones
Oppressed in the sea: many a sea-beast
With battle-tusks his war-sark brake;
The monsters harassed him. The earl then perceived
That he in sea-hall, he knew not what, was,
Where him no water in aught might harm,

Nor for the roofed hall might lay hold of him
Sudden grip of the flood: the fire-light he saw,
The brilliant beams brightly shining.
The good one perceived then the wolf of the bottom,
The mighty mere-woman; he gave a strong stroke
With his battle-bill, withheld not the blow,
So that on her head the ringéd blade sounded
A greedy war-song. Then the stranger perceived
That the war-weapon would not cleave through,
Injure her life, but the edge failed
The prince in his need: before it endured
Many hand-meetings, the helmet oft clave,
The fated one's corslet: that was the first time
To the dear treasure that power had failed.
Again was determined, not lacking in prowess,
Mindful of fame, the kinsman of Hygelac:
Then threw the etched brand, with jewels adorned,
The angry warrior, that it on the earth lay,
Strong and steel-edged; he trusted to strength,
The hand-grip of might: so shall a man do,
When he in war thinketh to gain
Praise everlasting, nor for his life careth.
Seized then by the shoulder (cared she not for the contest)
The War-Geats' prince Grendel's mother,
Threw then battle-brave, for he was enraged,
The life-destroyer, that she on the floor fell.
She him again quickly the hand-grip repaid
With her fierce claws, and seized him fast:
Then stumbled the weary one, strongest of warriors,
The fighter-on-foot, so that he fell.
She sat on the hall-guest and drew her short sword
Broad and brown-edged, her son would avenge,
Her only child. On his shoulder lay
The braided breast-net: that his life saved,
Against point and edge entrance withstood.
Then had he perished, Ecgtheow's son,
'Neath the broad bottom, the chief of the Geats.
Had not the war-burnie lent help to him,
The hard battle-net, and had not holy God

Directed the victory, the all-knowing Lord;
The Ruler of heaven adjudged it aright;
Easily afterwards he again rose.
'Mongst the armor he saw then a victory-blessed weapon,
Old sword of the eotens strong in its edges,
Honor of warriors: that was choicest of weapons,
But it was greater than any man else
To the war-play was able to bear,
Good and ornate, the hand-work of giants.
He seized the chained hilt, the Scyldings' champion,
Raging and battle-fierce, the ringéd sword brandished,
Hopeless of life angrily struck,
So that 'gainst her neck it strongly grasped,
Broke the bone-rings; the bill pierced through
Her fated body: she on the floor fell;
The sword was bloody, in his deed he rejoiced.
The blade's beam shone, the light stood within,
Just as from heaven brightly doth shine
The firmament's candle. He looked through the hall
Turned then by the wall, uplifted the weapon
Strong by its hilts Hygelac's thane,
Angry and firm: the edge was not useless
To the war-hero, but he quickly would
Grendel repay many warlike assaults
Of those which he wrought to the West-Danes
Oftener by far than for one time,
When he of Hrothgar the hearth-companions
Slew in their sleep, whilst sleeping ate
Of the Danes' folk fifteen of men,
And such another bore he away,
A sorrowful prey: he paid him for that,
The warrior fierce, as he in rest saw
Weary of war Grendel there lying
Of life deprived, as him before injured
The combat at Heorot. His body sprang far,
When he after death suffered the blow,
The strong sword-stroke, that struck off his head. —
Soon that perceived the cunning churls,
Those who with Hrothgar gazed on the sea,

That the waves-stirring all was commingled,
The surge stained with blood. The hoary-haired elders
Concerning the good one together thus spoke,
That they for the prince looked not again,
That he, flushed with victory, would come to seek
Their mighty chief, since it seemed to so many
That the sea-wolf him had destroyed.
Then came the ninth hour; the ness forsook
The valiant Scyldings: he departed thence home,
The gold-friend of men. The strangers sat,
Sick in their mind, and stared on the sea:
They knew and weened not, that they their dear lord
Himself might see. — The sword then began
On account of the battle-gore in clots of blood
The war-bill to vanish (that was a wonder),
So that it all melted likest to ice,
When the frost's fetters the Father unlooses,
The ice-rope unwinds, He who has control
Of times and tides: that is true Creator.
Took he not in the dwelling, the Weder-Geats' prince,
More of rich treasures, though he many there saw,
But only the head and the hilts together,
With jewels adorned: the sword ere melted,
The etched brand burnt: the blood was so hot,
The strange-spirit poisonous, who therein died.
Soon was he swimming who lived through the strife,
The foes' fierce assault, dived he up through the water:
The stirrings of waves all were cleansed,
The regions wide, when the strange-spirit
Left his life-days and this fleeting creation.
Came then to the land the seamen's protector
Strong-minded swimming, joyed in his sea-booty,
The mighty burden of what he had with him.
They went then to meet him, gave thanks to God
The brave band of thanes, rejoiced in their chief,
For that they him safe might again see.
Then from the strong one helmet and burnie
Quickly was loosed: the lake became thick,
Water under the clouds stained with war-gore.

Forth went they thence on the foot-paths
Glad in their hearts, measured the land-ways,
The well-known roads; the very bold men
From the sea-cliff were bearing the head
With great exertion to each one of them:
Of the courageous four warriors should
On the spear-shaft with labor bear
To the gold-hall the head of Grendel,
Until forthwith to the hall came
Fourteen brave men and fierce in war
Of the Geats going: the lord of men with them,
Brave in the crowd, trod the mead-plains.

LUCIUS APULEIUS

Lucius Apuleius. A famous Latin novelist of the second century. Educated at Carthage and Athens. Author of "The Golden Ass," in which is found the charming tale of "Cupid and Psyche."

(From "The Golden Ass")

THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

In a certain city lived a king and queen who had three daughters exceeding fair. But the beauty of the two elder, though pleasant to behold, yet passed not the measure of human praise, while such was the loveliness of the youngest that men's speech was too poor to commend it worthily and could express it not at all. Many of the citizens and of strangers, whom the fame of this excellent vision had gathered thither, confounded by that matchless beauty, could but kiss the finger-tips of their right hands at sight of her, as in adoration to the goddess Venus herself. And soon a rumor passed through the country that she whom the blue deep had borne, forbearing her divine dignity, was even then moving among men, or that, by some fresh germination from the stars, not the sea now, but the earth, had put forth a new Venus, endued with the flower of virginity.

This belief, with the fame of the maiden's loveliness, went daily further into distant lands, so that many people were drawn together to behold that glorious model of the age. Men sailed no longer to Paphos, to Cnidus or Cythera, to the presence of the goddess Venus; her sacred rites were neglected, her images stood uncrowned, the cold ashes were left to disfigure her forsaken altars. It was to a maiden that men's prayers were offered, to a human countenance they looked, in propitiating so great a godhead; when the girl went forth in the morning they strewed flowers on her way, and the victims proper to that unseen goddess were presented as she passed along. This conveyance of divine worship to a mortal kindled meantime the anger of the true Venus. "Lo! now the ancient parent of nature," she cried, "the fountain of all elements! Behold me, Venus, benign mother of the world, sharing my honors with a mortal maiden, while my name, built up in heaven, is profaned by the mean things of earth! Shall a perishable woman bear my image about with her? In vain did the shepherd of Ida prefer me! Yet shall she have little joy, whosoever she be, of her usurped and unlawful loveliness!" Thereupon she called to her that winged, bold boy of evil ways, who wanders armed by night through men's houses, spoiling their marriages; and stirring yet more by her speech his inborn wantonness, she led him to the city and showed him Psyche as she walked.

"I pray thee," she said, "give thy mother a full revenge. Let this maid become the slave of an unworthy love." Then, embracing him closely, she departed to the shore and took her throne upon the crest of the wave. And lo! at her unuttered will, her ocean-servants are in waiting: the daughters of Nereus are there singing their song, and Portunus, and Salacia, and the tiny charioteer of the dolphin, with a host of Tritons leaping through the billows. And one blows softly through his sounding sea-shell, another spreads a silken web against the sun, a third presents the mirror to the eyes of his mistress, while the others swim side by side below, drawing her chariot. Such was the escort of Venus as she went upon the sea.

Psyche meanwhile, aware of her loveliness, had no fruit thereof. All people regarded and admired, but none sought her in marriage. It was but as upon the finished work of the

craftsman that they gazed upon that divine likeness. Her sisters, less fair than she, were happily wedded. She, even as a widow, sitting at home, wept over her desolation, hating in her heart the beauty in which all men were pleased.

And the king, supposing that the gods were angry, inquired of the oracle of Apollo, and Apollo answered him thus: "Let the damsel be placed on the top of a certain mountain, adorned as for the bed of marriage and of death. Look not for a son-in-law of mortal birth; but for that evil serpent-thing, by reason of whom even the gods tremble and the shadows of Styx are afraid."

So the king returned home and made known the oracle to his wife. For many days she lamented, but at last the fulfilment of the divine precept was urgent upon her, and the company was made ready to conduct the maiden to her deadly bridal. And now the nuptial torch gathers dark smoke and ashes; the pleasant sound of the pipe changes into a cry; the marriage hymn concludes in a sorrowful wailing. Below her yellow wedding-veil the bride shook away her tears: insomuch that the whole city was afflicted together at the ill-luck of the stricken house.

But the mandate of the gods impelled the hapless Psyche to her fate, and, those solemnities being ended, the funeral of the living soul goes forth, all the people following. Psyche, bitterly weeping, assists not at her marriage but at her own obsequies, and while the parents hesitate to accomplish a thing so unholy the daughter cries to them: "Wherefore torment your luckless age by long weeping? This was the prize of my extraordinary beauty! When all people celebrated us with divine honors, and with one voice named the *New Venus*, it was then ye should have wept for me as one dead. Now at last I understand that that one name of Venus has been my ruin. Lead me and set me upon the appointed place. I am in haste to submit to that well-omened marriage, to behold that goodly spouse. Why delay the coming of him who was born for the destruction of the whole world?"

She was silent and with firm step went on the way. And they proceeded to the appointed place on a steep mountain, and left there the maiden alone, and took their way homewards dejectedly. The wretched parents, in their close-shut house, yielded them-

selves to perpetual night; while to Psyche, fearful and trembling and weeping sore upon the mountain-top, comes the gentle Zephyrus. He lifts her gently, and, with vesture floating on either side, bears her by his own soft breathing over the windings of the hills, and sets her lightly among the flowers in the bosom of a valley below.

Psyche, in those delicate grassy places, lying sweetly on her dewy bed, rested from the agitation of her soul and arose in peace. And lo! a grove of mighty trees, with a fount of water, clear as glass, in the midst; and hard by the water, a dwelling-place, built not by human hands but by some divine cunning. One recognized, even at the entering, the delightful hostelry of a god. Golden pillars sustained the roof, arched most curiously in cedar-wood and ivory. The walls were hidden under wrought silver: all tame and woodland creatures leaping forward to the visitor's gaze. Wonderful indeed was the craftsman, divine or half-divine, who by the subtlety of his art, had breathed so wild a soul into the silver! The very pavement was distinct with pictures in goodly stones. In the glow of its precious metal the house is its own daylight, having no need of the sun. Well might it seem a place fashioned for the conversation of gods with men!

Psyche, drawn forward by the delight of it, came near, and, her courage growing, stood within the doorway. One by one, she admired the beautiful things she saw; and, most wonderful of all! no lock, no chain, nor living guardian protected that great treasure-house. But as she gazed there came a voice — a voice, as it were unclothed of its bodily vesture — "Mistress!" it said, "all these things are thine. Lie down, and relieve thy weariness, and rise again for the bath when thou wilt. We thy servants, whose voice thou hearest, will be beforehand with our service, and a royal feast shall be ready."

And Psyche understood that some divine care was providing, and, refreshed with sleep and the bath, sat down to the feast. Still she saw no one; only she heard words falling here and there, and had voices alone to serve her. And the feast being ended, one entered the chamber and sang to her unseen, while another struck the chords of a harp, invisible with him who played on it. Afterwards, the sound of a company singing to-

gether came to her, but still so that none was present to sight; yet it appeared that a great multitude of singers was there.

And the hour of evening inviting her, she climbed into the bed; and as the night was far advanced, behold a sound of a certain clemency approaches her. Then, fearing for her maidenhood, in so great solitude, she trembled, and more than any evil she knew dreaded that she knew not. And now the husband, that unknown husband, drew near, and ascended the couch, and made her his wife; and lo! before the rise of dawn he had departed hastily. And the attendant voices ministered to the needs of the newly married. And so it happened with her for a long season. And as nature has willed, that new thing, by continual use, became a delight to her, and the sound of the voice grew to be her solace in that condition of loneliness and uncertainty.

One night the bridegroom spoke thus to his beloved: "O! Psyche, most pleasant bride! Fortune has grown stern with us, and threatens thee with mortal peril. Thy sisters, troubled at the report of thy death and seeking some trace of thee, will come to the mountain-top. But if by chance their cries reach thee, answer not, neither look forth at all, lest thou bring sorrow upon me and destruction upon thyself." Then Psyche promised that she would do according to his will. But the bridegroom had fled away again with the night. And all that day she spent in tears, repeating that she was now dead indeed, shut up in that golden prison; powerless to console her sisters, sorrowing after her, or to see their faces: and so went to rest weeping.

And after a while came the bridegroom again, and lay down beside her, and embracing her as she wept, complained: "Was this thy promise, my Psyche? What have I to hope from thee? Even in the arms of thy husband thou ceasest not from pain. Do now as thou wilt. Indulge thine own desire, though it seeks what will ruin thee. Yet wilt thou remember my warning, repentant too late." Then, protesting that she is like to die, she obtains from him that he suffer her to see her sisters, and to present to them moreover what gifts she would of golden ornaments; but therewith he ofttimes advised her never at any time, yielding to pernicious counsel, to inquire concerning his bodily form, lest she fall, through unholy curiosity, from so great a height of fortune, nor feel ever his embrace again. "I would

die a hundred times," she said, cheerful at last, "rather than be deprived of thy most sweet usage. I love these as my own soul, beyond comparison even with Love himself. Only bid thy servant Zephyrus bring hither my sisters, as he brought me. My honeycomb! My husband! Thy Psyche's breath of life!" So he promised; and after the embraces of the night, ere the light appeared, vanished from the hands of his bride.

And the sisters, coming to the place where Psyche had been abandoned, wept loudly among the rocks, and called upon her by name, so that the sound came down to her, and running out of the palace distraught, she cried, "Wherefore afflict your souls with lamentation? I whom you mourn am here." Then summoning Zephyrus, she reminded him of her husband's bidding; and he bare them down with a gentle blast. "Enter now," she said, "into my house, and relieve your sorrow in the company of Psyche your sister."

And Psyche displayed to them all the treasures of the golden house, and its great family of ministering voices, nursing in them the malice which was already at their hearts. And at last one of them asks curiously who the lord of that celestial array may be, and what manner of man her husband? And Psyche answered dissemblingly, "A young man, handsome and mannerly, with a goodly beard. For the most part he hunts upon the mountains." And lest the secret should slip from her in the way of further speech, loading her sisters with gold and gems, she summoned Zephyrus to bear them away.

And they returned home, on fire with envy. "See now the injustice of fortune!" cried one. "We, the elder children, have been given like servants to be the wives of strangers, while the youngest is possessed of so great riches, who scarcely knows how to use them. You saw, sister! what a hoard of wealth is lying in the house; what glittering gowns; what splendor of precious gems, besides all that gold trodden underfoot. If she indeed hath, as she said, a bridegroom so goodly, then no one in all the world is happier. And it may be that that husband, being of divine nature, will make her too a goddess. Nay! so in truth it is. It was even thus she bore herself. Already she looks aloft and breathes divinity; who, but a woman, has pure voices for her handmaidens, and can command the winds."

"Think," answered the other, "how arrogantly she dealt with us, grudging us these trifling gifts out of all that store, and when she found our company a burden, causing us to be hissed and driven away from her through the air! But I am no woman if she keep her hold on this great fortune: and if the insult done us has touched thee too, take we counsel together. Meanwhile let us hold our peace, and know naught of her, alive or dead. For they are not truly happy of whose happiness other folk are unaware."

And the bridegroom, whom still she knows not, warns her thus a second time, as he talks with her by night: "Seest thou what peril besets thee? Those cunning wolves have made ready for thee their snares, of which the sum is that they persuade thee to search into the fashion of my countenance, the seeing of which, as I have told thee often, will be the seeing of it no more forever. But do thou neither listen nor make answer to aught regarding thy husband. Besides, we have sown also the seed of our race. Even now this bosom grows with a child to be born to us, a child, if thou but keep our secret, of divine quality; if thou profane it, subject to death." And Psyche was glad of the tidings, rejoicing in that solace of a divine seed, and in the glory of that pledge of love to be, and the dignity of the name of mother. Anxiously she noted the increase of the days, the waning months. And again, as he tarries briefly beside her, the bridegroom repeats his warning: "Even now the sword is drawn with which thy sisters seek thy life. Have pity on thyself, sweet wife, and upon our child, and see not those evil women again." But the sisters made their way once more into the palace and cried to her in wily tones: "O! Psyche! and thou too wilt be a mother! How great will be the joy at home! Happy indeed shall we be to have the nursing of the golden child. Truly if he does but answer duly to the beauty of his parents, it will be a birth of Cupid himself."

So, little by little, they stole upon the soul of their sister. She, meanwhile, bids the lyre to sound for their delight and the playing is heard. She bids the pipes to move and the quire to sing, and the music and the singing come invisibly, soothing the mind of the listener with sweetest modulation. But not even thereby was their malice put to sleep: once more they seek to know what

manner of husband she has, and whence that seed. And Psyche, simple overmuch, forgetting her first story, answers: "My husband comes from a far country, trading for great sums. He is already of middle age, with whitening locks." And therewith she dismisses them again.

And returning home upon the soft breath of Zephyrus one cried to the other: "What shall be said of so ugly a lie? He who was a young man with florid beard is now in middle life. It must be that she told a false tale; else is she indeed ignorant what manner of man that is. Howsoever it be, let us destroy her quickly. For if she indeed knows not, be sure that her bridegroom is one of the gods; it is a god she bears in her womb. And let that be far from us! If she be called mother of a god, then will my life be more than I can bear."

So, full of rage against her, they returned to Psyche, and said to her craftily: "Thou livest in an ignorant bliss, all incurious of thy real danger. It is a deadly serpent, as we certainly know, that comes to sleep by thy side. Remember the words of the oracle, which declared thee destined to a cruel beast. There are those who have seen it at nightfall, coming back from its feeding. It will not be much longer, they say, ere it will end its blandishments. It but waits for the babe to be formed in thee, that it may devour thee by so much the richer. If indeed the solitude of this musical place, or it may be the loathsome commerce of this hidden love, delight thee, we at least with sisterly piety have done our part." And at last the unhappy Psyche, so simple and frail of soul, was carried away by the terror of their words, and losing memory of her husband's precepts and her own promise, brought upon herself a great calamity. Trembling and turning pale, she answers them: "And they who tell those things, it may be, speak the truth. For in very deed never have I seen the face of my husband, nor know I at all what manner of man he is. Always he frights me diligently from the sight of him, threatening some great evil should I too curiously look upon his face. Do ye, if ye can help your sister in her great peril, stand by her now."

Her sisters answered her: "The way of safety we have well considered, and will teach thee. Take a sharp knife, and hide it in that part of the couch where thou art wont to lie; take also

a lamp filled with oil, and set it privily behind the curtain. And when he shall have drawn up his coils into the accustomed place, and thou hearest him breathe in sleep, slip then from his side and discover the lamp, and, knife in hand, put forth all thy strength, and strike off the serpent's head." And so they departed in haste.

And Psyche left alone (alone but for the furies which beset her), is tossed up and down in her distress, like a wave of the sea; and though her will is firm, yet, in the moment of putting hand to the deed, she falters, and is torn asunder by various apprehension of that great calamity upon her. She hastens and anon delays; is now full of distrust, and now of angry courage: under one bodily form she loathes the monster, and loves the bridegroom. But evening ushers in the night; and at last in haste she makes ready for the terrible deed. Darkness came, and the bridegroom; and he first, after some faint essay of love, fell into a deep sleep.

And she, erewhile of no strength, the hard purpose of destiny assisting her, is confirmed in force. With lamp plucked forth, and the knife in her hand, she put by her sex; and lo! as the secrets of the bed became manifest, the sweetest and most gentle of all creatures, Cupid himself, reclined there, in his own proper loveliness! At the sight of him, the very flame of the lamp kindled more gladly! But Psyche was afraid at the vision, and, faint of soul, trembled backward upon her knees, and would have hidden away the steel in her own bosom. But the knife slipped from her hand: and now, undone, yet ofttimes looking upon the beauty of that divine countenance, she lives again. She sees the locks of that golden head, pleasant with the unction of the gods, shed down in graceful entanglement behind and before, about the ruddy cheeks and white throat. The pinions of the winged god, yet fresh with the dew, are spotless upon his shoulders; the delicate plumage wavering over them as they lie at rest. Smooth he was, and, touched with light, worthy of Venus his mother. At the foot of the couch lay his bow and arrows, the instruments of his power, propitious to men.

And Psyche, gazing hungrily upon all that, drew an arrow from the quiver, and trying its point upon her thumb, tremulous still, drave in the barb, so that a drop of blood came forth.

Thus fell she, by her own act, and unaware, into the love of Love. Falling upon the bridegroom with indrawn breath and a hurry of kisses from her eager and open lips, she shuddered as she thought how brief that sleep might be. And it chanced that a drop of burning oil fell from the lamp upon the god's shoulder. Ah! maladroit minister of love, thus to wound him from whom all fire comes; though 'twas a lover, I trow, first devised thee, to have the fruit of his desire even in the darkness! At the touch of the fire the god started up, and beholding the overthrow of her faith, quietly took flight from her embraces.

And Psyche, as he rose upon the wing, laid hold on him with her two hands, and hung upon him in his passage through the air, till she sank to the earth through weariness. And as she lay there, the divine lover, tarrying still, lighted upon a cypress tree which grew near, and, from the top of it, spake thus to her, in great emotion: "Foolish one! unmindful of the command of Venus, my mother, who had devoted thee to the bed of one of base degree, I fled to thee in his stead. Now know I that that was vainly done. Into mine own flesh pierced mine arrow, and I made thee my wife, only that I might seem a monster beside thee — that thou shouldst seek to wound the head wherein lay the eyes so full of love to thee! Again and again, I thought to put thee on thy guard concerning these things, and warned thee in loving-kindness. Now I would but punish thee by my flight hence." And therewith he winged his way into the deep sky.

Psyche, prostrate upon the earth, and following far as sight might reach the flight of the bridegroom, wept and lamented; and when the breadth of space had parted him wholly from her, cast herself down from the bank of a river which was near. But the stream, turning gentle in honor of the god, put her forth again unhurt upon its margin. And as it happened, Pan, the rustic god, was sitting just then by the waterside, embracing in the body of a reed, the goddess Canna; teaching her to respond to him in all varieties of slender sound. Hard by, his flock of goats browsed at will. And the shaggy god called her, wounded and outworn, kindly to him and said: "I am but a rustic herdsman, pretty maiden, yet wise, by favor of my great age and long experience; and, if I guess truly by those faltering steps, by thy sorrowful eyes and continual sighing, thou laborest with excess

of love. Listen then to me, and seek not death again, in the stream or otherwise. Put aside thy woe, and turn thy prayers to Cupid. He is in truth a delicate youth: win him by the delicacy of thy service."

So the shepherd-god spoke, and Psyche, answering nothing, but with a reverence to his serviceable deity, went on her way. And while she, in her search after Cupid, wandered through many lands, he was lying in the chamber of his mother, heart-sick. And the white bird which floats over the waves plunged in haste into the sea, and approaching Venus as she bathed, made known to her that her son lies afflicted with some grievous hurt, doubtful of life. And Venus cried angrily: "My son, then, has a mistress! And it is Psyche, who witched away my beauty and was the rival of my godhead, whom he loves!"

Therewith she issued from the sea, and returning to her golden chamber, found there the lad, sick, as she had heard, and cried from the doorway, "Well done, truly! to trample thy mother's precepts underfoot, to spare my enemy, that cross of an unworthy love; nay, unite her to thyself, child as thou art, that I might have a daughter-in-law who hates me! I will make thee repent of thy sport, and the savor of thy marriage bitter. There is one who shall chasten that body of thine, put out thy torch, and unstring thy bow. Not till she has plucked forth that hair, into which so oft these hands have smoothed the golden light, and sheared away thy wings, shall I feel the injury done me avenged." And with that she hastened in anger from the doors.

And Ceres and Juno met her, and sought to know the meaning of her troubled countenance. "Ye come in season," she cried. "I pray you, find for me Psyche. It must needs be that ye have heard the disgrace of my house." And they, ignorant of what was done, would have soothed her anger, saying: "What fault, Mistress! hath thy son committed, that thou wouldst destroy the girl he loves? Knowest thou not that he is now of age? Because he wears his years so lightly must he seem to thee ever but a child? Wilt thou forever thus pry into the pastimes of thy son, always accusing his wantonness, and blaming in him those delicate wiles which are all thine own?" Thus, in secret fear of the boy's bow, did they seek to please him with their

gracious patronage. But Venus, angry at their light taking of her wrongs, turned her back upon them; and with hasty steps took her way once more to the sea.

And in the meanwhile, Psyche, tossed in soul, wandering hither and thither, rested not night or day, in the pursuit of her husband, desiring, if she might not soothe his anger by the endearments of a wife, at the least to propitiate him with the prayers of a handmaid. And seeing a certain temple on the top of a high mountain, she said, "Who knows whether yonder place be not the abode of my lord?" Thither, therefore, she turned her steps; hastening now the more because desire and hope pressed her on, weary as she was with the labors of the way; and so, painfully measuring out the highest ridges of the mountain, she drew near to the sacred couches. She sees ears of wheat, in heaps or twisted into chaplets; ears of barley also; and there were sickles and all the instruments of harvest, lying there in disorder, thrown at random from the hands of the laborers in the great heat. These she curiously sets apart, one by one, duly ordering them; for she said within herself, "I may not neglect the shrines, nor the holy service, of any god there be, but must rather win by supplication the kindly mercy of them all."

And Ceres found her as she bent sadly on her task, and cried aloud, "Alas, Psyche! Venus, in the furiousness of her anger, tracks thy footsteps through the world, seeking for thee to pay her the utmost penalty; and thou, thinking of anything rather than thine own safety, hast taken on thee the care of what belongs to me!" Then Psyche fell down at her feet, and sweeping the floor with her hair, and washing the footsteps of the goddess with her tears, besought her mercy, with many prayers: "By the gladdening rites of harvest, by the lighted lamps and mystic marches of the Marriage and mysterious Invention of thy daughter Proserpine, and by all beside that the holy place of Attica veils in silence, minister, I pray thee, to the sorrowful heart of Psyche! Suffer me to hide myself but for a few days among the heaps of corn, till time has softened the anger of the goddess, and my strength, outworn in my long travail, be recovered by a little rest."

But Ceres answered her: "Truly thy tears move me, and I would fain help thee; only I dare not incur the ill-will of my

kinswoman. Depart hence as quickly as may be." And Psyche, repelled against hope, and afflicted now with twofold sorrow, making her way back again, beheld among the half-lighted woods of the valley below a sanctuary builded with cunning art. And that she might lose no way of hope, howsoever doubtful, she drew near to the sacred doors. She sees there gifts of price, and garments fixed upon the doorposts and to the branches of the trees, wrought with letters of gold which told the name of the goddess to whom they were dedicated, with thanksgiving for that she had done. So, with bent knee and hands laid about the glowing altar, she prayed, saying: "Sister and spouse of Jupiter! be thou, to these my desperate fortunes, Juno the Auspicious! I know that thou dost willingly help those in travail with child; deliver me from the peril that is upon me." And as she prayed thus, Juno, in the majesty of her godhead, was straightway present, and answered, "Would that I might incline favorably to thee; but against the will of Venus, whom I have ever loved as a daughter, I may not, for very shame, grant thy prayer."

And Psyche, dismayed by this new shipwreck of her hope, communed thus with herself: "Whither, from the midst of the snares that beset me, shall I take my way once more? In what dark solitude shall I hide me from the all-seeing eye of Venus? What if I put on at length a man's courage, and yielding myself unto her as my mistress, soften by a humility not yet too late the fierceness of her purpose? Who knows but that I may find him also whom my soul seeketh after, in the abode of his mother?"

And Venus, renouncing all earthly aid in her search, prepared to return to heaven. She ordered the chariot to be made ready, which Vulcan had wrought for her as a marriage gift, with a cunning of hand which left his work so much the richer by the weight of gold it had lost under his tool. From the multitude which housed about the bedchamber of their mistress, white doves came forth, and with joyful motions bent their painted necks beneath the yoke. Behind it, with playful riot, the sparrows sped onward, with other birds sweet of song, making known by their soft notes the approach of the goddess. Eagle and cruel hawk alarmed not the quireful family of Venus. And the clouds broke away, as the uttermost ether opened to receive her, daughter and goddess, with great joy.

And Venus passed straightway to the house of Jupiter to beg of him the use of Mercury, the god of speech. And Jupiter refused not her prayer. And Venus and Mercury descended from heaven together; and as they went, the former said to the latter: "Thou knowest, my brother of Arcady, that never at any time have I done anything without thy help; for how long time, moreover, I have sought a certain maiden in vain. And now naught remains but that, by thy heraldry, I proclaim a reward for whomsoever shall find her. Do thou my bidding quickly." And with that she conveyed to him a little scrip, in the which was written the name of Psyche, with other things; and so returned home.

And Mercury failed not in his office; but departing into all lands, proclaimed that whosoever should deliver up to Venus the fugitive girl, should receive from herself seven kisses — one thereof full of the inmost honey of her throat. With that the doubt of Psyche was ended. And now, as she came near to the doors of Venus, one of the household, whose name was Use-and-Wont, ran out to her, crying, "Hast thou learned, Wicked Maid! now at last! that thou hast a mistress!" and seizing her roughly by the hair, drew her into the presence of Venus. And when Venus saw her, she cried out, saying: "Thou hast deigned then to make thy salutations to thy mother-in-law. Now will I in turn treat thee as becometh a dutiful daughter-in-law!"

And she took barley and millet and poppy-seed, every kind of grain and seed, and mixed them together, and laughed, and said to her: "Methinks so plain a maiden can earn lovers only by industrious ministry: now I will also make trial of thy service. Sort me this heap of seed, the one kind from the others, grain by grain; and get thy task done before the evening." And Psyche, stunned by the cruelty of her bidding, was silent, and moved not her hand to the inextricable heap. And there came forth a little ant, which had understanding of the difficulty of her task, and took pity upon the consort of the god of Love: and he ran deftly hither and thither, and called together the whole army of his fellows. "Have pity," he cried, "nimble scholars of the Earth, Mother of all things! have pity upon the wife of Love, and hasten to help her in her perilous effort." Then, one upon the other, the hosts of the insect people hurried together; and they sorted

asunder the whole heap of seed, separating every grain after its kind, and so departed quickly out of sight.

And at nightfall Venus returned, and seeing that task finished with so wonderful diligence, she cried, "The work is not thine, thou naughty maid, but his in whose eyes thou hast found favor." And calling her again in the morning, "See now the grove," she said, "beyond yonder torrent. Certain sheep feed there, whose fleeces shine with gold. Fetch me straightway a lock of that precious stuff, having gotten it as thou mayst."

And Psyche went forth willingly, not to obey the command of Venus, but even to seek a rest from her labor in the depths of the river. But out of the river, the green reed, lowly mother of music, spoke to her: "O! Psyche, pollute not these waters by thy destruction, and approach not that terrible flock; for, as the heat groweth, they wax fierce: lie down under yon plane-tree, till the quiet of the river's breath have soothed them. Thereafter thou mayst shake down the fleecy gold from the trees of the grove, for it holdeth by the leaves."

And Psyche, instructed thus by the simple reed, in the humanity of its heart, filled her bosom with the soft golden stuff, and returned to Venus. But the goddess smiled bitterly, and said to her: "Well know I who was the author of this thing also. I will make further trial of thy discretion, and the boldness of thy heart. Seest thou the utmost peak of yonder steep mountain? The dark stream which flows down thence waters the Stygian fields, and swells the stream of Cocytus. Bring me now, in this little urn, a draft from its innermost source." And therewith she put into her hands a vessel of wrought crystal.

And Psyche set forth in haste on her way to the mountain, looking there at last to find the end of her hapless life. But when she came to the region which borders on the cliff pointed out to her, she understood the deadly nature of her task. From a great rock, steep and slippery, a horrible river of water poured forth, falling straightway down a channel exceeding narrow into the unseen gulf below. And lo! creeping from the rocks on either hand, angry serpents, with their long necks and sleepless eyes. The very waters found a voice and bade her depart, in smothered cries of, *Depart hence!* and *What doest thou here? Look around thee!* and *Destruction is upon thee!* And then

sense left her, in the immensity of her peril, as one changed to stone.

But not even then did the distress of that innocent soul escape the steady eyes of a gentle providence. For the bird of Jupiter spread his wings and took flight to her, and asked her: "Didst thou think, simple one, even thou! that thou couldst steal one drop of that relentless stream, the most holy river of Styx, terrible even to the gods? But give me thine urn." And the bird took the urn, and filled it at the source, and returned to her quickly from among the teeth of the serpents, bringing with him of the waters, all unwilling — nay! warning him to depart away and not molest them.

And she, receiving the urn with great joy, ran back quickly that she might deliver it to Venus, and yet again satisfied not the angry goddess. "My child!" she said, "in this one thing further must thou serve me. Take now this tiny casket, and get thee down even unto hell, and deliver it to Proserpine. Tell her that Venus would have of her beauty, so much at least as may suffice for but one day's use; that beauty she possessed erstwhile being foreworn and spoiled, through her tendance upon the sick bed of her son; and be not slow in returning."

And Psyche perceived there the last ebbing of her fortune — that she was now thrust openly upon death, who must go down, of her own motion, to Hades and the Shades. And straightway she climbed to the top of an exceeding high tower, thinking within herself, "I will cast myself down hence; so shall I descend most quickly into the kingdom of the dead." And the tower, again, broke forth into speech: "Wretched Maid! Wretched Maid! Wilt thou destroy thyself? If the breath quit thy body, then wilt thou indeed go down into Hades, but by no means return hither. Listen to me. Among the pathless wilds not far from this place lies a certain mountain, and therein one of hell's ventholes. Through the yawning breach a rough way lies open, following which thou wilt come, by direct course, to the castle of Orcus. And thou must not go empty-handed. Take in each hand a morsel of barley bread, soaked in hydromel; and in thy mouth two pieces of money. And when thou shalt be now well onward in the way of death, thou wilt overtake a lame ass laden with wood, and a lame driver, who will beg thee to reach him

certain cords to fasten the burden which is falling from the ass; but be thou cautious to pass on in silence. And soon as thou comest to the river of the dead, Charon, in that crazy bark he hath, will put thee over upon the further side. There is greed even among the dead: and thou shalt deliver to him, for the ferrying, one of those two pieces of money, in such wise that he take it with his hand from between thy lips. And as thou passest over the stream, a dead old man, rising on the water, will put up to thee his moldering hands, and pray thee to draw him into the ferry-boat. But beware that thou yield not to unlawful pity.

"When thou hast crossed, and art upon the causeway, certain aged women, spinning, will cry to thee to lend thy hand to their work: and beware again that thou take no part therein; for this also is the snare of Venus, whereby she would cause thee to cast away one at least of those cakes thou bearest in thy hands. And think not that a slight matter; for the loss of either one of them will be to thee the losing of the light of day. For a watch-dog exceeding fierce lies ever before the threshold of that lonely house of Proserpine. Close his mouth with one of thy cakes; so shalt thou pass by him, and enter straightway into the presence of Proserpine herself. Then, do thou deliver thy message, and taking what she shall give thee, return back again; offering to the watch-dog the other cake, and to the ferryman that other piece of money thou holdest in thy mouth. After this manner mayst thou return again beneath the stars. But withal I charge thee, think not to look into, nor open, the casket thou bearest, with that treasure of the beauty of the divine countenance hidden therein."

So spake the stones of the tower; and Psyche delayed not, but proceeding diligently after the manner enjoined, entered into the house of Proserpine, at whose feet she sat down humbly, and would neither the delicate couch nor that divine food which the goddess offered her, but did straightway the business of Venus. And Proserpine filled the casket secretly, and shut the lid, and delivered it to Psyche, who fled therewith from Hades with new strength. But coming back into the light of day, even as she hasted now to the ending of her service, she was seized by a rash curiosity. "Lo! now," she said within herself, "my simpleness! who bearing in my hands the divine loveliness, heed not to touch

myself with a particle at least therefrom, that I may please the more, by the fervor of it, my fair one, my beloved!" Even as she spoke, she lifted the lid; and behold! within, neither beauty, nor anything beside, save sleep only, the sleep of the dead, which took hold upon her, filling all her members with its drowsy vapor, so that she lay down in the way and moved not, as in the slumber of death.

And Cupid, his wound being now healed, because he would endure no longer the absence of her he loved, gliding through the narrow window of the chamber wherein he was holden, his pinions being now repaired with a little rest, fled forth swiftly upon them; and coming to the place where Psyche was, shook that sleep away from her, and set him in his prison again, awaking her with the innocent point of his arrow. "Lo! now, thine old error again," he said to her, "which had like once more to have destroyed thee! But do thou now what is lacking of the command of my mother; the rest shall be my care." With these words, the lover rose upon the air; and being consumed inwardly with the greatness of his love, penetrated with vehement wing into the highest place of heaven, to lay his cause before the father of the gods. And the father of gods took his hand in his, and kissed his face, and said to him: "At no time, my son, hast thou regarded me with due honor. Often hast thou vexed my bosom, wherein lies the disposition of the stars, with those busy darts of thine. Nevertheless, because thou hast grown up between these mine hands, I will accomplish thy desire." And straightway he bade Mercury to call the gods together; and, the council chamber being filled, sitting upon a high throne, "Ye gods," he said, "all ye whose names are in the white book of the Muses, ye know yonder lad. It seems good to me that his youthful heats should by some means be restrained. And that all occasion may be taken from him, I would even confine him in the bonds of marriage. He has chosen and embraced a mortal maiden. Let him have fruit of her love, and possess her forever."

And thereupon he bade Mercury produce Psyche in heaven; and holding out to her his ambrosial cup, "Take it," he said, "and live forever: nor shall Cupid ever depart from thee." And the gods sat down together to the marriage feast. On the

first couch lay the bridegroom, and Psyche in his bosom. His rustic serving boy bare the wine to Jupiter; and Bacchus to the rest. The Seasons crimsoned all things with their roses. Apollo sang to the lyre, while a little Pan prattled on his reeds, and Venus danced very sweetly to the soft music. Thus, with due rites, did Psyche pass into the power of Cupid; and from them was born the daughter whom men call Voluptas.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE HISTORY OF ALI BABA, AND OF THE FORTY ROBBERS KILLED BY ONE SLAVE

In a certain town of Persia, there lived two brothers, one of whom was called Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Their father, at his death, left them but a very moderate fortune, which they divided between them.

Cassim married a woman who, very soon after her nuptials, became heiress to a well-furnished shop, a warehouse filled with merchandise, and considerable property in land; he thus found himself on a sudden quite at his ease, and became one of the richest merchants in the whole town.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, who had taken a wife in no better circumstances than he himself was, lived in a very poor house, and had no other means of gaining his livelihood than by going to cut wood in a neighboring forest, and carrying it about the town to sell, on three asses.

Ali Baba went one day to the forest, when he perceived a thick cloud of dust rising very high in the air, which appeared to come from the right of the spot where he was, and to be advancing towards him. He looked at it attentively, and perceived a numerous company of men on horseback, who were approaching at a quick pace.

Although that part of the country was never spoken of as being infested by robbers, Ali Baba nevertheless conjectured that these horsemen were of that denomination. Without,

therefore, at all considering what might become of his asses, his first and only care was to save himself. He instantly climbed up into a large tree, in the branches of which he concealed himself. The tree itself grew at the foot of a sort of isolated rock, considerably higher than the tree, and so steep, that it could not be easily ascended.

The men, who appeared stout, powerful, and well mounted, came up to this very rock, and there alighted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and was very sure, both by their appearance and mode of equipment, that they were robbers. Nor was he wrong in his conjecture: for they were, in fact, a band of robbers, who, without committing any depredations in the neighborhood, carried on their system of plunder at a considerable distance, and only had their place of rendezvous in that spot; and what he almost immediately saw them do confirmed him in this opinion. Each horseman took the bridle off his horse, and hung over its head a bag filled with barley, which he had brought with him; and having all fastened their horses to something, they took their traveling bags, which appeared so heavy, that Ali Baba thought they were filled with gold and silver.

The robber who was nearest to him, and whom Ali Baba took for their captain, came with his bag on his shoulder close to the rock, at the very spot where the tree was, in which he had concealed himself. After the robber had made his way among some bushes and shrubs that grew there, he very distinctly pronounced these words, "OPEN, SESAMÈ!" and which Ali Baba as distinctly heard. The captain of the band had no sooner spoken them than a door immediately opened; and after having made all his men pass before him, and go in through the door, he entered also, and the door closed.

The robbers continued within the rock for a considerable time; and Ali Baba was compelled to remain on the tree and wait with patience for their departure.

At length the door opened, and the forty robbers came out; the captain, contrary to what he did when they entered, first made his appearance. After he had seen all his troop pass out before him, Ali Baba heard him pronounce these words, "SHUT, SESAMÈ!" Each man then mounted his horse, and they departed the same way they came.

Ali Baba came down from the tree, and made his way through the bushes till he came to the door, which they had concealed. He went up to it, and called out, "Open, Sesamè," when the door instantly flew wide open!

Ali Baba was much astonished at seeing a large, spacious, well-lighted, and vaulted room, dug out of the rock, and higher than a man could reach. It received its light from the top of the rock, cut out in a similar manner. He observed in it a large quantity of provisions, numerous bales of rich merchandise piled up, silk stuffs and brocades, rich and valuable carpets, and besides all this, great quantities of money, both silver and gold, some in heaps, and some in large leather bags, placed one on another. At the sight of all these things, it seemed to him that this cave had been used not only for years, but for centuries, as a retreat for robbers, who had regularly succeeded each other.

Ali Baba did not hesitate long as to the plan he should pursue. He went into the cave, and as soon as he was there, the door shut; but as he knew the secret by which to open it, this gave him no sort of uneasiness. He made directly for the gold coin, and particularly that which was in the bags. He took up at several times as much as he could carry, and when he had got together what he thought sufficient for loading his three asses, he went and collected them together. He then brought them as close as he could to the rock, and loaded them; and in order to conceal the sacks, he so covered the whole over with wood, that no one could perceive anything else. When he had finished all this, he went up to the door, and had no sooner pronounced the words, "Shut, Sesamè," than it closed; for although it shut of itself every time he went in, it remained open on coming out only by command.

This being done, Ali Baba took the road to the town; and when he got to his own house, he drove his asses into a small court, and shut the gate with great care. He threw down the small quantity of wood that covered the bags, and carried the latter into his house, where he laid them down in a regular manner before his wife, who was sitting upon a sofa.

His wife felt the sacks to know their contents; and when she found them to be full of money, she suspected her husband of

having stolen them, so that when he brought them all before her, she could not help saying, "Ali Baba, is it possible that you should —" He immediately interrupted her: "Peace, my dear wife," exclaimed he, "do not alarm yourself, I am not a thief, unless that title be attached to those who take from thieves. You will change your bad opinion of me when I shall have told you my good fortune." He emptied the sacks, the contents of which formed a great heap of gold, that quite dazzled his wife's eyes; and when he had done so, he related his whole adventure from beginning to end; and as he concluded, he above all things conjured her to keep it secret.

His wife recovering from her alarm, began to rejoice on the fortunate circumstance which had befallen them; and was going to count over the money that lay before her, piece by piece.

"What are you going to do?" said he; "you are very foolish, wife; you would never have done counting. I will immediately dig a pit to bury it in; we have no time to lose." "It is proper, though," replied the wife, "that we should know nearly what quantity there may be. I will go for a small measure in the neighborhood, and whilst you are digging the pit, I will ascertain how much there is."

In order to satisfy herself the wife of Ali Baba set off and went to her brother-in-law, Cassim, who lived a short distance from her house. Cassim was from home, so she begged his wife to lend her a measure for a few minutes. "That I will, with pleasure," said the sister-in-law; "wait a moment and I will bring it you." She went to seek a measure, but knowing the poverty of Ali Baba, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure; she therefore put some tallow under the measure, which she did without its being perceptible.

The wife of Ali Baba returned home, and placing the measure on the heap of gold, measured the whole; her husband having by this time dug the pit for its reception, she informed him how many measures there were, with which they were both very well contented. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife went back with the measure to her sister-in-law, but without observing that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom of it.

The wife of Ali Baba had scarcely turned her back, when

Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was inexpressibly astonished to see a piece of gold sticking to it. Envy instantly took possession of her breast. "What!" said she to herself, "Ali Baba measure his gold! Where can that miserable wretch have obtained it?" Her husband Cassim, as was before mentioned, was from home: he had gone as usual to his shop, from whence he would not return till evening.

On his return home, his wife said to him, "Cassim, you think you are rich, but Ali Baba must have infinitely more wealth than you are possessed of; he does not count his money as you do, he measures it." Cassim demanded an explanation of this enigma, and she unraveled it by acquainting him of the expedient she had used to make the discovery, and showing him the piece of money she had found adhering to the bottom of the measure.

Far from feeling satisfaction at the good fortune which his brother had met with to relieve him from poverty, Cassim conceived implacable jealousy on the occasion. The next morning before sunrise he went to him. "Ali Baba," said he, addressing him, "you are very reserved as to your affairs; you pretend to be poor and miserable, and yet you measure your money." "Brother," replied Ali Baba, "I do not understand your meaning." "Do not pretend ignorance," resumed Cassim; and showed him the piece of gold his wife had given him.

From this speech Ali Baba soon conjectured that Cassim, and his wife also, were already acquainted with what he was so interested to conceal from them; but the discovery was made, and nothing could now be done to remedy the evil. Without showing the least sign of surprise or vexation, he frankly owned to his brother the whole affair, and told him of the retreat of the thieves, and where it was situated; and he offered, if he would agree to keep it secret, to share the treasure with him.

"This I certainly expect," replied Cassim, in a haughty tone; and added, "but I desire to know also the precise spot where this treasure lies concealed, the marks and signs which may lead to it, to enable me to visit the place myself, should I feel myself inclined. Otherwise I will go and inform the officer of the police of it. If you refuse to comply, you will not only be deprived of all hope of obtaining any more, but you will even lose

that you have already taken; and I, instead, shall receive my portion for having informed against you."

Ali Baba, led rather by his natural goodness of heart than intimidated by the insolent menaces of a cruel brother, gave him all the information he desired, and even told him the words he must pronounce, both on entering the cave and on quitting it. Cassim left his brother; and, full of the hope of possessing himself of the whole treasure, he set off the next morning before break of day with ten mules charged with large hampers, which he proposed to fill. He took the road which Ali Baba had pointed out, and arrived at the rock and the tree, which from description he knew to be the same that had concealed his brother. He looked for the door and soon discovered it. Having pronounced "Open, Sesamè," the door obeyed; he entered, and it immediately after closed. In examining the cave, he was in the utmost astonishment to find much more riches than the description of Ali Baba had led him to expect. Avaricious as he was, he could have passed the whole day in feasting his eyes with the sight of so much gold; but he reflected that he was come to take away and lade his ten mules with as much as he could collect; he therefore took up a number of sacks, and coming to the door, his mind filled with a multitude of ideas, he found that he had forgotten the important words, and instead of pronouncing "Sesamè," he said, "Open, Barley." He was struck with astonishment on perceiving that the door, instead of flying open, remained closed; he named various other kinds of grain; all but the right were called upon, and the door did not move.

In the imminent danger in which Cassim now beheld himself, fear took entire possession of his mind; the more he endeavored to recollect the word "Sesamè," the more was his memory confused, and he remained as totally ignorant of it as if he had never heard the word mentioned. He paced with hasty steps backward and forward in the cave; the riches which surrounded him had no longer charms for his imagination.

The robbers returned to their cave towards noon; and when they were within a short distance of it, and saw the mules belonging to Cassim laden with hampers, standing about the rock, they were a good deal surprised at such a novelty. The captain with the others alighted, and with their sabers in their hands,

went towards the door, pronounced the words, and it opened.

Cassim, who from the inside of the cave, heard the noise of horses, did not doubt that the robbers were arrived, and that his death was inevitable. Resolved, however, to attempt one effort to escape, he placed himself near the door, ready to run out as soon as it should open. The word "Sesamè," which he had in vain endeavored to recall to his remembrance, was scarcely pronounced, than it opened, and he rushed out with such violence, that he threw the captain on the ground. He did not, however, avoid the other thieves, who, having their sabers drawn, slew him on the spot.

The first carè which occupied the robbers after this execution was to enter the cave; they found the sacks which Cassim had removed for the convenience of lading his mules; and they put them in their places again, without observing the deficiency of those which Ali Baba had previously carried away. Deliberating and consulting on this event, they could easily account for Cassim's not having been able to effect his escape: but they could not in any way imagine how he had been able to enter the cave. They conceived that he might have descended from the top of the cave, but the opening which admitted the light was so high, and the summit of the rock so inaccessible on the outside, besides that there were no traces of his having adopted this mode, that they all agreed it was beyond their conjecture. They could not suppose that he had entered by the door, unless he had been acquainted with the secret which caused it to open; but they felt quite secure that they alone were possessed of this secret, as they were ignorant of having been overheard by Ali Baba.

But as the manner in which this circumstance had happened was impenetrable, and their united riches were no longer in safety, they agreed to divide the carcass of Cassim into four quarters, and place them in the cave near the door — two quarters on one side, and two on the other — to frighten away any one who might have the boldness to hazard a similar enterprise. This determination formed, they put it in execution; and leaving their place of retreat well secured, they mounted their horses and departed.

The wife of Cassim, in the meantime, was in the greatest uneasiness, when she observed night approach, and yet her husband did not return. She went in the utmost alarm to Ali Baba, and said to him, "Brother, I believe you are not ignorant that Cassim is gone to the forest, and for what purpose; he is not yet come back, and night is already advancing; I fear that some accident may have befallen him."

Ali Baba suspected his brother's intention after the conversation he had held with him, and for this reason he had desisted from visiting the forest on that day, that he might not offend him. However, without uttering any reproaches that could have given the slightest offense, either to her or her husband, had he been still living, he replied, that she need not yet feel any uneasiness concerning him, for that Cassim most probably thought it prudent not to return to the city until the night was considerably advanced. The wife of Cassim felt satisfied with this, returned to her house, and waited patiently till midnight. The night was spent in weeping, and at break of day she ran to Ali Baba, and announced the cause of her early visit, less by her words than her tears.

Ali Baba did not wait for his sister's entreaties, to go and seek for Cassim. He immediately set off with his three asses, and went to the forest. As he drew near the rock, he was astonished on observing that blood had been shed near the door. He reached the door, and on pronouncing the words, it opened. He was struck with horror when he distinguished the body of his brother cut into four quarters. He found materials in the cave to wrap up the body; and making two packets of the four quarters, he placed them on one of his asses, covering them with sticks, to conceal them. The other two asses he quickly loaded with sacks of gold, putting wood over them as on the preceding occasion; and having finished all he had to do, and commanded the door to close, he took the road to the city. When he got home, he left the two asses that were laden with gold, desiring his wife to take care to unload them; and having in a few words acquainted her with what had happened to Cassim, he led the other ass to his sister-in-law.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened to him by Morgiana: this Morgiana was a female slave, crafty, cunning,

and fruitful in inventions to forward the success of the most difficult enterprise, in which character Ali Baba knew her well. When he had entered the court, he took off the wood and the two packages from the ass, and taking the slave aside, "Morgiana," said he, "the first thing I have to request of you is inviolable secrecy. These two packets contain the body of your master, and we must endeavor to bury him as if he had died a natural death. Let me speak to your mistress, and be attentive to what I shall say to her."

Morgiana went to acquaint her mistress, and Ali Baba followed her. He then related to her all that had happened during his journey, until his arrival with the body of Cassim: "Sister," added he, "here is a new cause of affliction for you, the more distressing, as it was unexpected; although the evil is without remedy, if, nevertheless, anything can afford you consolation, I offer to join the small property Heaven has granted me, to yours, by marrying you; I can assure you my wife and you will live comfortably together. If this proposal meets your approbation, we must contrive to bury my brother as if he had died a natural death; and this is a trust which I think you may safely repose in Morgiana."

The widow of Cassim reflected that she could not do better than consent to this offer. She did not therefore refuse his proposal, but, on the contrary, regarded it as a reasonable motive for consolation. She wiped away her tears, which had begun to flow abundantly, and thereby sufficiently testified to Ali Baba that she accepted his offer.

Ali Baba left the widow of Cassim in this disposition of mind, and having strongly recommended Morgiana to acquit herself properly in the part she was to perform, he returned home.

Morgiana went out with Ali Baba, and repaired to an apothecary whom she asked for a particular kind of lozenge of great efficacy in dangerous disorders. The apothecary gave her as much as the money she offered would pay for, asking who was ill in her master's family. "Ah!" exclaimed she, with a deep sigh, "it is my worthy master, Cassim himself; he can neither speak nor eat."

On the following day, she again went to the same apothecary, and with tears in her eyes inquired for an essence, which it was

customary only to administer when the patient was reduced to the last extremity, and when few hopes were entertained of life.

On the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were seen going backwards and forwards to the house of Cassim, in the course of the day, no one was surprised towards evening on hearing the piercing cries of his widow and Morgiana, which announced the death of Cassim. At a very early hour the next morning, when day began to appear, Morgiana, knowing that a good old cobbler lived near, who was one of the first to open his shop, went out in search of him. Coming up to him, she wished him a good day, and put a piece of gold into his hand.

Baba Mustapha, known to all the world by this name, was naturally of a gay turn, and had always something laughable to say. Examining the piece of money, as it was yet scarcely daylight, and seeing it was gold, "A good hansel," said he, "what's to be done? I am ready to do what I am bid." "Baba Mustapha," said Morgiana to him, "take all you want for sewing, and come directly with me; but on this condition, that you let me put a bandage over your eyes, when we have got to a certain place."

Baba Mustapha agreed to this, and suffered himself to be led by the slave, who, when she had reached the place she had mentioned, bound a handkerchief over his eyes, and conducted him to the house of her deceased master; nor did she remove the bandage until he was in the chamber where the body was deposited, each quarter in its proper place. Then taking it off, "Baba Mustapha," said she, "I have brought you here, that you might sew these pieces together. Lose no time, and when you have done I will give you another piece of gold."

When Baba Mustapha had finished his job, Morgiana bound his eyes again before he left the chamber, and having given him the money, according to her promise, she conducted him to the place where she had first put on the handkerchief; and having again taken it off, she left him to return to his house, following him, however, with her eyes until he was out of sight, lest he should have the curiosity to return and watch her movements.

Morgiana had heated some water to wash the body of Cassim; and Ali Baba, who entered just as she returned, washed it, perfumed it with incense, and wrapped it in the burying-clothes,

with the accustomed ceremonies. The undertaker also brought the coffin, which Ali Baba had taken care to order. In order that he might not observe anything particular, Morgiana took the coffin in at the door, and having paid and sent him away, she assisted Ali Baba to put the body into it. When he had nailed down the boards which covered it, she went to the mosque to give notice that everything was ready for the funeral. The people belonging to the mosque, whose office it is to wash the bodies of the dead, offered to come and perform their usual function; but she told them that all was done and ready.

Morgiana was scarcely returned when the imam and the other ministers of the mosque arrived. Four of the neighbors took the coffin on their shoulders, and carried it to the cemetery, following the imam, who repeated prayers as he went along. Morgiana, as slave to the deceased, went next, with her head uncovered, bathed in tears, and uttering the most piteous cries from time to time, beating her breast, and tearing her hair, and Ali Baba closed the procession.

As for the widow of Cassim, she remained at home to lament and weep with the women of the neighborhood, who, according to the usual custom, repaired to her house during the ceremony of the burial. In this manner the fatal end of Cassim was so well concealed that no one in the city had the least suspicion of the affair.

Three or four days after the interment of Cassim, Ali Baba removed the few goods he was possessed of, together with the money he had taken from the robbers' store, to the house of the widow of Cassim, in order to establish himself there, and thus announce his recent marriage with his sister-in-law; and as such marriages are by no means extraordinary in the Mussulman religion, no one showed any marks of surprise on the occasion.

Ali Baba had a son, who had lately ended an apprenticeship with a merchant of considerable repute, and who had always bestowed the highest commendations on his conduct; to this son he gave the shop of Cassim.

But let us now return to the forty thieves. They came back to their retreat in the forest after they had been some time absent, and their astonishment was indescribable when they found the body of Cassim gone, and it was greatly increased on

perceiving a visible diminution of their treasure. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and lost beyond recovery if we are not very careful, and take immediate measures to remedy the evil; we shall by insensible degrees lose all these riches which our ancestors, as well as ourselves, have amassed with so much danger and fatigue. The thief whom we surprised, knew the secret of opening the door; but another must have the same knowledge. His body being removed, and our treasure diminished, are proofs of the fact. And as we have no reason to suppose that more than two people are acquainted with the secret, having destroyed one, we must not suffer the other to escape."

This proposal of the captain was thought so reasonable and proper by the whole troop, that they all approved it, and agreed that it would be advisable to relinquish every other enterprise and occupy themselves solely with this, which they should not abandon until they had succeeded in detecting the thief.

"I expected no otherwise, from your known courage," resumed the captain; "but the first thing to be done is, that one of you should go to the city in the dress of a traveler and a stranger, and employ all his art to discover if the singular death we inflicted on the culprit whom we destroyed, is the common topic of conversation, who he was, and where he lived. But in order to inspire him with ardor who shall undertake this commission, and to prevent his bringing us a false report, which might occasion our total ruin, I propose that he should submit to the penalty of death in case of failure."

Without waiting for the rest to give their opinions, one of the robbers said: "I willingly submit my life for the execution of such a commission. If I should fail in the attempt, you will at least remember that neither courage nor good-will has been deficient in my offer to serve the whole troop."

This robber disguised himself in such a way that no one could have suspected him to be what he in reality was. He set off at night, and entered the city just as day was beginning to appear. He went towards the square, where he saw only one shop open, which was that of Baba Mustapha.

Baba Mustapha was seated on his stool, with his awl in his hand, ready to begin his work. The thief went up to him and

wished him a good morning, and perceiving him to be advanced in years, "My good man," said he, "you rise betimes to your work; it is not possible that you can see clearly at this early hour, so old as you are."

"Whoever you are," replied Baba Mustapha, "you do not know much of me. Notwithstanding my age, I have excellent eyes; not long since I sewed up a dead body in a place where there was not more light than we have now."

"A dead body," replied the robber with a feigned astonishment, to induce the other to proceed, "why sew up a dead body? I suppose you mean that you sewed the shroud in which he was buried." "No, no," said Baba Mustapha, "I know what I say; you want me to tell you more about it, but you shall not know another syllable."

The thief wanted no further proof to be fully persuaded that he was in a good train to discover what he was in search of. He drew out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, he said: "I have no desire to become acquainted with your secret, although, I can assure you, I should not divulge it, even if you had intrusted me with it. The only thing which I entreat of you is to have the goodness to direct me, or to come with me, and show me the house where you sewed up the dead body."

"Should I even feel myself inclined to grant your request," replied Baba Mustapha, "I assure you that I could not do it; and I will tell you the reason: they took me to a particular place, and there they bound my eyes, from whence I suffered myself to be led to the house; and when I had finished what I had to do, I was conducted back to the same place in the same manner. You see, therefore, how impossible it is that I should be of any service to you." "But, at least," resumed the robber, "you must remember nearly the way you went after your eyes were bound; pray come with me, I will put a bandage over your eyes at that place, and we will walk together along the same streets, and follow the same turnings, which you will probably recollect to have gone over before; and, as all trouble deserves a reward, here is another piece of gold."

The two pieces of gold tempted Baba Mustapha; he drew his purse from his bosom, and putting them in it, "I cannot

AN ARABIAN CAFÉ

positively assure you," said he, "that I remember exactly the way they took me, but since you will have it so, come along, I will do my best to remember it."

To the great satisfaction of the robber, Baba Mustapha got up to go with him, and he conducted the robber to the spot where Morgiana had put the bandage over his eyes. "This is the place," said he, "where my eyes were bound and I was turned the way you see me." The robber, who had his handkerchief ready, tied it over his eyes, and walked by his side, partly leading him and partly being conducted by him, till he stopped.

Baba Mustapha then said, "I think I did not go farther than this;" and he was in fact exactly before the house which formerly belonged to Cassim, and where Ali Baba now resided. The robber quickly made a mark on the door with some chalk, and when he had taken off the handkerchief, he asked him if he knew to whom the house belonged. Baba Mustapha replied that he did not know, and as the robber found he could gain no further intelligence from him, he thanked him and took the road to the forest.

Soon after the robber and Baba Mustapha had separated, Morgiana had occasion to go out on some errand, and when she returned she observed the mark which the robber had made on the door of Ali Baba's house. She stopped to consider it. "What can this mark signify?" thought she; "has any one a spite against my master, or has it been done only for diversion? Be the motive what it may, it will be well to use precautions." She therefore took some chalk, and as several of the doors both above and below her master's were alike, she marked them in the same manner, and then went in without saying anything of what she had done either to her master or mistress.

The thief in the meantime continued on his road till he arrived at the forest, where he rejoined his companions at an early hour. He related the success of his journey, dwelling much on the good fortune that had befriended him in discovering so soon the very man who could give him the best information on the subject he went about. "Comrades," said the captain, "we have no time to lose; let us secretly arm ourselves and enter the city, which we had best do separately; let us all assemble in the great square, and I will go and find out the house with our

companion who has brought us this good news, by which I shall be able to judge what method will be most advantageous."

The robbers all applauded their captain's proposal, and they were very shortly equipped for their departure. They went in small parties of two or three together, and entered the city without occasioning any suspicion. The captain and he who had been there in the morning were the last to enter it; and the latter conducted the captain to the street in which he had marked the house of Ali Baba. When they reached the first house that had been marked by Morgiana, he pointed it out, saying that was the one. But as they continued walking on without stopping, that they might not raise suspicion, the captain perceived that the next door was marked in the same manner, and on the same part, which he observed to his guide, and inquired whether this was the house or that they had passed? His guide was quite confused, and knew not what to answer; and his embarrassment increased when, on proceeding with the captain, he found that four or five doors successively had the same mark. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one. "I cannot conceive," added he, "who can have imitated my mark with so much exactness; but I confess that I cannot now distinguish that which I had marked."

The captain, who found that his design did not succeed, returned to the great square, where he told his men that they had lost their labor, and that now nothing remained but to return to their place of retreat.

When the troop had reassembled in the forest, the conductor was unanimously declared deserving of death; he presented his head with firmness to him who advanced to sever it from his body.

Another robber, who flattered himself with hopes of better success than he who had just been punished, now presented himself, and requested to be sent on the mission. It was granted him. He went to the city, corrupted Baba Mustapha by the same artifice that the first had used, and he led him to the house of Ali Baba with his eyes bound.

The thief marked it with red in a place where it would be less discernible, thinking that would be a sure method of distinguishing it from those that were marked with white. But a short time

after, Morgiana went out as on the preceding day, and on her return the red mark did not escape her piercing eye. She reasoned as before, and did not fail to make a similar red mark on the neighboring doors.

The thief returned to his companions in the forest and they repaired to the city in the same order, and with as much care as before. The captain and the robber went immediately to the street where Ali Baba resided; but the same difficulty occurred as on the former occasion. The captain was irritated, and the thief in as great a consternation as he who had preceded him in the same business.

Thus was the captain obliged to return again on that day with his comrades as little satisfied with his expedition as he had been on the preceding one. The robber who was the author of the disappointment underwent the punishment to which he had before voluntarily submitted himself.

The captain now undertook the business himself: he went to the city, and with the assistance of Baba Mustapha, he found the house of Ali Baba, but not choosing to amuse himself in making marks on it, which had hitherto proved so fallacious, he examined it so thoroughly that at last he was certain he could not mistake it.

The captain, satisfied of having obtained the object of his journey, returned to the forest to the robbers. "Comrades," said he, addressing them, "nothing now can prevent our taking full revenge of the injury that has been done us. I know with certainty the house of the culprit who is to experience it; and on the road I have meditated a way in which we can revenge ourselves on him."

He then told them in what manner he intended to conduct the affair, and as they all gave their approbation, he charged them to divide into small parties, and go into the neighboring towns and villages, and to buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large leather jars to carry oil, one of which must be full and all the others empty.

In the course of two or three days the thieves had completed their purchase; then having made one of his men enter each jar, armed as he thought necessary, he closed them so as to appear full of oil, leaving, however, that part open which had

been unsewed to admit air for them to breathe; and the better to carry on the deception, he rubbed the outside of the jars with oil, which he took from the full one.

Things being thus disposed, the mules were laden with the thirty-seven robbers, each concealed in a jar, and the jar that was filled with oil; when the captain, as conductor, took the road to the city at the hour that had been agreed, and arrived about an hour after sunset, as he proposed. He went straight to the house of Ali Baba, intending to request admission for the night for himself and his mules; he found Ali Baba at the door, enjoying the fresh air after supper. He stopped his mules, and addressing himself to Ali Baba, "Sir," said he, "I have brought the oil which you see from a great distance to sell it to-morrow at the market, and at this late hour I do not know where to go to pass the night; if it would not occasion you much inconvenience, do me the favor to take me in for the night; you will confer a great obligation on me."

Although Ali Baba had seen the man in the forest, yet he had no idea that this was the captain of the forty robbers disguised as an oil merchant. "You are welcome," said he, and immediately made room for him and his mules to go in. At the same time Ali Baba called a slave and ordered him, when the mules were unladen, to put them in the stable and to give them some hay and corn. He also took the trouble of going into the kitchen to desire Morgiana to get a supper quickly for a guest who was just arrived, and to prepare him a chamber and bed.

After Morgiana had served supper for her master and his guest, the latter got up at the same time with Ali Baba and accompanied him to the door, and while Ali Baba went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana, he went into the court, with the pretext of going to the stable to see after his mules, but really to give final instructions to his men. "When I shall throw some pebbles from the chamber where I am to be lodged," said he, "do not fail to rip open the jar with the knife you are furnished with, and come out; I shall be with you immediately after." This being done he returned, and when he got to the kitchen door, Morgiana took a light and conducted him to the chamber she had prepared for him.

After having thus conducted him to his room, Morgiana re-

turned to the kitchen to prepare some broth for her master, which he had ordered to be ready for him after he had taken a bath in the morning. Whilst engaged in skimming the broth the lamp went out, and as there was no more oil in the house, she thought she would take a little out of one of the jars; but no sooner had she reached it than the thief who was concealed within, thinking it to be his captain, said in a low voice, "Is it time?" Any other slave but Morgiana would have been thrown off her guard by such an astounding circumstance, but she collected her thoughts, and with great presence of mind, assuming the manner of the captain, answered, "Not yet, but presently." She went to each jar with a like result till she came to the last, which contained the oil. She filled her oil can from this jar, and returned to the kitchen, and after lighting her lamp she took a large kettle and filled it with oil from the jar. This done she put it on the fire until the oil boiled. She then took the kettle and poured into each jar sufficient boiling oil to scald the robber to death. She then blew out her lamp, determined to wait quietly and see what would follow.

Morgiana had waited scarcely a quarter of an hour when the captain of the robbers awoke. He got up, and opening the window, gave the signal by throwing the pebbles on the jars. He listened, but hearing nothing, he became uneasy, and threw some pebbles down a second, and even a third time. He then descended into the court in the utmost alarm, and approaching the first jar, he smelt a strong scent of hot and burning oil issuing from the jar, by which he suspected his enterprise against Ali Baba had failed. He proceeded to the next jar, and to all in succession, and discovered that all his men had shared the same fate. Mortified at having thus missed his aim, he jumped over the garden gate, and going from one garden to another, he made his escape.

When Morgiana perceived that all was still and silent, and that the captain of the thieves did not return, she concluded he had decamped; and overjoyed at having so well succeeded in securing the safety of the whole family she at length retired to bed.

In the morning, Morgiana detailed the events of the preceding night, adding, as she concluded, "I am convinced that this

is the conclusion of a scheme of which I observed the beginning two or three days ago, but which I did not think it necessary to trouble you with an account of." She then described the marks made upon the door, and the manner in which she had rendered them useless, adding: "If you connect this with what has happened, you will find that the whole is a machination contrived by the thieves of the forest, whose troop, I know not how, seems to be diminished by two. But be that as it may, it is now reduced to three at most. This proves that they are determined on your death, and you will do right to be on your guard against them, so long as you are certain that even one remains. On my part, I will do all in my power towards your preservation, which indeed I consider my duty."

When Morgiana ceased speaking, Ali Baba, penetrated with gratitude for the great obligation he owed her, replied, "I will recompense you as you deserve before I die. I owe my life to you, and to give you an immediate proof of my feelings on the occasion, I from this moment give you your liberty, and will soon reward you in a more ample manner." Ali Baba now proceeded to bury the dead robbers; his garden was of a considerable length, and terminated by some large trees. He went without delay with one of his slaves to dig a grave under these trees, of sufficient length and breadth to contain the bodies he had to inter. The ground was soft, and easy to remove, so they were not long in completing their work. They took the bodies out of the jars, and then carried them to the bottom of the garden, and placed them in the grave, and after having covered them with the earth they had previously removed, they spread about what remained, to make the surface of the ground appear even as it was before. Ali Baba carefully concealed the oil jars; and as for the mules, he sent them to the market at different times, where he disposed of them by means of this slave.

Whilst Ali Baba was taking these precautions to prevent its being publicly known by what means he had become rich in so short a space of time, the captain of the forty thieves had returned to the forest, mortified beyond measure at having met with such bad success. He determined, however, yet to compass the destruction of Ali Baba.

The next morning he awoke at an early hour, and put on a

dress suitable to a design he had formed, and repaired to the city, where he took a lodging in a khan. As he supposed that what had happened in the house of Ali Baba might have become generally known, he asked the host if there were any news stirring; in reply to which the host talked on a variety of subjects, but none relating to what he wished to be informed of. By this he concluded that Ali Baba had kept the transaction profoundly secret.

The captain provided himself with a horse, which he made use of to convey to his lodging several kinds of rich stuffs and fine linens, bringing them from the forest at various times, with all the necessary precautions for keeping the place from whence he brought them still concealed. In order to dispose of this merchandise, when he had collected together as much as he thought proper, he sought for a shop. Having found one that would suit him, he hired it of the proprietor, furnished it with goods, and established himself in it. The shop that was exactly opposite to his was that which had belonged to Cassim, and was now occupied by the son of Ali Baba.

The captain of the robbers, who had assumed the name of Cogia Houssain, did not fail in the proper civilities to the merchants his neighbors. But the son of Ali Baba being young and of a pleasing address, and the captain having more frequent occasion to converse with him than the others, he very soon formed an intimacy with him. This acquaintance he soon resolved to cultivate with greater assiduity and care, when three or four days after he was settled in his shop, he recognized Ali Baba, who came to see his son, as he was in the constant habit of doing; and on inquiring of the son after his departure, discovered that he was his father.

The intimacy between the son of Ali Baba and Cogia Houssain continued to ripen; and one evening, whilst they were taking a walk they called at Ali Baba's house; who, desiring to be hospitable to a friend of his son, invited them to stay and partake of supper with him. "I am much obliged by your invitation," said Cogia, "but I beg you to excuse me, as I have a particular reason for declining the honor you propose to me."

"What might this reason be, sir," resumed Ali Baba, "might I take the liberty of asking you?" "I do not refuse to tell it,"

said Cogia Houssain. "It is this; I never eat of any dish that has salt in it; judge then of the figure I should make at your table." "If this be your only reason," replied Ali Baba, "it need not deprive me of the honor of your company at supper. In the first place, the bread which is eaten in my house does not contain any salt; and as for the meat and other dishes, I promise you there shall be none in those which are served before you." Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and desired Morgiana not to put any salt to the meat she was going to serve for supper.

Morgiana could not avoid expressing some discontent at this order, and making some inquiries of Ali Baba. "Who," said she, "is this difficult man, that cannot eat salt? I feel a curiosity to see him." She assisted in carrying the dishes in for supper, and on looking at Cogia Houssain, she instantly recollected him to be the captain of the robbers, notwithstanding his disguise; and examining him with great attention, she perceived that he had a dagger concealed under his dress. "I am no longer surprised," said she to herself, "that this villain will not eat salt with my master; he is his bitterest enemy, and means to murder him; but I will still prevent him from accomplishing his purpose."

When Morgiana had finished serving the dishes, she availed herself of the time while they were at supper, and made the necessary preparations for the execution of an enterprise of the boldest and most intrepid nature; and she had just completed them, when Ali Baba desired her to take away the supper and place fruit and wine on the table; having done which she retired. Instead, however, of going to supper, Morgiana, who had penetrated into the views of the pretended Cogia Houssain, did not allow him time to put his wicked intentions in execution. She dressed herself like a dancer, put on a head-dress suitable to that character, and wore a girdle round her waist of silver gilt, to which she fastened a dagger, made of the same metal. Her face was covered by a very handsome mask. When she had thus disguised herself, she said to Abdalla, one of Ali Baba's slaves, "Take your tabor, and let us go and entertain our master's guest, who is the friend of his son, as we do sometimes by our performances."

Abdalla took his tabor and began to play, as he walked before Morgiana, and entered the room; Morgiana following him, made a low courtesy with a deliberate air to attract notice, as if to request permission to do what she could to amuse the company. Abdalla, perceiving that Ali Baba was going to speak, ceased striking his tabor. "Come in, Morgiana," cried Ali Baba; "Cogia Houssain will judge of your skill, and tell us his opinion. Do not, however, suppose, sir," continued he, addressing Cogia Houssain, "that I have been at any expense to procure you this entertainment. We have it all within ourselves, and it is only my slave and my cook and housekeeper whom you see. I hope you will find it amusing."

Cogia Houssain did not expect Ali Baba to add this entertainment to the supper he had given him. This made him apprehensive that he should not be able to avail himself of the opportunity he thought now presented itself.

When Abdalla perceived that Ali Baba and Cogia Houssain had ceased speaking, he again began to play on his tabor, singing to it an air for Morgiana to dance to; she performed her part so admirably, that every spectator who had seen her must have been delighted.

After having performed several dances, with equal grace and agility, she at length drew out the dagger, and dancing with it in her hand, she surpassed all she had yet done, by her light movements; sometimes presenting the dagger as if to strike, and at others holding it to her own bosom, pretending to stab herself.

At length, as if out of breath, she took the tabor from Abdalla with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, she presented the tabor with the hollow part upwards to Ali Baba, in imitation of the dancers by profession, who make use of this practice to excite the liberality of the spectators.

Ali Baba threw a piece of gold into the tabor. Morgiana then presented it to his son, who followed his father's example. Cogia Houssain, who saw that she was advancing towards him for the same purpose, had already taken his purse from his bosom to contribute his present, and was putting his hand in it, when Morgiana, with a courage and fortitude equal to the resolution she had taken, plunged the dagger into his heart so

deep, that the life-blood streamed from the wound, when she withdrew it.

Ali Baba and his son, terrified at this action, uttered a loud cry. "Wretch!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what hast thou done! Thou hast ruined me and my family forever!"

"What I have done," replied Morgiana, "is not for your ruin, but for your preservation." Then opening Cogia Houssain's robe to show Ali Baba the poniard which was concealed under it, "See," continued she, "the cruel enemy you had to deal with; examine his countenance attentively, and you will recognize the pretended oil merchant and the captain of the forty robbers. Do you not recollect that he refused to eat salt with you? Can you require a stronger proof of his malicious intentions? Before I even saw him, from the moment you told me of this peculiarity in your guest, I suspected his design, and you are now convinced that my suspicions were not ill founded."

Ali Baba, who was now aware of the fresh obligation he owed to Morgiana for having thus preserved his life a second time, embraced her, and said: "Morgiana, I gave you your liberty, and at the same time promised to give you stronger proofs of my gratitude at some future period. This period is now arrived, and I present you to my son as his wife." Then addressing his son, "I believe you," said he, "to be so dutiful a son, that you will not take it amiss, if I should bestow Morgiana upon you, without previously consulting your inclinations. Your obligation to her is not less than mine. You plainly see that Cogia Houssain only sought your acquaintance in order to insure success in his diabolical treachery; and had he sacrificed me to his vengeance, you cannot suppose that you would have been spared. You must further consider, that in marrying Morgiana, you connect yourself with the preserver of my family, and the support of yours to the end of your days."

His son, far from showing any symptoms of discontent, said that he willingly consented to the marriage, not only because he was desirous of proving his ready obedience to his father's wishes, but also because his inclinations strongly urged him to the union. They then began to prepare for the interment of the captain of the robbers, by the side of his former companions; and this was performed with such secrecy, that the

circumstance was not known till the expiration of many years, when no one was any longer interested in keeping this memorable history concealed.

A few days after, Ali Baba had the nuptials of his son and Morgiana celebrated with great solemnity. After the marriage was solemnized, Ali Baba, who had not revisited the cave since he had brought away the body of his brother Cassim, lest he should meet with any of the thieves, and be surprised by them, still refrained from going even after the death of the thirty-seven robbers and their captain, as he was ignorant of the fate of the other two, and supposed them to be still alive.

At the expiration of a year, however, he had the curiosity to make a journey to the cave. He mounted his horse, reached the cave, and going up to the door, repeated the words, "Open, Sesamè," which he had not forgotten. The door opened, and he entered. The state in which everything appeared in the cave, led him to judge that no one had been in it from the time that the pretended Cogia Houssain had opened his shop in the city, and he therefore concluded that the whole troop of robbers was exterminated, and that he was the only person in the whole world who was acquainted with the secret for entering the cave; and consequently, that the immense treasure it contained was entirely at his disposal. He had provided himself with a portmanteau, and he filled it with as much gold as his horse could carry, after which he returned to the city.

From that time Ali Baba and his son, whom he took to the cave and taught the secret to enter it, and after them their posterity, who were also intrusted with the important secret, enjoying their riches with moderation, lived in great splendor, and were honored with the most dignified situations in the city.

THE STORY OF ABON-HASSAN THE WAG, OR THE SLEEPER AWAKENED

There was a merchant of Bagdad, in the reign of the Caliph Haroun Alrashid, and he had a son named Abon-Hassan the Wag. And this merchant died, leaving to his son vast wealth; whereupon Abon-Hassan divided his property into two equal portions, one of which he laid aside, and of the other he ex-

pended. He took as his familiar friends a number of the sons of the merchants, and others, and gave himself up to the delights of good drinking and good eating, until all the wealth he had appropriated to this purpose was consumed. And upon this he repaired to his associates and relations and boon-companions, and exposed to them his case, showing them how little property remained in his possession; but none of them paid any regard to him, or uttered a word in reply.

He then went to the place in which was deposited the other half of his wealth, and upon this he lived agreeably. He took an oath that he would not thenceforth associate with any one of those whom he knew, but only with strangers, and that he would not associate with any person but for one night, and on the following morning would not recognize him. Accordingly, every night he went forth and seated himself on the bridge, and when a stranger passed by him, he invited him to an entertainment, and took him to his house, where he caroused with him that night, until the morning; he then dismissed him; and after that he would not salute him if he saw him.

Thus he continued to do for a whole year; after which, as he was sitting one day upon the bridge as usual, to see who might come towards him, Alrashid and certain of his domestics passed by in disguise; for the Caliph had experienced a contraction of the bosom, and come forth to amuse himself among the people. So Abon-Hassan laid hold upon him, and said to him, "O my master, hast thou any desire for a repast and beverage?" And Alrashid complied with his request, saying to him, "Conduct us." And Abon-Hassan knew not who was his guest. The Caliph proceeded with him until they arrived at Abon-Hasson's house: and when Alrashid entered, he found in it a saloon, such that if thou beheldest it, and lookedst towards its walls, thou wouldst behold wonders: and if thou observedst its conduits of water, thou wouldst see a fountain encased with gold. And, after he had seated himself there, Abon-Hassan called for a slave-girl, like a twig of the oriental willow, who took a lute and sang. And when Alrashid heard her verses, he said to her: "Thou hast performed well. God bless thee!" Her eloquence pleased him, and he wondered at Abon-Hassan and his entertainment. And they drank and caroused until midnight.

After this, the Caliph said to his host, "O Abon-Hassan, is there any service that thou wouldst have performed, or any desire that thou wouldst have accomplished?" And Abon-Hassan answered, "In our neighborhood is a mosque, to which belong an Imam and four sheikhs, and whenever they hear music or any sport, they incite the Judge against me, and impose fines upon me, and trouble my life, so that I suffer torment from them. If I had them in my power, therefore, I would give each of them a thousand lashes, that I might be relieved from their excessive annoyance."

Alrashid replied, "May Allah grant thee the accomplishment of thy wish!" And without his being aware of it, he put into a cup a lozenge of bhang, and handed it to him; and as soon as it had settled in his stomach, he fell asleep immediately. When Abon-Hassan awoke, he found himself upon the royal couch, with the attendants standing around, and kissing the ground before him; and a maid said to him, "O our lord, it is the time for morning-prayer." Upon which he laughed, and, looking round about him, he beheld a pavilion whose walls were adorned with gold and ultra-marine, and the roof bespotted with red gold, surrounded by chambers with curtains of embroidered silk hanging before their doors; and he saw vessels of gold and Chinaware and crystal, and furniture and carpets spread, and lighted lamps, and female slaves and eunuchs and other attendants; whereat he was perplexed in his mind, and said, "By Allah, either I am dreaming, or this is Paradise, and the abode of Peace." And he closed his eyes. So a eunuch said to him, "O my lord, this is not thy usual custom, O Prince of the Faithful." And he was perplexed at his case, and put his head into his bosom, and then began to open his eyes by little and little, laughing, and saying, "What is this state in which I find myself?" And he bit his finger; and when he found that the bite pained him, he cried, "Ah!" and was angry. Then, raising his head, he called one of the female slaves, who answered him, "At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful!" And he said to her, "What is thy name?" She answered, "Cluster of Pearls." And he said, "Knowest thou in what place I am, and who I am?" "Thou art the Prince of the Faithful," she answered, "sitting in thy palace, upon the royal couch." He replied, "I am perplexed at my case; my reason hath departed,

and it seemeth that I am asleep; but what shall I say of my yesterday's guest? I imagine nothing but that he is a devil, or an enchanter, who hath sported with my reason." They then brought him a magnificent dress, and, looking at himself as he sat upon the couch, he said, "All this is an illusion, and a machination of the Genii!"

And while he was in this state, lo, one of the mamlouks came in and said to him, "O Prince of the Faithful, the chamberlain is at the door, requesting permission to enter." "Let him enter," replied Abon-Hassan. So he came in, and, having kissed the ground before him, said, "Peace be on thee, O Prince of the Faithful!" And Abon-Hassan rose, and descended from the couch to the floor; whereupon the chamberlain exclaimed, "Allah! Allah! O Prince of the Faithful! knowest thou not that all men are thy servants, and under thy authority, and that it is not proper for the Prince of the Faithful to rise to any one?" Abon-Hassan was then told that Giafar the Barmecide, and Abdallah the son of Tahir, and the chiefs of the mamlouks, begged permission to enter. And he gave them permission. So they entered, and kissed the ground before him, each of them addressing him as Prince of the Faithful. And he was delighted at this, and returned their salutation; after which, he called the Judge, who approached him, and said, "At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful!" And Abon-Hassan said to him, "Repair immediately to such a street, and give a hundred pieces of gold to the mother of Abon-Hassan the Wag, with my salutation: then take the Imam of the mosque, and the four sheikhs, inflict upon each of them a thousand lashes; and when thou hast done that, write a bond against them, confirmed by oath, that they shall not reside in the street, after thou shalt have paraded them through the city mounted on beasts, with their faces to the tails, and hast proclaimed before them, 'This is the recompense of those who annoy their neighbors;' and beware of neglecting that which I have commanded thee to do." So the Judge did as he was ordered. And when Abon-Hassan had exercised his authority until the close of the day, he looked towards the chamberlain and the rest of the attendants, and said to them, "Depart."

He then called for a eunuch who was near at hand, and said to him, "I am hungry, and desire something to eat." And he

replied, "I hear and obey;" and led him by the hand into the eating-chamber, where the attendants placed before him a table of rich viands; and ten slave-girls, high-bosomed virgins, stood behind his head. The slave-girls plied him with wine in abundance; and one of them threw into his cup a lozenge of bhang; and when it had settled in his stomach, he fell down senseless.

Alrashid then gave orders to convey him to his house; and the servants did so, and laid him on his bed, still in a state of insensibility. So when he recovered from his intoxication, in the latter part of the night, he found himself in the dark; and he called out, "Branch of Willow! Cluster of Pearls!" But no one answered him. His mother, however, heard him shouting these names, and arose and came, and said to him, "What hath happened to thee, O my son, and what hath befallen thee? Art thou mad?" And when he heard the words of his mother, he said to her, "Who art thou, O ill-omened old woman, that thou addressest the Prince of the Faithful with these expressions?" She answered, "I am thy mother, O my son." But he replied, "Thou liest: I am the Prince of the Faithful, the lord of the countries and the people."

Having said this, he rose up against his mother, and beat her with an almond stick, until she cried out, "O ye faithful." And he beat her with increased violence until the neighbors heard her cries, and came to her relief. He was still beating her, and saying to her, "O ill-omened old woman, am I not the Prince of the Faithful? Thou hast enchanted me!" And when the people heard his words, they said, "This man hath become mad." And not doubting his insanity, they came in and laid hold upon him, bound his hands behind him, and conveyed him to the madhouse. There every day they punished him, dosing him with abominable medicines, and flogging him with whips, making him a madman in spite of himself. Thus he continued, stripped of his clothing, and chained by the neck to a high window, for the space of ten days; after which, his mother came to salute him. And he complained to her of his case. So she said to him, "O my son, fear God in thy conduct: if thou wert Prince of the Faithful, thou wouldst not be in this predicament." And when he heard what his mother said, he replied, "By Allah, thou hast spoken truth. It seemeth that I was only asleep, and dreamt

that they made me Caliph, and assigned me servants and female slaves." So his mother said to him, "O my son, verily Satan doeth more than this." And he replied, "Thou hast spoken truth, and I beg forgiveness of God for the actions committed by me."

They therefore took him forth from the madhouse, and conducted him into the bath; and when he recovered his health, he prepared food and drink, and began to eat. But eating by himself was not pleasant to him; and he said to his mother, "O my mother, neither life nor eating, by myself, is pleasant to me." She replied, "If thou desire to do according to thy will, thy return to the madhouse is most probable." Paying no attention, however, to her advice, he walked to the bridge, to seek for himself a cup-companion. And while he was sitting there, lo, Alrashid came to him, in the garb of a merchant; for, from the time of his parting with him, he came every day to the bridge, but found him not till now. As soon as Abon-Hassan saw him, he said to him, "A friendly welcome to thee, O King of the Genii!" So Alrashid said, "What have I done to thee?" "What more couldst thou do," said Abon-Hassan, "than thou hast done unto me, O filthiest of the Genii? I have suffered beating, and entered the madhouse, and they pronounced me a madman. All this was occasioned by thee. I brought thee to my abode, and fed thee with the best of my food; and after that, thou gavest thy Devils and thy slaves entire power over me, to make sport with my reason from morning to evening. Depart from me, therefore, and go thy way."

The Caliph smiled, and, seating himself by his side, persuaded him that he had not practised any trick upon him, but that, having left the door open after him, the Evil One had entered, and been the cause of all he had suffered. So Abon-Hassan arose and took the Caliph to his house, and they ate and caroused until the wine rose to their heads. A piece of bhang dropped into Abon-Hassan's cup by the Caliph, again stupefied him; and the attendants picked him up, and conveyed him to the palace, and laid him on a couch. The Caliph then ordered the slave-girls to place themselves at his head, and play upon their instruments.

It was then the close of the night, and Abon-Hassan, awaking, and hearing the sounds of the lutes and tambourines and flutes,

and the singing of the slave-girls, cried out, "O my mother!" Whereupon the slave-girls answered, "At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful!" And when he heard this, he exclaimed, "There is no strength nor power but in God, the High! the Great! Come to my help this night; for this night is more unlucky than the former!" He reflected upon all that had happened to him with his mother, and how he had beaten her, and how he had been taken into the madhouse, and he saw the marks of the beating that he had suffered there. Then, looking at the scene that surrounded him, he said, "These are all of them of the Genii, in the shapes of human beings! I commit my affair unto Allah!" And looking towards a mamlouk by his side, he said to him, "Bite my ear, that I may know if I be asleep or awake." The mamlouk said, "How shall I bite thine ear, when thou art the Prince of the Faithful?" But Abon-Hassan answered, "Do as I have commanded thee, or I will strike off thy head." So he bit it until his teeth met together, and Abon-Hassan uttered a loud shriek. Alrashid (who was behind a curtain in a closet), and all who were present, fell down with laughter, and they said to the mamlouk, "Art thou mad, that thou bitest the ear of the Caliph?" And Abon-Hassan said to them, "Is it not enough, O ye wretches of Genii, that hath befallen me? But ye are not in fault: the fault is your chief's, who transformed you from the shapes of Genii into the shapes of human beings. I implore help against you this night by the Verse of the Throne, and the Chapter of Sincerity, and the Two Preventives!" Upon this Alrashid exclaimed from behind the curtain, "Thou hast killed us, O Abon-Hassan!" And Abon-Hassan recognized him, and kissed the ground before him, greeting him with a prayer for the increase of his glory, and the prolongation of his life. Alrashid then clad him in a rich dress, gave him a thousand pieces of gold, and made him one of his chief boon-companions.

Abon-Hassan became a great favorite with the Caliph and his wife the lady Zobeide, and he married her female Treasurer, whose name was Nouzatalfuad. He soon dissipated all his money; whereupon he proposed to his wife that he should feign himself to be dead, and she should lay him out, and cover his face, and tie up his toes, and then, disheveling her hair, proceed to the lady Zobeide, and proclaim her great loss; anticipating

that the lady Zobeide would give her a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of silk, on account of her affection for her and her sympathy in her grief. When she returned from her visit to the lady Zobeide, he would then lay out his wife, and proceed to the Caliph rending his garments and tearing his hair, who would act towards him as the lady Zobeide did to his wife. She thought the suggestion good, and they immediately set about accomplishing their design.

She closed his eyes, and tied his feet, covered him with the napkin, and did all that her master told her; after which, she tore her vest, uncovered her head, and disheveled her hair, and went in to the lady Zobeide, shrieking and weeping. When the lady Zobeide, therefore, beheld her in this condition, she said to her, "What is this state in which I see thee, and what hath happened unto thee, and what hath caused thee to weep?" And Nouzatalfuad wept and shrieked, and said, "O my mistress, may thy head long survive Abon-Hassan the Wag; for he is dead." And the lady Zobeide mourned for him, and said, "Poor Abon-Hassan the Wag!" Then, after weeping for him a while, she ordered the female Treasurer to give to Nouzatalfuad a hundred pieces of gold, and a piece of silk, and said, "O Nouzatalfuad, go, prepare his body for burial, and convey it forth." So she took the hundred pieces of gold, and the piece of silk, and, returning to her abode, full of joy went in to Abon-Hassan, and acquainted him with what had happened to her; upon which he arose and rejoiced, and girded his waist and danced, and took the hundred pieces of gold, with the piece of silk, and laid them up.

He then extended Nouzatalfuad, and did with her as she had done with him; after which, he tore his vest and plucked his beard and disordered his turban, and ran without stopping until he went in to the Caliph, who was in his hall of judgment; and in the condition above described, he beat his bosom. So the Caliph said to him, "What hath befallen thee, O Abon-Hassan?" And he wept, and said, "Would that thy boon-companion had never been, nor his hour come to pass!" The Caliph therefore said to him, "Tell me." He replied, "May thy head long survive, O my lord, Nouzatalfuad!" And the Caliph exclaimed, "There is no deity but God!" and struck his hands together. He then consoled Abon-Hassan, and said to him, "Mourn not: I will give

to thee a concubine in her stead." And he ordered his Treasurer to give him a hundred pieces of gold, and a piece of silk. The Treasurer therefore did as he was commanded, and the Caliph said to Abon-Hassan, "Go prepare her corpse for burial, and convey it forth, and make a handsome funeral for her." And he took what the Caliph gave him, and went to his abode joyful, and going in to Nouzatalfuad, said to her, "Arise; for our desire is accomplished." She therefore arose, and he put before her the hundred pieces of gold and the piece of silk. So she rejoiced; and they put these pieces of gold on the other pieces, and the piece of silk on the former one, and sat conversing, and laughing at each other.

The Caliph, having dismissed his council, went in to the lady Zobeide to console her for the loss of her female slave. He found her weeping, and said to her, "May thy head long survive thy slave-girl, Nouzatalfuad!" But she replied, "Mayest thou long survive thy boon-companion, Abon-Hassan the Wag, for he is dead." The Caliph informed her that she was mistaken; that Abon-Hassan was alive, but his wife was dead. She, however, maintained the contrary, and, becoming excited, they laid a wager about it, and sent Mesrour, the eunuch, to ascertain which of the two was dead. Now, when Abon-Hassan saw Mesrour coming, he knew immediately the cause, and directed his wife to extend herself as if dead, so that the Caliph might believe his assertion.

Nouzatalfuad extended herself, and Abon-Hassan covered her with her veil, and sat down at her head weeping. Mesrour came in, and seeing Nouzatalfuad laid out as if dead, went up to her and uncovered her face, exclaiming, "May Allah have mercy upon her! our sister Nouzatalfuad is dead!" He then returned and informed the Caliph, who, thereupon, laughed at the lady Zobeide, and jeered at her for having lost her wager. The lady Zobeide became enraged, and abused Mesrour and the Caliph, saying that the eunuch had not spoken the truth.

The lady Zobeide then called an old woman, a confidential slave, and said to her, "Repair quickly to the house of Nouzatalfuad, and see who is dead, and delay not thy return." So the old woman ran without ceasing until she entered the street where Abon-Hassan dwelt, who, as soon as he saw her, was aware that

she came from the lady Zobeide, and that the Caliph and his wife had quarreled about the matter. He therefore stretched himself out as if dead, and Nouzatalfuad sat down at his head, and dishevelled her hair, and mourned for him; saying to the old woman when she came in, "See what hath befallen me! Abon-Hassan hath died and left me solitary!" And the old woman told her that Mesrour had informed the Caliph that Abon-Hassan was alive and well, and the Caliph and the lady Zobeide had quarreled in consequence, and she had been sent to see who was dead. Then the old woman consoled her, and went forth from her, running until she went in to the lady Zobeide, to whom she related her story. But Mesrour said, "Verily this old woman lieth, for I saw Abon-Hassan alive and in good health, and Nouzatalfuad was lying dead." The old woman replied, "It is thou who liest." Mesrour rejoined, "None lieth but thee, O ill-omened old woman, and thy lady believeth thee, for she is disordered in mind." And upon this, the lady Zobeide cried out at him, enraged at him and at his words; and she wept.

At length the Caliph said to her, "I lie, and my eunuch lieth, and thou liest, and thy female slave lieth. The right course, in my opinion, is this, that we four go together to see who among us speaketh truth." They all four arose, laying wagers with each other, and went forth, and walked from the gate of the palace until they entered the gate of the street in which dwelt Abon-Hassan the Wag, when Abon-Hassan saw them, and said to his wife Nouzatalfuad, "In truth, everything that is slippery is not a pancake, and not every time that the jar is struck doth it escape unbroken. It seemeth that the old woman hath gone and related the story to her lady, and acquainted her with our case, and that she hath contended with Mesrour the eunuch, and they have laid wagers respecting our death: so that the Caliph and the eunuch and the lady Zobeide and the old woman have all four come to us." And upon this Nouzatalfuad arose from her extended position, and said, "What is to be done?" Abon-Hassan answered her, "We will both feign ourselves dead, and lay ourselves out, and hold in our breath." And she assented to his proposal.

They both stretched themselves along, bound their feet, closed their eyes, and held in their breath, lying with their heads in the

direction of the Kebla, and covered themselves with the veil. Then the Caliph and Zobeide and Mesrour and the old woman entered the house of Abon-Hassan the Wag, and found him and his wife extended as if they were dead. And when the lady Zobeide saw them, she wept, and said, "They continued to assert the death of my female slave until she actually died; but I imagine that the death of Abon-Hassan so grieved her that she died after him in consequence of it." The Caliph, however, said, "Do not prevent me with thy talk and assertions; for she died before Abon-Hassan." But the lady Zobeide replied in many words, and a long dispute ensued between them.

The Caliph then seated himself at the heads of the two pretended corpses, and said, "By the tomb of the Apostle of Allah (God favor and preserve him!), and by the tombs of my ancestors, if any one would acquaint me which of them died before the other, I would give him a thousand pieces of gold." And when Abon-Hassan heard these words of the Caliph, he quickly rose and sprang up, and said, "It was I who died first, O Prince of the Faithful. Give me the thousand pieces of gold, and so acquit thyself of the oath that thou hast sworn." Then Nouzatalfuad arose and sat up before the Caliph and the lady Zobeide, who rejoiced at their safety. But Zobeide chid her female slave. The Caliph and the lady Zobeide congratulated them both on their safety, and knew that this pretended death was a stratagem for the purpose of obtaining the gold: so the lady Zobeide said to Nouzatalfuad, "Thou shouldst have asked of me what thou desiredst without this proceeding, and not have tortured my heart on thine account." "I was ashamed, O my mistress," replied Nouzatalfuad. But as to the Caliph, he was almost senseless from laughing, and said, "O Abon-Hassan, thou hast not ceased to be a wag, and to do wonders and strange acts." Abon-Hassan replied, "O Prince of the Faithful, this stratagem I practised in consequence of the dissipation of the wealth that I received from thy hand; for I was ashamed to ask of thee a second time. When I was alone, I was tenacious of wealth; but since thou hast married me to this female slave who is with me, if I possessed all thy wealth I should make an end of it. And when all that was in my possession was exhausted, I practised this stratagem, by means of which I obtained from thee these hundred

pieces of gold, and piece of silk, all of which are an alms of our lord. And now make haste in giving me the thousand pieces of gold, and acquit thyself of thine oath."

At this the Caliph and the lady Zobeide both laughed, and after they had returned to the palace, the Caliph gave to Abon-Hassan the thousand pieces of gold, saying to him, "Receive them as a gratuity on account of thy safety from death." In like manner also the lady Zobeide gave to Nouzatalfuad a thousand pieces of gold, saying to her the same words. Then the Caliph allotted to Abon-Hassan an ample salary and ample supplies, and he ceased not to live with his wife in joy and happiness, until they were visited by the terminator of delights, and the separator of companions, the devastator of palaces and houses, and the replenisher of the graves.

THE STORY OF THE THREE APPLES

One night, after the adventure above described, the Caliph Haroun Alrashid said to Giafar, his Vizier, "We will go down to-night into the city, and inquire respecting the affairs of those who are at present in authority, and him against whom any one shall complain we will displace." Giafar replied, "I hear and obey." And when the Caliph had gone forth with him and Mesrour, and they had passed through several of the market-streets, they proceeded along a lane, and saw there an old man, with a net and basket upon his head, and a staff in his hand, walking at his leisure, and reciting these verses: —

"They say to me, Thou shinest among mankind, by thy knowledge, like the moonlight night;
But I answer, Abstain from thus addressing me, since there is no knowledge without power:
For if they would pawn me, and my knowledge with me, and all my papers and ink-case too,
For one day's food, they would never find the pledge accepted to the day of judgment.
As for the poor, and his condition, and his whole life, how full of trouble!
In the summer he fails to earn his food, and in winter he warms himself over the fire-pot.
The dogs follow him wherever he goes, and any reviler, and he cannot repel him.

If he states his case, and proves himself wronged, the judge will not admit his plea.
Such, then, being the poor man's life, his fittest place is in the burial-ground."

The Caliph, when he heard this recitation, said to Giafar, "Observe this poor man, and consider these verses; for they indicate his necessity." Then, approaching the man, he said to him, "O sheikh, what is thine occupation?" "O my master," answered the old man, "I am a fisherman, and have a family to maintain, and I went forth from my house at noon, and have remained until now, but God hath allotted me nothing wherewith to obtain food for my household; therefore I have hated myself, and wished for death." "Wilt thou," said the Caliph, "return with us to the river, and station thyself on the bank of the Tigris, and cast thy net for my luck? If thou wilt do so I will purchase of thee whatever cometh up for a hundred pieces of gold." The fisherman rejoiced when he heard these words, and said, "On my head be your commands: I will return with you." So he went again to the river, and cast his net, and, having waited till it sank, drew the cords, and dragged back the net, and there came up in it a chest, locked and heavy. When the Caliph saw it, he felt its weight, and found it to be heavy; and he gave a hundred pieces of gold to the fisherman, who went away, while Mesrour, assisted by Giafar, took up the chest, and conveyed it, in company with the Caliph, to the palace, where they lighted the candles, and placed the chest before the Caliph. Giafar and Mesrour then broke it open, and they found in it a basket of palm-leaves sewed up with red worsted; and they cut the threads, and saw within it a piece of carpet, and lifting up this they found beneath it an izar, and when they had taken up the izar they discovered under it a damsel like molten silver, killed and cut in pieces.

When the Caliph beheld this, tears ran down his cheeks, and, looking towards Giafar, he exclaimed: "O dog of Viziers, shall people be murdered in my time, and be thrown into the river, and become burdens upon my responsibility? By Allah, I must retaliate for this damsel upon him who killed her, and put him to death!" Then said he to Giafar, "By the truth of my descent from the Caliphs of the sons of Abbas, if thou do not bring to me him who killed this woman, that I may avenge her upon him, I will crucify thee at the gate of my palace, together with

forty of thy kinsmen!" And the Caliph was enraged. "Grant me," said Giafar, "a delay of three days." "I grant thee the delay," replied the Caliph. Giafar then went forth from his presence, and took his route through the city, sorrowful, and saying within himself: "How shall I discover him who killed this damsel, that I may take him before the Caliph? And if I take to him any other person, he will become a weight upon my conscience. I know not what to do." For three days he remained in his house, and on the fourth day the Caliph sent to summon him, and when he had presented himself before him, said to him, "Where is the murderer of the damsel?" "O Prince of the Faithful," answered Giafar, "am I acquainted with things hidden from the senses, that I should know who is her murderer?" The Caliph, incensed at this answer, gave orders to crucify him at the gate of his palace, and commanded a crier to proclaim through the streets of Bagdad, "Whosoever desireth to amuse himself by seeing the crucifixion of Giafar El-Barmekee, the Vizier of the Caliph, and the crucifixion of his kinsmen, at the gate of the Caliph's palace, let him come forth and amuse himself." So the people came forth from every quarter to see the crucifixion of Giafar and his kinsmen; and they knew not the cause of this. The Caliph then gave orders to set up the crosses; and they did so, and placed the Vizier and his kinsmen beneath, to crucify them, and were awaiting the Caliph's permission, while the people wept for Giafar and his relatives.

But while they were thus waiting, a handsome and neatly dressed young man came forward quickly through the crowd, and, approaching the Vizier, said to him: "Safety to thee from this predicament, O chief of emirs, and refuge of the poor! It was I who killed the woman whom ye found in the chest: kill me therefore for her, and retaliate her death upon me." When Giafar heard these words, he rejoiced for his own deliverance, and grieved for the young man; but while he was speaking to him, lo, an old sheikh pressed hastily through the crowd to him and the young man, and, having saluted them, said, "O Vizier, believe not the words of this young man, for no one killed the damsel but myself; therefore retaliate her death upon me." The young man, however, said, "O Vizier, this is an old man, imbecile through age: he knoweth not what he saith: it was I

who killed her, avenge her therefore upon me." "O my son," said the sheikh, "thou art young, and wilt find pleasure in the world; and I am old, and satiated with the world: I will be a ransom for thee and for the Vizier and his kinsmen: and no one killed the damsel but myself: by Allah, therefore, hasten to retaliate upon me."

On witnessing this scene, the Vizier was astonished; and he took the young man and the sheikh to the Caliph, and said, "O Prince of the Faithful, the murderer of the damsel hath come." "Where is he?" said the Caliph. "This young man," answered Giafar, "saith, 'I am the murderer;' and this sheikh accuseth him of falsehood, and saith, 'Nay, but *I* am the murderer.'" The Caliph, looking towards the sheikh and the young man, said, "Which of you killed this damsel?" The young man answered, "No one killed her but myself." And the sheikh said also, "No one killed her but myself." The Caliph therefore said to Giafar, "Take them both and crucify them." "If the murderer be one," replied Giafar, "to kill the other would be unjust." The young man then said, "By Him who raised the heavens and spread out the earth, it was I who killed the damsel." And he gave an account of the manner of his killing her, and described what the Caliph had found. The Caliph therefore was convinced that the young man was he who had killed the damsel; and he was astonished, and said, "What was the cause of thy killing this damsel unjustly, and of thy confessing the murder without being beaten, and thy saying, 'Retaliate her death upon me'?" The young man answered as follows: —

"Know, O Prince of the Faithful, that this damsel was my wife, and the daughter of my uncle; this sheikh was her father, and is my uncle. I married her when she was a virgin, and God blessed me with three male children by her; and she loved me and served me, and I saw in her no evil. At the commencement of this month she was attacked by a severe illness, and I brought to her the physicians, who attended her until her health returned to her; and I desired them to send her to the bath; but she said to me, 'I want something before I enter the bath, for I have a longing for it.' 'What is it?' said I. She answered, 'I have a longing for an apple, to smell it and take a bite from it.' So I

went out immediately into the city, and searched for the apple, and would have bought it had its price been a piece of gold: but I could not find one. I passed the next night full of thought, and when the morning came, I quitted my house again, and went about to all the gardens, one after another: yet I found none in them. There met me, however, an old gardener, of whom I inquired for the apple, and he said to me, 'O my son, this is a rare thing, and not to be found here, nor anywhere excepting in the garden of the Prince of the Faithful at Balsora, and preserved there for the Caliph.' I returned therefore to my wife, and my love for her so constrained me that I prepared myself and journeyed fifteen days, by night and day, in going and returning, and brought her three apples, which I purchased of the gardener at Balsora for three pieces of gold; and, going in, I handed them to her; but she was not pleased by them, and left them by her side. She was then suffering from a violent fever, and she continued ill during a period of ten days.

"After this she recovered her health, and I went out and repaired to my shop, and sat there to sell and buy; and while I was thus occupied, at midday there passed by me a black slave, having in his hand an apple with which he was playing: so I said to him, 'Whence didst thou get this apple, for I would procure one like it?' Upon which he laughed, and answered, 'I got it from my sweetheart: I had been absent, and came and found her ill, and she had three apples; and she said to me, "My unsuspecting husband journeyed to Balsora for them, and bought them for three pieces of gold:" and I took this apple from her.' When I heard the words of the slave, O Prince of the Faithful, the world became black before my face, and I shut up my shop, and returned to my house, deprived of my reason by excessive rage. I found not the third apple, and said to her, 'Where is the apple?' She answered, 'I know not whither it is gone.' I was convinced thus that the slave had spoken the truth, and I arose, and took a knife, and throwing myself upon her bosom, plunged the knife into her: I then cut off her head and limbs, and put them in the basket in haste, and covered them with the izar, over which I laid a piece of carpet; then I put the basket in the chest, and having locked this, conveyed it on my mule, and threw it with my own hands into the Tigris.

"And now," continued the young man, "I conjure thee by Allah, O Prince of the Faithful, to hasten my death in retaliation for her murder, as I dread, otherwise, her appeal for vengeance upon me on the day of resurrection: for when I had thrown her into the Tigris without the knowledge of anybody, I returned to my house, and found my eldest boy crying, though he knew not what I had done to his mother: so I said to him, 'What maketh thee cry?' And he answered, 'I took one of the apples that my mother had, and went down with it into the street to play with my brothers, and a tall black slave snatched it from me, and said to me, 'Whence came this to thee?' I answered him, 'My father made a journey for it, and brought it from Balsora, for the sake of my mother; for she is sick: he bought three apples for three pieces of gold.' But he took it from me and beat me, and went away with it; and I am afraid that my mother may beat me on account of the apple.' When I heard my son's story, I discovered that the slave had forged a lie against the daughter of my uncle, and found that she had been killed unjustly; and as I was weeping bitterly for what I had done, this sheikh, my uncle and her father, came to me, and I informed him of the event; and he seated himself by me, and wept. We wept until midnight, and continued our mourning for her five days, ceasing not to the present day to bewail her death. By the honor of thine ancestors, therefore, hasten my death, to retaliate her murder upon me."

The Caliph wondered at the young man's story, and said, "By Allah, I will not put to death any but the wicked slave; for the young man is excusable." Then, looking towards Giafar, he said to him, "Bring before me this wicked slave who hath been the cause of the catastrophe: or, if thou bring him not, thou shalt be put to death in his stead." So the Vizier departed weeping, and saying: "Whence shall I bring him? Not every time that the jar is struck doth it escape being broken! I have no stratagem to employ in this affair: but He who delivered me in the first case may deliver me in the second. By Allah, I will not go out from my house for three days; and the Truth, whose perfection be extolled, will do what He willeth!" So he remained in his house three days, and on the fourth day he caused the Cadi to be brought, and made his testamentary arrangements; and as he

was bidding farewell to his children, and weeping, lo, the messenger of the Caliph came and said to him, "The Prince of the Faithful is in a most violent rage, and hath sent me to thee; and he hath sworn that this day shall not pass until thou art put to death if thou do not bring to him the slave."

On hearing this, Giafar wept, and his children wept with him: and when he had bidden them all farewell except his youngest daughter, he approached her for the same purpose. He loved her more than all his other children; and he pressed her to his bosom, and wept at the thought of his separation from her: but in doing this he felt something round in her pocket, and said to her, "What is in thy pocket?" She answered, "O my father, it is an apple; our slave Reyhan brought it, and I have had it four days: he would not give it me until he had received from me two pieces of gold." At this mention of the slave and the apple, Giafar rejoiced, and exclaimed, "O ready Dispeller of trouble!" And immediately he ordered that the slave should be brought before him. He was therefore brought in, and he said to him, "Whence came this apple?" "O my master, he answered, "I went out five days ago, and, entering one of the by-streets of the city, I saw some children playing, and one of them had this apple; and I snatched it from him, and beat him; and he cried, and said, 'That belongs to my mother, and she is sick; she wanted my father to bring her an apple, and he made a journey to Balsora, and brought back for her three apples, which he bought for three pieces of gold; and I took this to play with it.' Then he cried again; but paying no regard to him, I took it away and brought it hither; and my little mistress bought it of me for two pieces of gold." When he heard this story, Giafar was filled with wonder at discovering that this distressing event, and the murder of the damsel, had been occasioned by his slave: and he took the slave and went with him to the Caliph, who ordered that the story should be committed to writing, and published.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT

Ernst Moritz Arndt. Born at Schoritz on the island of Rügen, in the Baltic, December 29, 1769; died at Bonn, January 29, 1860. His national lyrics were, and are, an inspiration. Among the best are "The Song of the Field Marshal" and "What is the German's Fatherland?" His patriotism was always at a white heat. His pamphlets upon "The Spirit of the Age" and a "Catechism for Germany's Defenders" appealed to all that was pure and noble in national life.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND

Where is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Prussia? Swabia? Is't the strand
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
Is't where the gull skims Baltic's brine? —
No! — yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's Fatherland!

How call they then the German's land?
Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scanned
It where the Zuyder Zee extends?
Where Styrian toil the iron bends? —
No, brother; no! — thou hast not spanned
The German's genuine Fatherland.

Is then the German's Fatherland
Westphalia? Pomerania? Stand
Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps;
Where Weser winds, where Danube sweeps;
Hast found it now? — Not yet! Demand
Elsewhere the German's Fatherland!

Then say, where lies the German's land?
How call they that unconquered land?
Is't where Tyrol's green mountains rise?
The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
By Freedom's purest breezes fanned —
But no! 'tis not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!

'Tis surely Austria, proud and bold,
In wealth unmatched, in glory old?
Oh, none shall write her name on sand;
But she is not the German's land.

Say then, where lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
Is't Alsace? Or Lorraine — that gem
Wrenched from the Imperial diadem
By wiles which princely treachery planned?
No! these are not the German's land.

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Name now at last that mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German's tongue —
Where German hymns to God are sung —
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the German's Fatherland.

That is his land, the land of lands,
Where vows bind less than claspèd hands,
Where Valor lights the flashing eye,
Where Love and Truth in deep hearts lie,
And Zeal enkindles Freedom's brand —
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland.
Great God, look down and bless that land!
And give her noble children souls
To cherish while existence rolls,
And love with heart, and aid with hand,
Their Universal Fatherland.

From the German.

EDWIN ARNOLD

Sir Edwin Arnold. Born at Rochester, England, 1832; died March 24, 1904. Was educated at Oxford, and became principal of the Sanskrit College at Poona in the Bombay Presidency. As the author of "The Light of Asia," a poetic presentation of the life and teachings of Gautama, "Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary," and the "Indian Song of Songs," he received decorations and honors from Queen Victoria, the Sultan, and the King of Siam.

THE TRUMPET

(This and the next poem are from "Pearls of the Faith")

Magnify Him, Al-Kaîyum; and so call
The "Self-subsisting" God Who judgeth all.

When the trumpet shall sound,
On that day,
The wicked, slow-gathering,
Shall say,

"Is it long we have lain in our graves?
For it seems as an hour!"
Then will Israfil call them to judgment;
And none shall have power
To turn aside, this way or that;
And their voices will sink
To silence, except for the sounding
Of a noise, like the noise on the brink
Of the sea, when its stones
Are dragged with a clatter and hiss
Down the shore, in the wild breakers' roar:
The sound of their woe shall be this!

Then they who denied
That He liveth Eternal, "Self-made,"
Shall call to the mountains to crush them;
Amazed and affrayed.

Thou Self-subsistent, Living Lord!
Thy grace against that day afford.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

He made life — and He takes it — but instead
Gives more; praise the Restorer, Al-Mu'hîd!

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends.

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at my feet and head;
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your cries and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this —
"I am not that thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For its last bed in the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid

That treasure of His treasury,
A mind which loved Him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah Mu'hîd, Allah most good!
Now Thy grace is understood;
Now my heart no longer wonders
What Al-Barsakh is, which sunders
Life from death, and death from Heaven;
Nor the "Paradises Seven"
Which the happy dead inherit;
Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit
Towards the Throne, "green birds and white,"
Radiant, glorious, swift their flight!
Now the long, long darkness ends,
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call "dead"
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives, and loves you; lost, 'tis true
By any light which shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging Paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will marvel why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain!
Only not at death, for death —
Now I see — is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, that is of all life center.

Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's Throne above:
Be ye firm of trust, and come
Faithful onward to your home!
"*La Allah illa Allah!* Yea,
Mu'hîd! Restorer! Sovereign!" say!

He who died at Azan gave
This to those that made his grave.

HE AND SHE

(From "Selected Poems")

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her! and leave her! — thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair:

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows, and her dear, pale face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes; —
Which were the whiter no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away," they said, — "God understands!"

And then there was Silence; — and nothing there
But the Silence — and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
For they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!"

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he — who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead, —

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turn'd it! — Alone again — he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kiss'd, in the old place, the quiet cheek;

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he call'd her the name that was fondest erewhile;

He and she; and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice — no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, — intense?

"See, now, — I listen with soul, not ear —
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
How the spirit could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

"Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

"I listen — as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as glad heaven! — and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my* brow shed.

"I would say, though the Angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"*You* should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

. . . . . .

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear old way: —

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear;

"I can speak, now you listen with soul alone;
If your soul could see, it would all be shown

"What a strange delicious amazement is Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did not cry;
Oh, listen! Love lasts! — Love never will die!

"I am only your Angel who was your Bride;
And I know, that though dead, I have never died."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD, D.C.L., LL.D., son of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby. Born at Laleham, England, December 24, 1822; died at Liverpool, April 15, 1888. Was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and Government Inspector of Schools. Author of "Poems," "Essays in Criticism," "Culture and Anarchy," "Literature and Dogma," etc. He was fastidious and delicate in his style, with a felicitous expression not easily excelled; his writings are characterized by great ethical earnestness, and as a literary critic he has never been surpassed.

(From "CRITICAL ESSAYS")

HEINRICH HEINE

"I KNOW not if I deserve that a laurel wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame; and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a *sword;* for I was a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity."

Heine had his full share of love of fame, and cared quite as much as his brethren of the *genus irritabile* whether people praised his verses or blamed them. And he was very little of a hero. Posterity will certainly decorate his tomb with the emblem of the laurel rather than with the emblem of the sword. Still, for his contemporaries, for us, for the Europe of the present century, he is significant chiefly for the reason which he himself in the words just quoted assigns. He is significant because he was, if not preëminently a brave, yet a brilliant, a most effective soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.

To ascertain the master current in the literature of an epoch, and to distinguish this from all minor currents, is the critic's highest function; in discharging it he shows how far he possesses the most indispensable quality of his office, — justness of spirit. The living writer who has done most to make England acquainted with German authors, a man of genius, but to whom precisely this one quality of justness of spirit is perhaps wanting,

— I mean Mr. Carlyle, — seems to me in the result of his labors on German literature to afford a proof how very necessary to the critic this quality is. Mr. Carlyle has spoken admirably of Goethe; but then Goethe stands before all men's eyes, the manifest center of German literature; and from this central source many rivers flow. Which of these rivers is the main stream? which of the courses of spirit which we see active in Goethe, is the course which will most influence the future, and attract and be continued by the most powerful of Goethe's successors? — that is the question. Mr. Carlyle attaches, it seems to me, far too much importance to the romantic school of Germany, — Tieck, Novalis, Jean Paul Richter, — and gives to these writers, really gifted as two, at any rate, of them are, an undue prominence. These writers, and others with aims and a general tendency the same as theirs, are not the real inheritors and continuators of Goethe's power; the current of their activity is not the main current of German literature after Goethe. Far more in Heine's works flows this main current; Heine, far more than Tieck or Jean Paul Richter, is the continuator of that which, in Goethe's varied activity, is the most powerful and vital; on Heine, of all German authors who survived Goethe, incomparably the largest portion of Goethe's mantle fell. I do not forget that when Mr. Carlyle was dealing with German literature, Heine, though he was clearly risen above the horizon, had not shone forth with all his strength; I do not forget, too, that after ten or twenty years many things may come out plain before the critic which before were hard to be discerned by him; and assuredly no one would dream of imputing it as a fault to Mr. Carlyle that twenty years ago he mistook the central current in German literature, overlooked the rising Heine, and attached undue importance to that romantic school which Heine was to destroy; one may rather note it as a misfortune, sent perhaps as a delicate chastisement to a critic, who, — man of genius as he is, and no one recognizes his genius more admirably than I do, — has, for the functions of the critic, a little too much of the self-will and eccentricity of a genuine son of Great Britain.

Heine is noteworthy, because he is the most important German successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity. And which of Goethe's lines of activity

is this? — His line of activity as "a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity."

Heine himself would hardly have admitted this affiliation, though he was far too powerful-minded a man to decry, with some of the vulgar German liberals, Goethe's genius. "The wind of the Paris Revolution," he writes after the three days of 1830, "blew about the candles a little in the dark night of Germany, so that the red curtains of a German throne or two caught fire; but the old watchmen, who do the police of the German kingdoms, are already bringing out the fire engines, and will keep the candles closer snuffed for the future. Poor, fast-bound German people, lose not all heart in thy bonds! The fashionable coating of ice melts off from my heart, my soul quivers and my eyes burn, and that is a disadvantageous state of things for a writer, who should control his subject-matter and keep himself beautifully objective, as the artistic school would have us, and as Goethe has done; he has come to be eighty years old doing this, and minister, and in good condition: — poor German people! that is thy greatest man!"

But hear Goethe himself: "If I were to say what I had really been to the Germans in general, and to the young German poets in particular, I should say I had been their *Liberator*."

Modern times find themselves with an immense system of institutions, established facts, accredited dogmas, customs, rules, which have come to them from times not modern. In this system their life has to be carried forward; yet they have a sense that this system is not of their own creation, that it by no means corresponds exactly with the wants of their actual life, that, for them, it is customary, not rational. The awakening of this sense is the awakening of the modern spirit. The modern spirit is now awake almost everywhere; the sense of want of correspondence between the forms of modern Europe and its spirit, between the new wine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the old bottles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, or even of the sixteenth and seventeenth, almost every one now perceives; it is no longer dangerous to affirm that this want of correspondence exists; people are even beginning to be shy of denying it. To remove this want of correspondence is beginning to be the settled endeavor of most persons of good sense. Dissolvents of

the old European system of dominant ideas and facts we must all be, all of us who have any power of working; what we have to study is that we may not be acrid dissolvents of it.

And how did Goethe, that grand dissolvent in an age when there were fewer of them than at present, proceed in his task of dissolution, of liberation of the modern European from the old routine? He shall tell us himself. "Through me the German poets have become aware that, as man must live from within outwards, so the artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality. I can clearly mark where this influence of mine has made itself felt; there arises out of it a kind of poetry of Nature, and only in this way is it possible to be original."

My voice shall never be joined to those which decry Goethe, and if it is said that the foregoing is a lame and impotent conclusion to Goethe's declaration that he had been the liberator of the Germans in general, and of the young German poets in particular, I say it is not. Goethe's profound, imperturbable naturalism is absolutely fatal to all routine thinking; he puts the standard, once for all, inside every man instead of outside him; when he is told such a thing must be so, there is immense authority and custom in favor of its being so, it has been held to be so for a thousand years, he answers with Olympian politeness, "But *is* it so? is it so to *me?*" Nothing could be more really subversive of the foundations on which the old European order rested; and it may be remarked that no persons are so radically detached from this order, no persons so thoroughly modern, as those who have felt Goethe's influence most deeply. If it is said that Goethe professes to have in this way deeply influenced but a few persons, and those persons poets, one may answer that he could have taken no better way to secure, in the end, the ear of the world; for poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things, and hence its importance. Nevertheless the process of liberation, as Goethe worked it, though sure, is undoubtedly slow; he came, as Heine says, to be eighty years old in thus working it, and at the end of that time the old Middle-Age machine was still creaking on, the thirty German courts and their chamberlains subsisted in all

their glory; Goethe himself was a minister, and the visible triumph of the modern spirit over prescription and routine seemed as far off as ever. It was the year 1830; the German sovereigns had passed the preceding fifteen years in breaking the promises of freedom they had made to their subjects when they wanted their help in the final struggle with Napoleon. Great events were happening in France; the revolution, defeated in 1815, had arisen from its defeat, and was wresting from its adversaries the power. Heinrich Heine, a young man of genius, born at Hamburg, and with all the culture of Germany, but by race a Jew; with warm sympathies for France, whose revolution had given to his race the rights of citizenship, and whose rule had been, as is well known, popular in the Rhine provinces, where he passed his youth; with a passionate admiration for the great French Emperor, with a passionate contempt for the sovereigns who had overthrown him, for their agents, and for their policy, — Heinrich Heine was in 1830 in no humor for any such gradual process of liberation from the old order of things as that which Goethe had followed. His counsel was for open war. With that terrible modern weapon, the pen, in his hand, he passed the remainder of his life in one fierce battle. What was that battle? the reader will ask. It was a life and death battle with Philistinism.

Philistinism! — we have not the expression in English. Perhaps we have not the word because we have so much of the thing. At Soli, I imagine, they did not talk of solecisms; and here, at the very headquarters of Goliath, nobody talks of Philistinism. The French have adopted the term *épicier* (grocer), to designate the sort of being whom the Germans designate by the term Philistine; but the French term, — besides that it casts a slur upon a respectable class, composed of living and susceptible members, while the original Philistines are dead and buried long ago, — is really, I think, in itself much less apt and expressive than the German term. Efforts have been made to obtain in English some term equivalent to *Philister* or *épicier;* Mr. Carlyle has made several such efforts: "respectability with its thousand gigs," he says; — well, the occupant of every one of these gigs is, Mr. Carlyle means, a Philistine. However, the word *respectable* is far too valuable a word to be thus perverted

from its proper meaning; if the English are ever to have a word for the thing we are speaking of, — and so prodigious are the changes which the modern spirit is introducing, that even we English shall perhaps one day come to want such a word, — I think we had much better take the term *Philistine* itself.

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of the light. The party of change, the would-be remodelers of the old traditional European order, the invokers of reason against custom, the representatives of the modern spirit in every sphere where it is applicable, regarded themselves with the robust self-confidence natural to reformers as a chosen people, as children of the light. They regarded their adversaries as humdrum people, slaves to routine, enemies to light; stupid and oppressive, but at the same time very strong. This explains the love which Heine, that Paladin of the modern spirit, has for France; it explains the preference which he gives to France over Germany: "The French," he says, "are the chosen people of the new religion, its first gospels and dogmas have been drawn up in their language; Paris is the new Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which divides the consecrated land of freedom from the land of the Philistines." He means that the French, as a people, have shown more accessibility to ideas than any other people; that prescription and routine have had less hold upon them than upon any other people; that they have shown most readiness to move and to alter at the bidding (real or supposed) of reason. This explains, too, the detestation which Heine had for the English: "I might settle in England," he says, in his exile, "if it were not that I should find there two things, coal smoke and Englishmen; I cannot abide either." What he hated in the English was the "ächtbrittische Beschränktheit," as he calls it, — the *genuine British narrowness*. In truth, the English, profoundly as they have modified the old Middle-Age order, great as is the liberty which they have secured for themselves, have in all their changes proceeded, to use a familiar expression, by the rule of thumb; what was intolerably inconvenient to them they have suppressed, and as they have suppressed it, not because it was irrational, but because it was practically inconvenient, they have seldom in sup-

pressing it appealed to reason, but always, if possible, to some precedent, or form, or letter, which served as a convenient instrument for their purpose, and which saved them from the necessity of recurring to general principles. They have thus become, in a certain sense, of all people the most inaccessible to ideas and the most impatient of them; inaccessible to them, because of their want of familiarity with them; and impatient of them because they have got on so well without them, that they despise those who, not having got on as well as themselves, still make a fuss for what they themselves have done so well without. But there has certainly followed from hence, in this country, somewhat of a general depression of pure intelligence: Philistia has come to be thought by us the true Land of Promise, and it is anything but that; the born lover of ideas, the born hater of commonplaces, must feel in this country, that the sky over his head is of brass and iron. The enthusiast for the idea, for reason, values reason, the idea, in and for themselves; he values them, irrespectively of the practical conveniences which their triumph may obtain for him; and the man who regards the possession of these practical conveniences as something sufficient in itself, something which compensates for the absence or surrender of the idea, of reason, is, in his eyes, a Philistine. This is why Heine so often and so mercilessly attacks the liberals; much as he hates conservatism he hates Philistinism even more, and whoever attacks conservatism itself ignobly, not as a child of light, not in the name of the idea, is a Philistine. Our Cobbett is thus for him, much as he disliked our clergy and aristocracy whom Cobbett attacked, a Philistine with six fingers on every hand and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number: a Philistine, the staff of whose spear is like a weaver's beam. Thus he speaks of him: —

"While I translate Cobbett's words, the man himself comes bodily before my mind's eye, as I saw him at that uproarious dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, with his scolding red face and his radical laugh, in which venomous hate mingles with a mocking exultation at his enemies' surely approaching downfall. He is a chained cur, who falls with equal fury on every one whom he does not know, often bites the best friend of the house in his calves, barks incessantly, and just because of this

incessantness of his barking cannot get listened to, even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore the distinguished thieves who plunder England do not think it necessary to throw the growling Cobbett a bone to stop his mouth. This makes the dog furiously savage, and he shows all his hungry teeth. Poor old Cobbett! England's dog! I have no love for thee, for every vulgar nature my soul abhors; but thou touchest me to the inmost soul with pity, as I see how thou strainest in vain to break loose and to get at those thieves, who make off with their booty before thy very eyes, and mock at thy fruitless springs and thine impotent howling."

But, in 1830, Heine very soon found that the fire-engines of the German governments were too much for his direct efforts at incendiarism. "What demon drove me," he cries, "to write my *Reisebilder*, to edit a newspaper, to plague myself with our time and its interests, to try and shake the poor German Hodge out of his thousand years' sleep in his hole? What good did I get by it? Hodge opened his eyes, only to shut them again immediately; he yawned, only to begin snoring again the next minute louder than ever; he stretched his stiff ungainly limbs, only to sink down again directly afterwards, and lie like a dead man in the old bed of his accustomed habits. I must have rest; but where am I to find a resting-place? In Germany I can no longer stay."

This is Heine's jesting account of his own efforts to rouse Germany: now for his pathetic account of them; it is because he unites so much wit with so much pathos that he is so effective a writer: —

"The Emperor Charles the Fifth sate in sore straits, in the Tyrol, encompassed by his enemies. All his knights and courtiers had forsaken him; not one came to his help. I know not if he had at that time the cheese face with which Holbein has painted him for us. But I am sure that under lip of his with its contempt for mankind, stuck out even more than it does in his portraits. How could he but contemn the tribe which in the sunshine of his prosperity had fawned on him so devotedly, and now, in his dark distress, left him all alone? Then suddenly his door opened, and there came in a man in disguise, and, as he threw back his cloak, the Kaiser recognized in him his faithful

Conrad von der Rosen, the court jester. This man brought him comfort and counsel, and he was the court jester!

"'O German fatherland! dear German people! I am thy Conrad von der Rosen. The man whose proper business was to amuse thee, and who in good times should have catered only for thy mirth, makes his way into thy prison in time of need; here, under my cloak, I bring thee thy scepter and crown; dost thou not recognize me, my Kaiser? If I cannot free thee, I will at least comfort thee, and thou shalt at least have one with thee who will prattle with thee about thy sorest affliction, and whisper courage to thee, and love thee, and whose best joke and best blood shall be at thy service. For thou, my people, art the true Kaiser, the true lord of the land! thy will is sovereign, and more legitimate far than that purple *Tel est notre plaisir*, which invokes a divine right with no better warrant than the anointings of shaven and shorn jugglers; thy will, my people, is the sole rightful source of power. Though now thou liest down in thy bonds, yet in the end will thy rightful cause prevail; the day of deliverance is at hand, a new time is beginning. My Kaiser, the night is over, and out there glows the ruddy dawn.'

"'Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou art mistaken; perhaps thou takest a headsman's gleaming ax for the sun, and the red of dawn is only blood.'

"'No, my Kaiser, it is the sun, though it is rising in the west; these six thousand years it has always risen in the east; it is high time there should come a change.'

"'Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou hast lost the bells out of thy red cap, and it has now such an odd look, that red cap of thine!'

"'Ah, my Kaiser, thy distress has made me shake my head so hard and fierce, that the fool's bells have dropped off my cap; the cap is none the worse for that.'

"'Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, what is that noise of breaking and cracking outside there?'

"'Hush! that is the saw and the carpenter's ax, and soon the doors of thy prison will be burst open, and thou wilt be free, my Kaiser!'

"'Am I then really Kaiser? Ah, I forgot, it is the fool who tells me so!'

"'Oh, sigh not, my dear master, the air of thy prison makes thee so desponding! when once thou hast got thy rights again, thou wilt feel once more the bold imperial blood in thy veins, and thou wilt be proud like a Kaiser, and violent, and gracious, and unjust, and smiling, and ungrateful, as princes are.'

"'Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, when I am free, what wilt thou do then?'

"'I will then sew new balls on to my cap.'

"'And how shall I recompense thy fidelity?'

"'Ah, dear master, by not leaving me to die in a ditch!'"

I wish to mark Heine's place in modern European literature, the scope of his activity, and his value. I cannot attempt to give here a detailed account of his life, or a description of his separate works. In May, 1831, he went over his Jordan, the Rhine, and fixed himself in his new Jerusalem, Paris. There, henceforward, he lived, going in general to some French watering-place in the summer, but making only one or two short visits to Germany during the rest of his life. His works, in verse and prose, succeeded each other without stopping; a collected edition of them, filling seven closely printed octavo volumes, has been published in America; in the collected editions of few people's works is there so little to skip. Those who wish for a single good specimen of him should read his first important work, the work which made his reputation, the *Reisebilder*, or "Traveling Sketches": prose and verse, wit and seriousness, are mingled in it, and the mingling of these is characteristic of Heine, and is nowhere to be seen practised more naturally and happily than in his *Reisebilder*. In 1847 his health, which till then had always been perfectly good, gave way. He had a kind of paralytic stroke. His malady proved to be a softening of the spinal marrow: it was incurable; it made rapid progress. In May, 1848, not a year after his first attack, he went out of doors for the last time; but his disease took more than eight years to kill him. For nearly eight years he lay helpless on a couch, with the use of his limbs gone, wasted almost to the proportions of a child, wasted so that a woman could carry him about; the sight of one eye lost, that of the other greatly dimmed, and requiring, that it might be exercised, to have the

palsied eyelid lifted, and held up by the finger; all this, and suffering, besides this, at short intervals, paroxysms of nervous agony. I have said he was not preëminently brave; but in the astonishing force of spirit with which he retained his activity of mind, even his gaiety, amid all his suffering, and went on composing with undiminished fire to the last, he was truly brave. Nothing could clog that aërial lightness. "Pouvez-vous siffler?" his doctor asked him one day, when he was almost at his last gasp; — "siffler," as every one knows, has the double meaning of *to whistle* and *to hiss:* — "Hélas! non," was his whispered answer; "pas même une comédie de M. Scribe!" M. Scribe is, or was, the favorite dramatist of the French Philistine. "My nerves," he said to some one who asked him about them in 1855, the year of the great Exhibition in Paris, "my nerves are of that quite singularly remarkable miserableness of nature, that I am convinced they would get at the exhibition the grand medal for pain and misery." He read all the medical books which treated of his complaint. "But," said he to some one who found him thus engaged, "what good this reading is to do me I don't know, except that it will qualify me to give lectures in heaven on the ignorance of doctors on earth about diseases of the spinal marrow." What a matter of grim seriousness are our own ailments to most of us! yet with this gaiety Heine treated his to the end. That end, so long in coming, came at last. Heine died on the 17th of February, 1856, at the age of fifty-eight. By his will he forbade that his remains should be transported to Germany. He lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, at Paris.

His direct political action was null, and this is neither to be wondered at nor regretted; direct political action is not the true function of literature, and Heine was a born man of letters. Even in his favorite France the turn taken by public affairs was not at all what he wished, though he read French politics by no means as we in England, most of us, read them. He thought things were tending there to the triumph of communism; and to a champion of the idea like Heine, what there is gross and narrow in communism was very repulsive. "It is all of no use," he cried on his death-bed, "the future belongs to our enemies, the Communists, and Louis Napoleon is their John the Baptist."

"And yet," — he added with all his old love for that remarkable entity, so full of attraction for him, so profoundly unknown in England, the French people, — "do not believe that God lets all this go forward merely as a grand comedy. Even though the Communists deny him to-day, he knows better than they do, that a time will come when they will learn to believe in him." After 1831, his hopes of soon upsetting the German governments had died away, and his propagandism took another, a more truly literary, character. It took the character of an intrepid application of the modern spirit to literature. To the ideas with which the burning questions of modern life filled him, he made all his subject-matter minister. He touched all the great points in the career of the human race, and here he but followed the tendency of the wide culture of Germany; but he touched them with a wand which brought them all under a light where the modern eye cares most to see them, and here he gave a lesson to the culture of Germany, — so wide, so impartial, that it is apt to become slack and powerless, and to lose itself in its materials for want of a strong central idea round which to group all its ideas. So the mystic and romantic school of Germany lost itself in the Middle Ages, was overpowered by their influence, came to ruin by its vain dreams of renewing them. Heine, with a far profounder sense of the mystic and romantic charm of the Middle Age than Görres, or Brentano, or Arnim, Heine the chief romantic poet of Germany, is yet also much more than a romantic poet; he is a great modern poet, he is not conquered by the Middle Age, he has a talisman by which he can feel, — along with but above the power of the fascinating Middle Age itself, — the power of modern ideas.

A French critic of Heine thinks he has said enough in saying that Heine proclaimed in German countries, with beat of drum, the ideas of 1789, and that at the cheerful noise of his drum the ghosts of the Middle Age took to flight. But this is rather too French an account of the matter. Germany, that vast mine of ideas, had no need to import ideas, as such, from any foreign country; and if Heine had carried ideas, as such, from France into Germany, he would but have been carrying coals to Newcastle. But that for which France, far less meditative than Germany, is eminent, is the prompt, ardent, and practical ap-

HEADMASTER'S HOUSE AT RUGBY SCHOOL, MATTHEW ARNOLD'S EARLY HOME

plication of an idea, when she seizes it, in all departments of human activity which admit it. And that in which Germany most fails, and by failing in which she appears so helpless and impotent, is just the practical application of her innumerable ideas. "When Candide," says Heine himself, "came to Eldorado, he saw in the streets a number of boys who were playing with gold nuggets instead of marbles. This degree of luxury made him imagine that they must be the king's children, and he was not a little astonished when he found that in Eldorado gold nuggets are of no more value than marbles are with us, and that the schoolboys play with them. A similar thing happened to a friend of mine, a foreigner, when he came to Germany and first read German books. He was perfectly astounded at the wealth of ideas which he found in them; but he soon remarked that ideas in Germany are as plentiful as gold nuggets in Eldorado, and that those writers whom he had taken for intellectual princes, were in reality only common schoolboys." Heine was, as he calls himself, a "Child of the French Revolution," an "Initiator," because he vigorously assured the Germans that ideas were not counters or marbles, to be played with for their own sake; because he exhibited in literature modern ideas applied with the utmost freedom, clearness, and originality. And therefore he declared that the great task of his life had been the endeavor to establish a cordial relation between France and Germany. It is because he thus operates a junction between the French spirit, and German ideas, and German culture, that he founds something new, opens a fresh period, and deserves the attention of criticism far more than the German poets, his contemporaries, who merely continue an old period till it expires. It may be predicted that in the literature of other countries, too, the French spirit is destined to make its influence felt as an element, in alliance with the native spirit, of novelty and movement, — as it has made its influence felt in German literature; fifty years hence a critic will be demonstrating to our grandchildren how this phenomenon has come to pass.

We in England, in our great burst of literature during the first thirty years of the present century, had no manifestation of the modern spirit, as this spirit manifests itself in Goethe's

works or Heine's. And the reason is not far to seek. We had neither the German wealth of ideas, nor the French enthusiasm for applying ideas. There reigned in the mass of the nation that inveterate inaccessibility to ideas, that Philistinism, — to use the German nickname, — which reacts even on the individual genius that is exempt from it. In our greatest literary epoch, that of the Elizabethan age, English society at large was accessible to ideas, was permeated by them, was vivified by them, to a degree which has never been reached in England since. Hence the unique greatness in English literature of Shakespeare and his contemporaries; they were powerfully upheld by the intellectual life of their nation; they applied freely in literature the then modern ideas, — the ideas of the Renaissance and the Reformation. A few years afterwards the great English middle class, the kernel of the nation, the class whose intelligent sympathy had upheld a Shakespeare, entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned on its spirit there for two hundred years. *He enlargeth a nation*, says Job, *and straiteneth it again*. In the literary movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century the signal attempt to apply freely the modern spirit was made in England by two members of the aristocratic class, Byron and Shelley. Aristocracies are, as such, naturally impenetrable by ideas; but their individual members have a high courage and a turn for breaking bounds; and a man of genius, who is the born child of the idea, happening to be born in the aristocratic ranks, chafes against the obstacles which prevent him from freely developing it. But Byron and Shelley did not succeed in their attempt freely to apply the modern spirit in English literature; they could not succeed in it; the resistance to baffle them, the want of intelligent sympathy to guide and uphold them, were too great. Their literary creation, compared with the literary creation of Shakespeare and Spenser, compared with the literary creation of Goethe and Heine, is a failure. The best literary creation of that time in England proceeded from men who did not make the same bold attempt as Byron and Shelley. What, in fact, was the career of the chief English men of letters, their contemporaries? The greatest of them, Wordsworth, retired (in Middle-Age phrase) into a monastery. I mean, he plunged himself in

the inward life, he voluntarily cut himself off from the modern spirit. Coleridge took to opium. Scott became the historiographer-royal of feudalism. Keats passionately gave himself up to a sensuous genius, to his faculty for interpreting nature; and he died of consumption at twenty-five. Wordsworth, Scott, and Keats have left admirable works; far more solid and complete works than those which Byron and Shelley have left. But their works have this defect, — they do not belong to that which is the main current of the literature of modern epochs, they do not apply modern ideas to life; they constitute, therefore, *minor currents*, and all other literary work of our day, however popular, which has the same defect, also constitutes but a minor current. Byron and Shelley will long be remembered, long after the inadequacy of their actual work is clearly recognized, for their passionate, their Titanic effort to flow in the main stream of modern literature; their names will be greater than their writings; *stat magni nominis umbra.*

Heine's literary good fortune was greater than that of Byron and Shelley. His theater of operations was Germany, whose Philistinism does not consist in her want of ideas, or in her inaccessibility to ideas, for she teems with them and loves them, but, as I have said, in her feeble and hesitating application of modern ideas to life. Heine's intense modernism, his absolute freedom, his utter rejection of stock classicism and stock romanticism, his bringing all things under the point of view of the nineteenth century, were understood and laid to heart by Germany, through virtue of her immense, tolerant intellectualism, much as there was in all Heine said to affront and wound Germany. The wit and ardent modern spirit of France Heine joined to the culture, the sentiment, the thought of Germany. This is what makes him so remarkable; his wonderful clearness, lightness, and freedom, united with such power of feeling and width of range. Is there anywhere keener wit than in his story of the French abbé who was his tutor, and who wanted to get from him that *la religion* is French for *der Glaube?* "Six times did he ask me the question, 'Henry, what is *der Glaube* in French?' and six times, and each time with a greater burst of tears, did I answer him — 'It is *le crédit.*' And at the seventh time, his face purple with rage, the infuriated

questioner screamed out, 'It is *la religion;*' and a rain of cuffs descended upon me, and all the other boys burst out laughing. Since that day I have never been able to hear *la religion* mentioned, without feeling a tremor run through my back, and my cheeks grow red with shame." Or in that comment on the fate of Professor Saalfeld, who had been addicted to writing furious pamphlets against Napoleon, and who was a professor at Göttingen, a great seat, according to Heine, of pedantry and Philistinism: "It is curious," says Heine, "the three greatest adversaries of Napoleon have all of them ended miserably. Castlereagh cut his own throat; Louis the Eighteenth rotted upon his throne; and Professor Saalfeld is still a professor at Göttingen." It is impossible to go beyond that.

What wit, again, in that saying which every one has heard: "The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother." But the turn Heine gives to this incomparable saying is not so well known; and it is by that turn he shows himself the born poet he is, — full of delicacy and tenderness, of inexhaustible resource, infinitely new and striking! —

"And yet, after all, no one can ever tell how things may turn out. The grumpy Englishman, in an ill-temper with his wife, is capable of some day putting a rope round her neck, and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconstant Frenchman may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. *But the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother;* he will always keep for her a nook by the chimney-corner, where she can tell her fairy stories to the listening children."

Is it possible to touch more delicately and happily both the weakness and the strength of Germany; — pedantic, simple, enslaved, free, ridiculous, admirable Germany?

And Heine's verse, — his "*Lieder*"? Oh, the comfort, after dealing with French people of genius, irresistibly impelled to try and express themselves in verse, launching out into a deep which destiny has sown with so many rocks for them, — the comfort of coming to a man of genius, who finds in verse his freest and most perfect expression, whose voyage over the deep of poetry destiny makes smooth! After the rhythm, to us, at

any rate, with the German paste in our composition, so deeply unsatisfying, of : —

> "Ah! que me dites-vous, et que vous dit mon âme?
> Que dit le ciel à l'aube et la flamme à la flamme?"

what a blessing to arrive at rhythms like —

> "Take, oh, take those lips away,
> That so sweetly were forsworn — "

or —

> "Siehst sehr sterbeblässlich aus,
> Doch getrost! du bist zu Haus — "

in which one's soul can take pleasure! The magic of Heine's poetical form is incomparable; he chiefly uses a form of old German popular poetry, a ballad form which has more rapidity and grace than any ballad form of ours; he employs this form with the most exquisite lightness and ease, and yet it has at the same time the inborn fullness, pathos, and old-world charm of all true forms of popular poetry. Thus in Heine's poetry, too, one perpetually blends the impression of French modernism and clearness, with that of German sentiment and fullness; and to give this blended impression is, as I have said, Heine's great characteristic. To feel it, one must read him; he gives it in his form as well as in his contents, and by translation I can only reproduce it so far as his contents give it. But even the contents of many of his poems are capable of giving a certain sense of it. Here, for instance, is a poem in which he makes his profession of faith to an innocent beautiful soul, a sort of Gretchen, the child of some simple mining people having their hut among the pines at the foot of the Hartz Mountains, who reproaches him with not holding the old articles of the Christian creed: —

"Ah, my child, while I was yet a little boy, while I yet sate upon my mother's knee, I believed in God the Father, who rules up there in Heaven, good and great;

"Who created the beautiful earth, and the beautiful men and women thereon; who ordained for sun, moon, and stars their courses.

"When I got bigger, my child, I comprehended yet a great deal more than this, and comprehended, and grew intelligent; and I believe on the Son also;

"On the beloved Son, who loved us, and revealed love to us; and, for his reward, as always happens, was crucified by the people.

"Now, when I am grown up, have read much, have traveled much, my heart swells within me, and with my whole heart I believe on the Holy Ghost.

"The greatest miracles were of his working, and still greater miracles doth he even now work; he burst in sunder the oppressor's stronghold, and he burst in sunder the bondsman's yoke.

"He heals old death wounds, and renews the old right; all mankind are one race of noble equals before him.

"He chases away the evil clouds and the dark cobwebs of the brain, which have spoilt love and joy for us, which day and night have lowered on us.

"A thousand knights, well harnessed, has the Holy Ghost chosen out to fulfil his will, and he has put courage into their souls.

"Their good swords flash, their bright banners wave; what, thou wouldst give much, my child, to look upon such gallant knights?

"Well, on me, my child, look! kiss me, and look boldly upon me! one of those knights of the Holy Ghost am I."

One has only to turn over the pages of his *Romancero*, — a collection of poems written in the first years of his illness, with his whole power and charm still in them, and not, like his latest poems of all, painfully touched by the air of his *Matrazzen-gruft*, his "mattress-grave" — to see Heine's width of range; the most varied figures succeed one another, — Rhampsinitus, Edith with the Swan Neck, Charles the First, Marie Antoinette, King David, a heroine of *Mabille*, Melisanda of Tripoli, Richard Cœur de Lion, Pedro the Cruel, Firdusi, Cortes, Dr. Döllinger; — but never does Heine attempt to be *hübsch objectiv*, "beautifully objective," to become in spirit an old Egyptian, or an old Hebrew, or a Middle-Age knight, or a Spanish adventurer, or an English royalist; he always remains Heinrich Heine, a son of the nineteenth century. To give a notion of his tone, I will quote a few stanzas at the end of the *Spanish Atridæ*, in which he describes, in the character of a visitor at the court of Henry

of Transtamare at Segovia, Henry's treatment of the children of his brother, Pedro the Cruel. Don Diego Albuquerque, his neighbor, strolls after dinner through the castle with him: —

"In the cloister-passage, which leads to the kennels where are kept the king's hounds, that with their growling and yelping let you know a long way off where they are,

"There I saw, built into the wall, and with a strong iron grating for its outer face, a cell like a cage.

"Two human figures sate therein, two young boys; chained by the leg, they crouched in the dirty straw.

"Hardly twelve years old seemed the one, the other not much older; their faces fair and noble, but pale and wan with sickness.

"They were all in rags, almost naked; and their lean bodies showed wounds, the marks of ill-usage; both of them shivered with fever.

"They looked up at me out of the depth of their misery. 'Who,' I cried in horror to Don Diego, 'are these pictures of wretchedness?'

"Don Diego seemed embarrassed; he looked round to see that no one was listening; then he gave a deep sigh; and at last, putting on the easy tone of a man of the world, he said: —

"'These are a pair of king's sons, who were early left orphans; the name of their father was King Pedro, the name of their mother, Maria de Padilla.

"'After the great battle of Navarette, when Henry of Transtamare had relieved his brother, King Pedro, of the troublesome burden of the crown,

"'And likewise of that still more troublesome burden, which is called life, then Don Henry's victorious magnanimity had to deal with his brother's children.

"'He has adopted them, as an uncle should; and he has given them free quarters in his own castle.

"'The room which he has assigned to them is certainly rather small, but then it is cool in summer, and not intolerably cold in winter.

"'Their fare is rye bread, which tastes as sweet as if the goddess Ceres had baked it express for her beloved Proserpine.

"'Not unfrequently, too, he sends a scullion to them with

garbanzos, and then the young gentlemen know that it is Sunday in Spain.

"'But it is not Sunday every day, and garbanzos do not come every day; and the master of the hounds gives them the treat of his whip.

"'For the master of the hounds, who has under his superintendence the kennels and the pack, and the nephews' cage also,

"'Is the unfortunate husband of that lemon-faced woman with the white ruff, whom we remarked to-day at dinner.

"'And she scolds so sharp, that often her husband snatches his whip, and rushes down here, and gives it to the dogs and to the poor little boys.

"'But his majesty has expressed his disapproval of such proceedings, and has given orders that for the future his nephews are to be treated differently from the dogs.

"'He has determined no longer to intrust the disciplining of his nephews to a mercenary stranger, but to carry it out with his own hands.'

"Don Diego stopped abruptly; for the seneschal of the castle joined us, and politely expressed his hope that we had dined to our satisfaction."

Observe how the irony of the whole of that, finishing with the grim innuendo of the last stanza but one, is at once truly masterly and truly modern.

No account of Heine is complete which does not notice the Jewish element in him. His race he treated with the same freedom with which he treated everything else, but he derived a great force from it, and no one knew this better than he himself. He has excellently pointed out how in the sixteenth century there was a double renaissance, — a Hellenic renaissance and a Hebrew renaissance, — and how both have been great powers ever since. He himself had in him both the spirit of Greece and the spirit of Judæa; both these spirits reach the infinite, which is the true goal of all poetry and all art, — the Greek spirit by beauty, the Hebrew spirit by sublimity. By his perfection of literary form, by his love of clearness, by his love of beauty, Heine is Greek; by his intensity, by his untamableness, by his "longing which cannot be uttered," he is Hebrew. Yet what Hebrew ever treated the things of the Hebrews like this? —

"There lives at Hamburg, in a one-roomed lodging in the Baker's Broad Walk, a man whose name is Moses Lump; all the week he goes about in wind and rain, with his pack on his back, to earn his few shillings; but when on Friday evening he comes home, he finds the candlestick with seven candles lighted, and the table covered with a fair white cloth, and he puts away from him his pack and his cares, and he sits down to table with his squinting wife and yet more squinting daughter, and eats fish with them, fish which has been dressed in beautiful white garlic sauce, sings therewith the grandest psalms of King David, rejoices with his whole heart over the deliverance of the children of Israel out of Egypt, rejoices, too, that all the wicked ones who have done the children of Israel hurt, have ended by taking themselves off; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus, and all such people, are well dead, while he, Moses Lump, is yet alive, and eating fish with wife and daughter; and I can tell you, Doctor, the fish is delicate and the man is happy, he has no call to torment himself about culture, he sits contented in his religion and in his green bed-gown, like Diogenes in his tub, he contemplates with satisfaction his candles, which he on no account will snuff for himself; and I can tell you, if the candles burn a little dim, and the snuffers-woman, whose business it is to snuff them, is not at hand, and Rothschild the Great were at that moment to come in, with all his brokers, bill discounters, agents, and chief clerks, with whom he conquers the world, and Rothschild were to say: 'Moses Lump, ask of me what favor you will, and it shall be granted you;' — Doctor, I am convinced, Moses Lump would quietly answer: 'Snuff me those candles!' and Rothschild the Great would exclaim with admiration: 'If I were not Rothschild, I would be Moses Lump.'"

There Heine shows us his own people by its comic side; in the poem of the "Princess Sabbath" he shows it to us by a more serious side. The Princess Sabbath, "the *tranquil Princess*, pearl and flower of all beauty, fair as the Queen of Sheba, Solomon's bosom friend, that bluestocking from Ethiopia, who wanted to shine by her *esprit*, and with her wise riddles made herself in the long run a bore" (with Heine the sarcastic turn is never far off), this princess has for her betrothed a prince whom

sorcery has transformed into an animal of lower race, the Prince Israel.

"A dog with the desires of a dog, he wallows all the week long in the filth and refuse of life, amidst the jeers of the boys in the street.

"But every Friday evening, at the twilight hour, suddenly the magic passes off, and the dog becomes once more a human being.

"A man with the feelings of a man, with head and heart raised aloft, in festal garb, in almost clean garb, he enters the halls of his Father.

"Hail, beloved halls of my royal Father! Ye tents of Jacob, I kiss with my lips your holy door-posts!"

Still more he shows us this serious side in his beautiful poem on Jehuda ben Halevy, a poet belonging to "the great golden age of the Arabian, Old-Spanish, Jewish school of poets," a contemporary of the troubadours: —

"He, too, — the hero whom we sing, — Jehuda ben Halevy, too, had his lady-love; but she was of a special sort.

"She was no Laura, whose eyes, mortal stars, in the cathedral on Good Friday kindled that world-renowned flame.

"She was no châtelaine, who in the blooming glory of her youth presided at tourneys, and awarded the victor's crown.

"No casuistress in the Gay Science was she, no lady *doctrinaire*, who delivered her oracles in the judgment-chamber of a Court of Love.

"She, whom the Rabbi loved, was a woebegone poor darling, a mourning picture of desolation . . . and her name was Jerusalem."

Jehuda ben Halevy, like the Crusaders, makes his pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and there, amid the ruins, sings a song of Sion which has become famous among his people: —

"That lay of pearled tears is the wide-famed Lament, which is sung in all the scattered tents of Jacob throughout the world.

"On the ninth day of the month which is called Ab, on the anniversary of Jerusalem's destruction by Titus Vespasianus.

"Yes, that is the song of Sion, which Jehuda ben Halevy sang with his dying breath amid the holy ruins of Jerusalem.

"Barefoot, and in penitential weeds, he sate there upon the fragment of a fallen column; down to his breast fell,

"Like a gray forest, his hair; and cast a weird shadow on the face which looked out through it, — his troubled pale face, with the spiritual eyes.

"So he sate and sang, like unto a seer out of the foretime to look upon; Jeremiah, the Ancient, seemed to have risen out of his grave.

"But a bold Saracen came riding that way, aloft on his barb, lolling in his saddle, and brandishing a naked javelin;

"Into the breast of the poor singer he plunged his deadly shaft, and shot away like a winged shadow.

"Quietly flowed the Rabbi's life-blood, quietly he sang his song to an end; and his last dying sigh was Jerusalem!"

Nor must Heine's sweetest note be unheard, — his plaintive note, his note of melancholy. Here is a strain which came from him as he lay, in the winter night, on his "mattress-grave" at Paris, and let his thoughts wander home to Germany, "the great child, entertaining herself with her Christmas tree." "Thou tookest," — he cries to the German exile: —

"Thou tookest thy flight towards sunshine and happiness; naked and poor returnest thou back. German truth, German shirts, — one gets them worn to tatters in foreign parts.

"Deadly pale are thy looks, but take comfort, thou art at home! one lies warm in German earth, warm as by the old pleasant fireside.

"Many a one, alas, became crippled, and could get home no more! longingly he stretches out his arms; God have mercy upon him!"

God have mercy upon him; for what remain of the days of the years of his life are few and evil. "Can it be that I still actually exist? My body is so shrunk that there is hardly anything of me left but my voice, and my bed makes me think of the melodious grave of the enchanter Merlin, which is in the forest of Broceliand in Brittany, under high oaks whose tops shine like green flames to heaven. Ah, I envy thee those trees, brother Merlin, and their fresh waving! for over my mattress-grave here in Paris no green leaves rustle; and early and late I hear nothing but the rattle of carriages, hammering, scolding,

and the jingle of the piano. A grave without rest, death without the privileges of the departed, who have no longer any need to spend money, or to write letters, or to compose books. What a melancholy situation!"

He died, and has left a blemished name; with his crying faults, — his intemperate susceptibility, his unscrupulousness in passion, his inconceivable attacks on his enemies, his still more inconceivable attacks on his friends, his want of generosity, his sensuality, his incessant mocking, — how could it be otherwise? Not only was he not one of Mr. Carlyle's "respectable" people, he was profoundly *dis*-respectable; and not even the merit of not being a Philistine can make up for a man's being that. To his intellectual deliverance there was an addition of something else wanting, and that something else was something immense; the old-fashioned, laborious, eternally needful moral deliverance. Goethe says that he was deficient in *love;* to me his weakness seems to be not so much a deficiency in love as a deficiency in self-respect, in true dignity of character. But on this negative side of one's criticism of a man of great genius, I for my part, when I have once clearly marked that this negative side is and must be there, have no pleasure in dwelling. I prefer to say of Heine something positive. He is not an adequate interpreter of the modern world. He is only a brilliant soldier in the war of liberation of humanity. But, such as he is, he is (and posterity too, I am quite sure, will say this), in the European literature of that quarter of a century which follows the death of Goethe, incomparably the most important figure.

What a spendthrift, one is tempted to cry, is Nature! With what prodigality, in the march of generations, she employs human power, content to gather almost always little result from it, sometimes none! Look at Byron, that Byron whom the present generation of Englishmen are forgetting; Byron, the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power, I cannot but think, which has appeared in our literature since Shakespeare. And what became of this wonderful production of Nature? He shattered himself, he inevitably shattered himself to pieces against the huge, black, cloud-topped, interminable precipice of British Philistinism. But Byron, it may be said, was eminent

only by his genius, only by his inborn force and fire; he had not the intellectual equipment of a supreme modern poet; except for his genius he was an ordinary nineteenth-century English nobleman, with little culture and with no ideas. Well, then, look at Heine. Heine had all the culture of Germany; in his head fermented all the ideas of modern Europe. And what have we got from Heine? A half-result, for want of moral balance, and of nobleness of soul and character. That is what I say; there is so much power, so many seem able to run well, so many give promise of running well; so few reach the goal, so few are chosen. *Many are called, few chosen.*

REQUIESCAT

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

STANZAS FROM CARNAC

FAR on its rocky knoll descried
Saint Michael's chapel cuts the sky
I climb'd; — beneath me, bright and wide,
Lay the lone coast of Brittany.

Bright in the sunset, weird and still,
It lay beside the Atlantic wave,
As though the wizard Merlin's will
Yet charm'd it from his forest-grave.

Behind me on their grassy sweep,
Bearded with lichen, scrawl'd and gray,
The giant stones of Carnac sleep,
In the mild evening of the May.

No priestly stern procession now
Streams through their rows of pillars old;
No victims bleed, no Druids bow —
Sheep make the daisied aisles their fold.

From bush to bush the cuckoo flies,
The orchis red gleams everywhere;
Gold furze with broom in blossom vies,
The bluebells perfume all the air.

And o'er the glistening, lonely land,
Rise up, all round, the Christian spires;
The church of Carnac, by the strand,
Catches the westering sun's last fires.

And there, across the watery way,
See, low above the tide at flood,
The sickle-sweep of Quiberon Bay,
Whose beach once ran with loyal blood!

And beyond that, the Atlantic wide! —
All round, no soul, no boat, no hail;
But, on the horizon's verge descried,
Hangs, touch'd with light, one snowy sail.

CALAIS SANDS

A THOUSAND knights have rein'd their steeds
To watch this line of sand-hills run,
Along the never-silent strait,
To Calais glittering in the sun;

To look toward Ardres' Golden Field
Across this wide aërial plain,
Which glows as if the Middle Age
Were gorgeous upon earth again.

Oh, that to share this famous scene,
I saw, upon the open sand,
Thy lovely presence at my side,
Thy shawl, thy look, thy smile, thy hand!

How exquisite thy voice would come,
My darling, on this lonely air!
How sweetly would the fresh sea-breeze
Shake loose some band of soft brown hair!

And now my glance but once hath roved
O'er Calais and its famous plain;
To England's cliffs my gaze is turn'd,
O'er the blue strait mine eyes I strain.

Thou comest! Yes! the vessel's cloud
Hangs dark upon the rolling sea.
Oh, that yon sea-bird's wings were mine,
To win one instant's glimpse of thee!

I must not spring to grasp thy hand,
To woo thy smile, to seek thine eye;
But I may stand far off, and gaze,
And watch thee pass unconscious by,

And spell thy looks, and guess thy thoughts,
Mixt with the idlers on the pier —
Ah, might I always rest unseen,
So I might have thee always near!

TOO LATE

Each on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul that halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late.
Thy heart is mine! — True, true! ah, true!
Then, love, thy hand! — Ah, no! adieu!

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away.
This way, this way.
"Mother dear, we cannot stay."
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret! Margaret!
Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore.
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?

In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep:
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts rang'd all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?
Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.

Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gaz'd up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.
"Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door."
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down.
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark, what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children.
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she.
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."
But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow
Where clear falls the moonlight;
When spring-tides are low:
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom:
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside —
  And then come back down.
Singing, "There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

ROGER ASCHAM

Roger Ascham. Born at Kirbywiske, in Yorkshire, 1515; died in London, December 30, 1568. Author of "Toxophilus," a treatise on archery; and "The Schoolmaster."

An eminent classical scholar, he was the first Englishman who devoted himself to writing English prose, when everybody else wrote Latin. Hence he was called the "Father of English Prose." He was tutor to Elizabeth, and afterwards her Latin Secretary. "I would rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea," exclaimed the Queen, "than to have lost my Ascham."

(From "The Scholemaster")

YOUNG YEARS APTEST FOR LEARNING

"Every man seeth (as I said before) new wax is best for printing, new clay fittest for working, new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing, new-fresh flesh for good and durable salting." And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder house, but out of his schoolhouse of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. "Young grafts grow not only soonest, but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit; young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak." And so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness; surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning; surely children, kept up in God's fear, and governed by his grace, may most easily be brought well to serve God and their country, both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with wilfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience; surely it is hard with gentleness, but unpossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may mend it, the other shall surely break it; and so, instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness; the furthest point in all

mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phœdo Platonis in Greek, and that with as much diligent delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would leese such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me: "I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother; whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else; I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honor I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full

of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. Born in Louisiana, May 4, 1780; died January 27, 1851, at his home on the Hudson, near New York. Author of "Birds in America." In making these studies he traversed the primeval forests of Pennsylvania and Ohio during eighteen years, preparing in the woods, while the plumage was fresh, paintings and most spirited drawings of a thousand birds. This work was done twice, the first being destroyed by accident. It was published in New York, the first volume in 1830, the fourth in 1839. It was issued in seven volumes in 1844. It won for its author world-wide fame. He also prepared an ornithological work in five volumes, published in Edinburgh. With Dr. Bachmann he prepared a work upon the Quadrupeds of America, issued in 1850. Audubon was a man of pleasing address, singular modesty, happy temperament, and devout spirit.

(From "ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY")

HOSPITALITY IN THE WOODS

HOSPITALITY is a virtue, the exercise of which, although always agreeable to the stranger, is not always duly appreciated. The traveler who has acquired celebrity, is not unfrequently received with a species of hospitality, which is so much alloyed by the obvious attention of the host to his own interest, that the favor conferred upon the stranger must have less weight, when it comes mingled with almost interminable questions as to his perilous adventures. Another receives hospitality at the hands of persons who, possessed of all the comforts of life, receive the way-worn wanderer with pomposity, lead him from one part of their spacious mansion to another, and bidding him good-night, leave him to amuse himself in his solitary apartment, because he is thought unfit to be presented to a party of *friends*. A third stumbles on a congenial spirit, who receives him with open arms,

offers him servants, horses, perhaps even his purse, to enable him to pursue his journey, and parts from him with regret. In all these cases, the traveler feels more or less under obligation, and is accordingly grateful. But, kind reader, the hospitality received from the inhabitant of the forest, who can offer only the shelter of his humble roof, and the refreshment of his homely fare, remains more deeply impressed on the memory of the bewildered traveler than any other. This kind of hospitality I have myself frequently experienced in our woods, and now proceed to relate an instance of it.

I had walked several hundred miles, accompanied by my son, then a stripling, and, coming upon a clear stream, observed a house on the opposite shore. We crossed in a canoe, and finding that we had arrived at a tavern, determined upon spending the night there. As we were both greatly fatigued, I made an arrangement with our host to be conveyed in a light Jersey wagon a distance of a hundred miles, the period of our departure to be determined by the rising of the moon. Fair Cynthia, with her shorn beams, peeped over the forest about two hours before dawn, and our conductor, provided with a long twig of hickory, took his station in the fore-part of the wagon. Off we went at a round trot, dancing in the cart like peas in a sieve. The road, which was just wide enough to allow us to pass, was full of deep ruts, and covered here and there with trunks and stumps, over all which we were hurried. Our conductor, Mr. Flint, the landlord of the tavern, boasting of his perfect knowledge of the country, undertook to drive us by a short-cut, and we willingly confided ourselves to his management. So we jogged along, now and then deviating to double the fallen timber. Day commenced with promise of fine weather, but several nights of white frost having occurred, a change was expected. To our sorrow, the change took place long before we got to the road again. The rain fell in torrents; the thunder bellowed; the lightning blazed. It was now evening, but the storm had brought perfect night, black and dismal. Our cart had no cover. Cold and wet, we sat silent and melancholy, with no better expectation than that of passing the night under the little shelter the cart could afford us.

To stop was considered worse than to proceed. So we gave

the reins to the horses, with some faint hope that they would drag us out of our forlorn state. Of a sudden the steeds altered their course, and soon after we perceived the glimmer of a faint light in the distance, and almost at the same moment heard the barking of dogs. Our horses stopped by a high fence, and fell a-neighing, while I hallooed at such a rate, that an answer was speedily obtained. The next moment, a flaming pine torch crossed the gloom, and advanced to the spot where we stood. The Negro boy who bore it, without waiting to question us, enjoined us to follow the fence, and said that Master had sent him to show the strangers to the house. We proceeded, much relieved, and soon reached the gate of a little yard, in which a small cabin was perceived.

A tall, fine-looking young man stood in the open door, and desired us to get out of the cart and walk in. We did so, when the following conversation took place. "A bad night this, strangers; how came you to be along the fence? you certainly must have lost your way, for there is no public road within twenty miles." "Aye," answered Mr. Flint, "sure enough we lost our way; but, thank God! we have got to a house, and thank *you* for your reception." "Reception!" replied the woodsman, "no very great thing after all; you are all here safe, and that's enough. Eliza," turning to his wife, "see about some victuals for the strangers, and you, Jupiter," addressing the Negro lad, "bring some wood and mend the fire. Eliza, call the boys up, and treat the strangers the best way you can. Come, gentlemen, pull off your wet clothes, and draw to the fire. Eliza, bring some socks and a shirt or two."

For my part, kind reader, knowing my countrymen as I do, I was not much struck at all this; but my son, who had scarcely reached the age of fourteen, drew near to me, and observed how pleasant it was to have met with such good people. Mr. Flint bore a hand in getting his horses put under a shed. The young wife was already stirring with so much liveliness, that to have doubted for a moment that all she did was not a pleasure to her would have been impossible. Two Negro lads made their appearance, looked at us a moment, and going out, called the dogs. Soon after the cries of the poultry informed us that good cheer was at hand. Jupiter brought more wood, the blaze of which

illumined the cottage. Mr. Flint and our host returned, and we already began to feel the comforts of hospitality. The woodsman remarked that it was a pity we had not chanced to come that day three weeks; "for," said he, "it was our wedding-day, and father gave us a good house-warming, and you might have fared better; but, however, if you can eat bacon and eggs, and a broiled chicken, you shall have that. I have no whisky in the house, but father has some capital cider, and I'll go over and bring a keg of it." I asked how far off his father lived. "Only three miles, Sir, and I'll be back before Eliza has cooked your supper." Off he went accordingly, and the next moment the galloping of his horse was heard. The rain fell in torrents, and now I also became struck with the kindness of our host.

To all appearance the united ages of the pair under whose roof we had found shelter did not exceed two score. Their means seemed barely sufficient to render them comfortable, but the generosity of their young hearts had no limits. The cabin was new. The logs of which it was formed were all of the tulip-tree, and were nicely pared. Every part was beautifully clean. Even the coarse slabs of wood that formed the floor looked as if newly washed and dried. Sundry gowns and petticoats of substantial homespun hung from the logs that formed one of the sides of the cabin, while the other was covered with articles of male attire. A large spinning-wheel, with rolls of wool and cotton, occupied one corner. In another was a small cupboard, containing the little stock of new dishes, cups, plates, and tin pans. The table was small also, but quite new, and as bright as polished walnut could be. The only bed that I saw was of domestic manufacture, and the counterpane proved how expert the young wife was at spinning and weaving. A fine rifle ornamented the chimneypiece. The fireplace was of such dimensions that it looked as if it had been purposely constructed for holding the numerous progeny expected to result from the happy union.

The black boy was engaged in grinding some coffee. Bread was prepared by the fair hands of the bride, and placed on a flat board in front of the fire. The bacon and eggs already murmured and sputtered in the frying-pan, and a pair of chickens puffed and swelled on a gridiron over the embers, in front of the hearth. The cloth was laid, and everything arranged, when the

clattering of hoofs announced the return of the husband. In he came, bearing a two-gallon keg of cider, his eyes sparkling with pleasure as he said: "Only think, Eliza, father wanted to rob us of the strangers, and was for coming here to ask them to his own house, just as if we could not give them enough ourselves; but here's the drink. Come, gentlemen, sit down and help yourselves." We did so, and I, to enjoy the repast, took a chair of the husband's making in preference to one of those called *Windsor*, of which there were six in the cabin. This chair was bottomed with a piece of deer's skin tightly stretched, and afforded a very comfortable seat.

The wife now resumed her spinning, and the husband filled a jug with the sparkling cider, and, seated by the blazing fire, was drying his clothes. The happiness he enjoyed beamed from his eye, as at my request he proceeded to give us an account of his affairs and prospects, which he did in the following words: —

"I will be twenty-two next Christmas day," said our host. "My father came from Virginia when young, and settled on the large tract of land where he yet lives, and where with hard working he has done well. There were nine children of us. Most of them are married and settled in the neighborhood. The old man has divided his lands among some of us, and bought others for the rest. The land where I am he gave me two years ago, and a finer piece is not easily to be found. I have cleared a couple of fields, and planted an orchard. Father gave me a stock of cattle, some hogs, and four horses, with two Negro boys. I camped here for most of the time when clearing and planting; and when about to marry the young woman you see at the wheel, father helped me in raising this hut. My wife, as luck would have it, had a Negro also, and we have begun the world as well off as most folks, and, the Lord willing, may — but, gentlemen, you don't eat; do help yourselves — Eliza, maybe the strangers would like some milk." The wife stopped her work, and kindly asked if we preferred sweet or sour milk; for you must know, reader, that sour milk is by some of our farmers considered a treat. Both sorts were produced, but, for my part, I chose to stick to the cider.

Supper over, we all neared the fire, and engaged in conversation. At length our kind host addressed his wife as follows:

"Eliza, the gentlemen would like to lie down, I guess. What sort of a bed can you fix for them?" Eliza looked up with a smile, and said: "Why, Willy, we will divide the bedding, and arrange half on the floor, on which we can sleep very well, and the gentlemen will have the best we can spare them." To this arrangement I immediately objected, and proposed lying on a blanket by the fire; but neither Willy nor Eliza would listen. So they arranged a part of their bedding on the floor, on which, after some debate, we at length settled. The Negroes were sent to their own cabin, the young couple went to bed, and Mr. Flint lulled us all asleep with a long story intended to show us how passing strange it was that he should have lost his way.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," — and so forth. But Aurora soon turned her off. Mr. Speed, our host, rose, went to the door, and returning assured us that the weather was too bad for us to attempt proceeding. I really believe he was heartily glad of it; but anxious to continue our journey, I desired Mr. Flint to see about his horses. Eliza by this time was up too, and I observed her whispering to her husband, when he immediately said aloud: "To be sure, the gentlemen will eat breakfast before they go, and I will show them the way to the road." Excuses were of no avail. Breakfast was prepared and eaten. The weather brightened a little, and by nine we were under way. Willy on horseback headed us. In a few hours, our cart arrived at a road, by following which we at length got to the main one, and parted from our woodsman with the greater regret that he would accept nothing from any of us. On the contrary, telling Mr. Flint with a smile, that he hoped he might sometime again follow the longest track for a short cut, he bade us adieu, and trotted back to his fair Eliza and his happy home.

MARCUS AURELIUS

Marcus Aurelius (Antoninus), Roman Emperor and philosopher. Born at Rome, April, A.D. 121; died at Vindobona (Vienna), March 17, A.D. 180. Entering public life as consul at nineteen, he was not only diligent, but conscientious and just; not only temperate and self-denying, but sweet-spirited. If Christians were persecuted by his orders it was because they were in that age believed to be enemies of the state, denying allegiance to Rome. When compelled by custom to attend sports and games, some one read aloud to the Emperor, or he spent the time in writing. His "Meditations" were composed in moments taken from his hours of diversion, or in the intervals of public business. They have passed into the literature of all nations.

(From "Meditations")

Remember to put yourself in mind every morning, that before night it will be your luck to meet with some busybody, with some ungrateful, abusive fellow, with some knavish, envious, or unsociable churl or other. Now all this perverseness in them proceeds from their ignorance of good and evil; and since it has fallen to my share to understand the natural beauty of a good action, and the deformity of an ill one — since I am satisfied the person disobliging is of kin to me, and though we are not just of the same flesh and blood, yet our minds are nearly related, being both extracted from the Deity — I am likewise convinced that no man can do me a real injury, because no man can force me to misbehave myself, nor can I find it in my heart to hate or to be angry with one of my own nature and family. For we are all made for mutual assistance, as the feet, the hands, and the eyelids, as the rows of the upper and under teeth, from whence it follows that clashing and opposition is perfectly unnatural. Now such an unfriendly disposition is implied in resentment and aversion.

Take care always to remember that you are a man and a Roman; and let every action be done with perfect and unaffected gravity, humanity, freedom, and justice. And be sure you entertain no fancies, which may give check to these qualities. This is possible, if you will but perform every action as though it were your last; if your appetites and passions do not cross upon your reason; if you keep clear of rashness, and have nothing of insincerity and self-love to infect you, and

do not complain of your destiny. You see what a few points a man has to gain in order to attain to a godlike way of living; for he that comes thus far, performs all which the immortal powers will require of him.

Manage all your actions, words, and thoughts accordingly, since you may at any moment quit life. And what great matter is the business of dying? If the gods are in being, you can suffer nothing, for they will do you no harm. And if they are not, or take no care of us mortals — why, then, a world without either gods or Providence is not worth a man's while to live in. But, in truth, the being of the gods, and their concern in human affairs, is beyond dispute. And they have put it entirely in a man's power not to fall into any calamity properly so-called. And if other misfortunes had been really evils, they would have provided against them too, and furnished man with capacity to avoid them. But how can that which cannot make the man worse make his life so? I can never be persuaded that the universal nature neglected these matters through want of knowledge, or, having that, yet lacked the power to prevent or correct the error; or that nature should commit such a fault, through want of power or skill, as to suffer things, really good and evil, to happen promiscuously to good and bad men. Now, living and dying, honor and infamy, pleasure and pain, riches and poverty — all these things are the common allotment of the virtuous and vicious, because they have nothing intrinsically noble or base in their nature; and, therefore, to speak properly, are neither good nor bad.

Though you were to live three thousand, or, if you please, thirty thousand of years, yet remember that no man can lose any other life than that which he now lives, neither is he possessed of any other than that which he loses. Whence it follows that the longest life, as we commonly speak, and the shortest, come all to the same reckoning. For the present is of the same duration everywhere. Everybody's loss, therefore, is of the same bigness, and reaches no further than to a point of time, for no man is capable of losing either the past or the future; for how can one be deprived of what he has not? So that under this consideration there are two notions worth remembering. One is, that nature treads in a circle, and has much the same

face through the whole course of eternity. And therefore it signifies not at all whether a man stands gazing here an hundred, or two hundred, or an infinity of years; for all that he gets by it is only to see the same sights so much the oftener. The other hint is, that when the longest- and shortest-lived persons come to die, their loss is equal; they can but lose the present as being the only thing they have; for that which he has not, no man can be truly said to lose.

For the future, do not spend your thoughts upon other people, unless you are led to it by common interest. For the prying into foreign business — that is, musing upon the talk, fancies, and contrivances of another, and guessing at the what and why of his actions — does but make a man forget himself, and ramble from his own guiding principle. He ought, therefore, not to work his mind to no purpose, nor throw a superfluous link into the chain of thought; and more especially, to avoid curiosity and malice in his inquiry. Accustom yourself, therefore, to think upon nothing but what you could freely reveal, if the question were put to you; so that if your soul were thus laid open, there would nothing appear but what was sincere, good-natured, and public-spirited — not so much as one voluptuous or luxurious fancy, nothing of hatred, envy, or unreasonable suspicion, nor aught else which you could not bring to the light without blushing. A man thus qualified, who does not delay to assume the first rank among mortals, is a sort of priest and minister of the gods, and makes a right use of the Deity within him. By the assistance thereof, he is preserved, uninfected with pleasure, invulnerable against pain — out of the reach of injury, and above the malice of evil people. Thus he wrestles in the noblest fight, to hold his own against all his passions; and penetrated with the spirit of justice, welcomes with his whole heart all that happens and is allotted to him. He never minds other people's speech, thoughts, or actions, unless public necessity and general good require it. No; he keeps himself to his own business, and contemplates that portion of the whole allotted him by the fates, and endeavors to do the first as it should be, and believes that his lot is good. For every man's fate is suitable, since it is suited to him. He considers that the rational principle is akin in all men, and that general kindness

and concern for the whole world is no more than a piece of human nature — that not every one's good opinion is worth the gaining, but only that of those who seek to live in accordance with nature. As for others, he knows their way of living, both at home and abroad, by day and by night, and their companions in their evil way of life, and he bears it in mind. And why, indeed, should he value the commendation of such people, who are not able even to please themselves?

Think nothing for your interest which makes you break your word, quit your modesty, hate, suspect, or curse any person, or inclines you to any practice which will not bear the light and look the world in the face. For he that values his mind and the worship of his divinity before all other things, need act no tragic part, laments under no misfortune, and wants neither solitude nor company; and, which is still more, he will neither fly from life nor pursue it, but is perfectly indifferent about the length or shortness of the time in which his soul shall be encompassed by his body. And if he were to expire this moment, he is as ready for it as for any other action that may be performed with modesty and decency. For all his life long, this is his only care — that his mind may always be occupied as befits a rational and social creature.

If you will be governed by reason, and manage what lies before you with industry, vigor, and temper; if you will not run out after new distraction, but keep your divinity pure, even as though you must at once render it up again, your mind stanch and well disciplined, as if this trial of behavior were your last; and, if you will but cleave to this, and be true to the best of yourself, fearing and desiring nothing, but living up to your nature, standing boldly by the truth of your word, and satisfied therewith, then you will be a happy man. But the whole world cannot hinder you from so doing.

It is the custom of people to go to unfrequented places and country places and the sea-shore and the mountains for retirement; and this you often earnestly desired. But, after all, this is but a vulgar fancy, for it is in your power to withdraw into yourself whenever you desire. Now one's own mind is a place the most free from crowd and noise in the world, if a man's thoughts are such as to insure him perfect tranquillity within,

and this tranquillity consists in the good ordering of the mind. Your way is, therefore, to make frequent use of this retirement, and refresh your virtue in it. And to this end, be always provided with a few short, uncontested notions, to keep your understanding true, and send you back content with the business to which you return. For instance: What is it that troubles you? It is the wickedness of the world. If this be your case, out with your antidote, and consider that rational beings were made for mutual advantage, that forbearance is one part of justice, and that people misbehave themselves against their will. Consider, likewise, how many men have embroiled themselves, and spent their days in disputes, suspicion, and animosities; and now they are dead, and burnt to ashes. Be quiet, then, and disturb yourself no more. But, it may be, the distribution of the world does not please you. Recall the alternative, and argue thus: either Providence or atoms rule the universe. Besides, you may recall the proofs that the world is, as it were, one great city and corporation. But possibly the ill state of your health afflicts you. Pray reflect, your intellect is not affected by the roughness or smoothness of the currents of sensation, if she will retire and take a view of her own privilege and power. And when she has done this, recollect the philosophy about pleasure and pain, to which you have even now listened and assented. Well! it may be the concern of fame sits hard upon you. If you are pinched here, consider how quickly all things vanish, and are forgotten — what an immense chaos there stands on either side of eternity. Applause! consider the emptiness of the sound, the precarious tenure, the little judgment of those that give it us, and the narrow compass it is confined to: for the whole globe is but a point; and of this little, how small is your habitation, and how insignificant the number and quality of your admirers. Upon the whole, do not forget to retire into the little realm of your own. And, above all things, let there be no straining nor struggling in the case, but move freely, and contemplate matters like a human being, a citizen, and a mortal. And among the rest of your stock, let these two maxims be always ready: first, that things cannot disturb the soul, but remain motionless without, while disturbance springs from the opinion within the soul. The second is, to consider that the

scene is just shifting and sliding off into nothing; and that you yourself have seen abundance of great alterations. In a word, the world is all transformation, and life is opinion.

When you find an unwillingness to rise early in the morning, make this short speech to yourself: I am getting up now to do the business of a man; and am I out of humor for going about that I was made for, and for the sake of which I was sent into the world? Was I then designed for nothing but to doze and keep warm beneath the counterpane? Well! but this is a comfortable way of living. Granting that: were you born only for pleasure? were you never to do anything? Is not action the end of your being? Pray look upon the plants and birds, the ants, spiders, and bees, and you will see them all exerting their nature, and busy in their station. Pray, shall not a man act like a man? Why do you not rouse your faculties, and hasten to act according to your nature? For all that, there is no living without rest. True; but nature has fixed a limit to eating and drinking, and here, too, you generally exceed bounds, and go beyond what is sufficient. Whereas in business you are apt to do less than lies in your power. In earnest, you have no true love for yourself. If you had, you would love your nature and honor her wishes. Now, when a man loves his trade, how he will sweat and drudge to perform to perfection. But you honor your nature less than a turner does the art of turning, a dancing-master the art of dancing. And as for wealth and popularity, how eagerly are they pursued by the vain and the covetous? All these people when they greatly desire anything, seek to attain it, might and main, and will scarcely allow themselves necessary refreshment. And now, can you think the exercise of social duties less valuable than these petty amusements, and worth less exertion?

If the gods have decreed anything concerning me or my business, they have decreed my advantage. For it is absurd to suppose that they are mistaken in their measures, or not benevolent in their design. For to what purpose should they intend me any harm? What would themselves, or the universe, the special object of their providence, gain by it? But granting they have made no particular provision for me, yet since their government of the world is not disputed, the consequence will be much the

same. And why, then, should I not be contented with whatever happens as a consequence of the universal whole? To put the case further. Suppose the gods take care of nothing (which, by the way, we must reckon a scandalous opinion), then it will be high time to leave off the common solemnities of sacrificing, prayers and religious swearing, and all those observances which we keep as though the gods were present and dwelling with us. If the gods, therefore, will take care of none of us, it is certainly lawful for me to take care of myself. Now, it is my right to consider my own convenience, and what is that? Why, that is convenient for every one which suits his nature and his constitution. Now, reason and social principles are suited to my nature. Take me, then, under the particular distinction of Antoninus, and Rome is my town and country; but consider me as a man in general, and I belong to the corporation of the world. That, therefore, and only that which is serviceable to both these societies, is an advantage to me.

Never be ashamed of assistance. Like a soldier at the storming of a town, your business is to maintain your post, and execute your orders. Now, suppose you happen to be lame at an assault, and cannot mount the breach upon your own feet, will you not suffer your comrade to help you?

Be not disturbed about the future, for if ever you come to it, you will have the same reason for your guide which preserves you at present.

Let people's tongues and actions be what they will, my business is to be good. And make the same speech to myself that a piece of gold, or an emerald, or purple should. Let people talk and act as they please; I must be an emerald, and I must keep my color.

It will not be long before you will have forgotten all the world, and in a little time all the world will forget you too.

Give an injurious person good advice, and reform him if you can. If not, remember that your good temper was given you for this trial; that the gods too are so patient as even to pass by the perverseness of such persons, and sometimes to assist them over and above in their health, fame, and fortune; so benign are they. Just thus may you do if you please; if not, where is the impediment?

Observe the steps, and continually study the history of nature, and trace the progress of bodies from one form and species to another; contemplate often upon this subject, for there is nothing contributes so much to greatness of mind. He that is rightly affected with this speculation has in a manner laid his body aside. He considers that this world will quickly be over with him, that he must take his leave of mankind and everything here. In consequence of these thoughts, he is all justice in his acts, and resignation in all else. And as for what people will say or think of him, or practise against him, he never minds it. He has but two points to secure — that is, to be honest in what he now does, and contented with what he now receives. As for other projects and fancies, he has done with them. His business is only to follow that straight path which law has chalked out for him, for in so doing he has the Deity for his guide.

Your time is almost over, therefore live as if you were on a mountain. Place signifies nothing, if you live everywhere in the world as in a social community. Never run into a hole, and shun company. No. Let the world see and recognize in you an honest man who lives according to nature; and if they do not like him, let them kill him, for it is much better he were served so than to live as they do.

Hark ye, friend; you have been a burgher of this great city, what matter though you have lived in it five years or three; if you have observed the laws of the corporation, the length or shortness of the time makes no difference. Where is the hardship then if nature, that planted you here, orders your removal? You cannot say you are sent off by a tyrant or unjust judge. No; you quit the stage as fairly as a player does that has his discharge from the master of the revels. But I have only gone through three acts, and not held out to the end of the fifth. You say well; but in life three acts make the play entire. He that ordered the opening of the first scene now gives the sign for shutting up the last; you are neither accountable for one nor the other; therefore retire well satisfied, for He, by whom you are dismissed, is satisfied too.

JANE AUSTEN

JANE AUSTEN. Born at Steventon in Hampshire, England, December 16, 1775; died July 18, 1817, her honored dust reposing in Winchester Cathedral. "Pride and Prejudice" she wrote before twenty-one years old, "Sense and Sensibility" before twenty-two, and "Northanger Abbey" before twenty-six. "Emma" was one of her later novels.

She was a refined observer and word-painter of the lives and manners of well-bred country people. Her work was in striking contrast to that of earlier novelists, and for a score of years publishers were afraid of it. Yet cultivated people were so attracted by it, that Sir Walter Scott read one of her stories three times. Macaulay declared that she nearly approached Shakespeare in portraiture, and Professor Masson has ranked her work with the most perfect and charming productions in our language.

(From "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE")

THE BENNETS

IT is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! you must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighborhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as

Jane, nor half so good-humored as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighborhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had not been sufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

Mr. Bennet was amongst the earliest of those who waited on Mr. Bingley. He had always intended to visit him, though to the last always assuring his wife that he should not go; and till the evening after the visit was paid she had no knowledge of it. It was then disclosed in the following manner: Observing his second daughter employed in trimming a hat, he suddenly addressed her with: —

"I hope Mr. Bingley will like it, Lizzy."

"We are not in a way to know what Mr. Bingley likes," said her mother resentfully, "since we are not to visit."

"But you forget, mamma," said Elizabeth, "that we shall meet him at the assemblies, and Mrs. Long has promised to introduce him."

"I do not believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing. She has two nieces of her own. She is a selfish, hypocritical woman, and I have no opinion of her."

"No more have I," said Mr. Bennet; "and I am glad to find that you do not depend on her serving you."

Mrs. Bennet deigned not to make any reply, but, unable to contain herself, began scolding one of her daughters.

"Don't keep coughing so, Kitty, for Heaven's sake! Have a little compassion on my nerves. You tear them to pieces."

"Kitty has no discretion in her coughs," said her father; "she times them ill."

"I do not cough for my own amusement," replied Kitty, fretfully. "When is your next ball to be, Lizzy?"

"To-morrow fortnight."

"Ay, so it is," cried her mother, "and Mrs. Long does not come back till the day before; so it will be impossible for her to introduce him, for she will not know him herself."

"Then, my dear, you may have the advantage of your friend, and introduce Mr. Bingley to her."

"Impossible, Mr. Bennet, impossible, when I am not acquainted with him myself; how can you be so teasing?"

"I honor your circumspection. A fortnight's acquaintance is certainly very little. One cannot know what a man really is by the end of a fortnight. But if we do not venture somebody else will; and after all, Mrs. Long and her nieces must stand their chance; and, therefore, as she will think it an act of kindness, if you decline the office, I will take it on myself."

The girls stared at their father. Mrs. Bennet said only, "Nonsense, nonsense!"

"What can be the meaning of that emphatic exclamation?" cried he. "Do you consider the forms of introduction, and the stress that is laid on them, as nonsense? I cannot quite agree with you there. What say you, Mary? for you are a young lady of deep reflection, I know, and read great books and make extracts."

Mary wished to say something very sensible, but knew not how.

"While Mary is adjusting her ideas," he continued, "let us return to Mr. Bingley."

"I am sick of Mr. Bingley," cried his wife.

"I am sorry to hear that; but why did you not tell me so before? If I had known as much this morning I certainly would not have called on him. It is very unlucky; but as I have actually paid the visit, we cannot escape the acquaintance now."

The astonishment of the ladies was just what he wished; that of Mrs. Bennet perhaps surpassing the rest; though, when the first tumult of joy was over, she began to declare that it was what she expected all the while.

"How good it was in you, my dear Mr. Bennet! But I knew I should persuade you at last. I was sure you loved your girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am! and it is such a good joke, too, that you should have gone this morning, and never said a word about it till now."

"Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you choose," said Mr. Bennet; and, as he spoke, he left the room, fatigued with the raptures of his wife.

"What an excellent father you have, girls!" said she, when the door was shut. "I do not know how you will ever make him amends for his kindness; or me either, for that matter. At our time of life it is not so pleasant, I can tell you, to be making new acquaintances every day; but, for your sakes, we would do anything. Lydia, my love, though you are the youngest, I dare say Mr. Bingley will dance with you at the next ball."

"Oh!" said Lydia, stoutly, "I am not afraid; for though I am the youngest, I'm the tallest."

The rest of the evening was spent in conjecturing how soon he would return Mr. Bennet's visit, and determining when they should ask him to dinner.

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ELIZABETH VISITS THE BINGLEYS

The day passed much as the day before had done. Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley had spent some hours of the morning with the invalid, who continued, though slowly, to mend; and

in the evening Elizabeth joined their party in the drawing-room. The loo-table, however, did not appear. Mr. Darcy was writing, and Miss Bingley, seated near him, was watching the progress of his letter and repeatedly calling off his attention by messages to his sister. Mr. Hurst and Mr. Bingley were at piquet, and Mrs. Hurst was observing their game.

Elizabeth took up some needlework, and was sufficiently amused in attending to what passed between Darcy and his companion. The perpetual commendations of the lady, either on his handwriting, or on the evenness of his lines, or on the length of his letter, with the most perfect unconcern with which her praises were received, formed a curious dialogue, and was exactly in unison with her opinion of each.

"How delighted Miss Darcy will be to receive such a letter!"

He made no answer.

"You write uncommonly fast."

"You are mistaken. I write rather slowly."

"How many letters you must have occasion to write in the course of the year! Letters of business, too! How odious I should think them!"

"It is fortunate, then, that they fall to my lot instead of to yours."

"Pray tell your sister that I long to see her."

"I have already told her so once, by your desire."

"I am afraid you do not like your pen. Let me mend it for you. I mend pens remarkably well."

"Thank you — but I always mend my own."

"How can you contrive to write so even?"

He was silent.

"Tell your sister I am delighted to hear of her improvement on the harp; and pray let her know that I am quite in raptures with her beautiful little design for a table, and I think it infinitely superior to Miss Grantley's."

"Will you give me leave to defer your raptures till I write again? At present I have not room to do them justice."

"Oh! it is of no consequence. I shall see her in January. But do you always write such charming long letters to her, Mr. Darcy?"

"They are generally long; but whether always charming it is not for me to determine."

"It is a rule with me, that a person who can write a long letter with ease, cannot write ill."

"That will not do for a compliment to Darcy, Caroline," cried her brother — "because he does not write with ease. He studies too much for words of four syllables. Do not you, Darcy?"

"My style of writing is very different from yours."

"Oh!" cried Miss Bingley, "Charles writes in the most careless way imaginable. He leaves out half his words, and blots the rest."

"My ideas flow so rapidly that I have not time to express them — by which means my letters sometimes convey no ideas at all to my correspondents."

"Your humility, Mr. Bingley," said Elizabeth, "must disarm reproof."

"Nothing is more deceitful," said Darcy, "than the appearance of humility. It is often only carelessness of opinion, and sometimes an indirect boast."

"And which of the two do you call *my* little recent piece of modesty?"

"The indirect boast; for you are really proud of your defects in writing, because you consider them as proceeding from a rapidity of thought and carelessness of execution, which, if not estimable, you think at least highly interesting. The power of doing anything with quickness is always much prized by the possessor, and often without any attention to the imperfection of the performance. When you told Mrs. Bennet this morning, that if you ever resolved on quitting Netherfield you should be gone in five minutes, you meant it to be a sort of panegyric, of compliment to yourself — and yet what is there so very laudable in a precipitance which must leave very necessary business undone, and can be of no real advantage to yourself or any one else?"

"Nay," cried Bingley, "this is too much, to remember at night all the foolish things that were said in the morning. And yet, upon my honor, I believed what I said of myself to be true, and I believe it at this moment. At least, therefore, I did not

assume the character of needless precipitance merely to show off before the ladies."

"I dare say you believed it; but I am by no means convinced that you would be gone with such celerity. Your conduct would be quite as dependent on chance as that of any man I know; and if, as you were mounting your horse, a friend were to say, 'Bingley, you had better stay till next week,' you would probably do it, you would probably not go — and, at another word, might stay a month."

"You have only proved by this," cried Elizabeth, "that Mr. Bingley did not do justice to his own disposition. You have shown him off now much more than he did himself."

"I am exceedingly gratified," said Bingley, "by your converting what my friend says into a compliment on the sweetness of my temper. But I am afraid you are giving it a turn which that gentleman did by no means intend; for he would certainly think the better of me, if under such a circumstance I were to give a flat denial, and ride off as fast as I could."

"Would Mr. Darcy then consider the rashness of your original intention as atoned for by your obstinacy in adhering to it?"

"Upon my word, I cannot exactly explain the matter; Darcy must speak for himself."

"You expect me to account for opinions which you choose to call mine, but which I have never acknowledged. Allowing the case, however, to stand according to your representation, you must remember, Miss Bennet, that the friend who is supposed to desire his return to the house, and the delay of his plan, has merely desired it, asked it without offering one argument in favor of its propriety."

"To yield readily — easily — to the persuasion of a friend is no merit with you."

"To yield without conviction is no compliment to the understanding of either."

"You appear to me, Mr. Darcy, to allow nothing for the influence of friendship and affection. A regard for the requester would often make one readily yield to a request, without waiting for arguments to reason one into it. I am not particularly speaking of such a case as you have supposed about Mr. Bingley. We may as well wait, perhaps, till the circumstance occurs

before we discuss the discretion of his behavior thereupon. But in general and ordinary cases between friend and friend, where one of them is desired by the other to change a resolution of no very great moment, should you think ill of that person for complying with the desire, without waiting to be argued into it?"

"Will it not be advisable, before we proceed on this subject, to arrange with rather more precision the degree of importance which is to appertain to request, as well this as the degree of intimacy subsisting between the parties?"

"By all means," cried Bingley; "let us hear all the particulars, not forgetting their comparative height and size; for that will have more weight in the argument, Miss Bennet, than you may be aware of. I assure you, that if Darcy were not such a great tall fellow, in comparison with myself, I should not pay him half so much deference. I declare I do not know a more awful object than Darcy, on particular occasions, and in particular places; at his own house especially, and of a Sunday evening, when he has nothing to do."

Mr. Darcy smiled; but Elizabeth thought she could perceive that he was rather offended, and therefore checked her laugh. Miss Bingley warmly resented the indignity he had received, in an expostulation with her brother for talking such nonsense.

"I see your design, Bingley," said his friend. "You dislike an argument, and want to silence this."

"Perhaps I do. Arguments are too much like disputes. If you and Miss Bennet will defer yours till I am out of the room, I shall be very thankful; and then you may say whatever you like of me."

"What you ask," said Elizabeth, "is no sacrifice on my side; and Mr. Darcy had much better finish his letter."

Mr. Darcy took her advice, and did finish his letter.

When that business was over, he applied to Miss Bingley and Elizabeth for the indulgence of some music. Miss Bingley moved with alacrity to the pianoforte; and, after a polite request that Elizabeth would lead the way, which the other as politely and more earnestly negatived, she seated herself.

Mrs. Hurst sang with her sister, and while they were thus employed, Elizabeth could not help observing, as she turned over some music-books that lay on the instrument, how fre-

quently Mr. Darcy's eyes were fixed on her. She hardly knew how to suppose that she could be an object of admiration to so great a man; and yet that he should look at her because he disliked her, was still more strange. She could only imagine, however at last, that she drew his notice because there was a something about her more wrong and reprehensible, according to his ideas of right, than in any other person present. The supposition did not pain her. She liked him too little to care for his approbation.

After playing some Italian songs, Miss Bingley varied the charm by a lively Scotch air; and soon afterwards Mr. Darcy, drawing near Elizabeth, said to her:—

"Do not you feel a great inclination, Miss Bennet, to seize such an opportunity of dancing a reel?"

She smiled, but made no answer. He repeated the question, with some surprise at her silence.

"Oh!" said she, "I heard you before, but I could not immediately determine what to say in reply. You wanted me, I know, to say 'Yes,' that you might have the pleasure of despising my taste; but I always delight in overthrowing those kind of schemes, and cheating a person of their premeditated contempt. I therefore made up my mind to tell you, that I do not want to dance a reel at all — and now despise me if you dare."

"Indeed I do not dare."

Elizabeth, having rather expected to affront him, was amazed at his gallantry; but there was a mixture of sweetness and archness in her manner which made it difficult for her to affront anybody; and Darcy had never been bewitched by any woman as he was by her. He really believed, that were it not for the inferiority of her connections, he should be in some danger.

Miss Bingley saw or suspected enough to be jealous; and her great anxiety for the recovery of her dear friend Jane received some assistance from her desire of getting rid of Elizabeth.

She often tried to provoke Darcy into disliking her guest, by talking of their supposed marriage, and planning his happiness in such an alliance.

"I hope," said she, as they were walking together in the shrubbery next day, "you will give your mother-in-law a few hints, when this desirable event takes place, as to the advan-

tage of holding her tongue; and if you can compass it, do cure the younger girls of running after the officers. And, if I may mention so delicate a subject, endeavor to check that little something, bordering on conceit and impertinence, which your lady possesses."

"Have you anything else to propose for my domestic felicity?"

"Oh! yes. Do let the portraits of your uncle and aunt Philips be placed in the gallery at Pemberley. Put them next to your great-uncle the judge. They are in the same profession, you know; only in different lines. As for your Elizabeth's picture, you must not attempt to have it taken, for what painter could do justice to those beautiful eyes?"

"It would not be easy, indeed, to catch their expressions, but their color and shape, and the eye lashes, so remarkably fine, might be copied."

At that moment they were met from another walk by Mrs. Hurst and Elizabeth herself.

"I did not know that you intended to walk," said Miss Bingley, in some confusion, lest they had been overheard.

"You used us abominably ill," answered Mrs. Hurst, "in running away without telling us that you were coming out."

Then taking the disengaged arm of Mr. Darcy, she left Elizabeth to walk by herself. The path just admitted three. Mr. Darcy felt their rudeness, and immediately said:—

"This walk is not wide enough for our party. We had better go into the avenue."

But Elizabeth, who had not the least inclination to remain with them, laughingly answered:—

"No, no; stay where you are. You are charmingly grouped, and appear to uncommon advantage. The picturesque would be spoilt by admitting a fourth. Good-by."

She then ran gaily off, rejoicing, as she rambled about, in the hope of being at home again in a day or two. Jane was already so much recovered as to intend leaving her room for a couple of hours that evening.

When the ladies removed after dinner, Elizabeth ran up to her sister, and seeing her well guarded from cold, attended her into the drawing-room, where she was welcomed by her two friends with many professions of pleasure; and Elizabeth had

never seen them so agreeable as they were during the hour which passed before the gentlemen appeared. Their powers of conversation were considerable. They could describe an entertainment with accuracy, relate an anecdote with humor, and laugh at their acquaintance with spirit.

But when the gentlemen entered, Jane was no longer the first object; Miss Bingley's eyes were instantly turned towards Darcy, and she had something to say to him before he had advanced many steps. He addressed himself directly to Miss Bennet, with a polite congratulation; Mr. Hurst also made her a slight bow, and said he was "very glad"; but diffuseness and warmth remained for Bingley's salutation. He was full of joy and attention. The first half-hour was spent in piling up the fire, lest she should suffer from the change of room; and she removed at his desire to the other side of the fireplace, that she might be farther from the door. He then sat down by her, and talked scarcely to any one else. Elizabeth, at work in the opposite corner, saw it all with great delight.

When tea was over, Mr. Hurst reminded his sister-in-law of the card-table — but in vain. She had obtained private intelligence that Mr. Darcy did not wish for cards; and Mr. Hurst soon found even his open petition rejected. She assured him that no one intended to play, and the silence of the whole party on the subject seemed to justify her. Mr. Hurst had therefore nothing to do, but to stretch himself on one of the sofas and go to sleep. Darcy took up a book; Miss Bingley did the same; and Mrs. Hurst, principally occupied in playing with her bracelets and rings, joined now and then in her brother's conversation with Miss Bennet.

Miss Bingley's attention was quite as much engaged in watching Mr. Darcy's progress through his book, as in reading her own; and she was perpetually either making some inquiry, or looking at his page. She could not win him, however, to any conversation; he merely answered her question, and read on. At length, quite exhausted by the attempt to be amused with her own book, which she had only chosen because it was the second volume of his, she gave a great yawn and said, "How pleasant it is to spend an evening in this way! I declare, after all there is no enjoyment like reading! How much sooner one

tires of anything than of a book! — When I have a house of my own, I shall be miserable if I have not an excellent library."

No one made any reply. She then yawned again, threw aside her book, and cast her eyes round the room in quest of some amusement; when, hearing her brother mentioning a ball to Miss Bennet, she turned suddenly towards him and said:—

"By the bye, Charles, are you really serious in meditating a dance at Netherfield? — I would advise you, before you determine on it, to consult the wishes of the present party; I am much mistaken if there are not some among us to whom a ball would be rather a punishment than a pleasure."

"If you mean Darcy," cried her brother, "he may go to bed, if he chooses, before it begins — but as for the ball, it is quite a settled thing; and as soon as Nicholls has made white soup enough, I shall send round my cards."

"I should like balls infinitely better," she replied, "if they were carried on in a different manner; but there is something insufferably tedious in the usual process of such a meeting. It would surely be much more rational if conversation instead of dancing made the order of the day."

"Much more rational, my dear Caroline, I dare say, but it would not be near so much like a ball."

Miss Bingley made no answer, and soon afterwards got up and walked about the room. Her figure was elegant, and she walked well; but Darcy, at whom it was all aimed, was still inflexibly studious. In the desperation of her feelings, she resolved on one effort more, and, turning to Elizabeth, said: —

"Miss Eliza Bennet, let me persuade you to follow my example, and take a turn about the room. I assure you it is very refreshing after sitting so long in one attitude."

Elizabeth was surprised, but agreed to it immediately. Miss Bingley succeeded no less in the real object of her civility; Mr. Darcy looked up. He was as much awake to the novelty of attention in that quarter as Elizabeth herself could be, and unconsciously closed his book. He was directly invited to join their party, but he declined it, observing, that he could imagine but two motives for their choosing to walk up and down the room together, with either of which motives his joining them would interfere. "What could he mean? she was

JANE AUSTEN'S HOME AT STEVENTON, ENGLAND

[illegible] of [illegible] of a book [illegible] I have a house of [illegible] n, [illegible] miserable if I have [illegible] an excellent library."

[illegible] any reply. She then [illegible] again, threw aside [illegible] when, nearing her [illegible] nnet, she turned suddenly [illegible] and said:—

[illegible] the bye, Charles, are you [illegible] in meditating a [illegible] at Netherfield?—I [illegible] before you deter- [illegible] on it, to consult [illegible] party; I am [illegible] mistaken if [illegible] to whom a ball [illegible] rat[illegible]

[illegible] to bed, [illegible] it is quite [illegible] white soup [illegible]

[illegible] better," she replied, "if they [illegible] different manner; but there is something insufferably tedious in the usual process of such [illegible] surely be much more rational if conver[illegible]

[illegible]

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dying to know what could be his meaning" — and asked Elizabeth whether she could at all understand him?

"Not at all," was her answer; "but depend upon it, he means to be severe on us, and our surest way of disappointing him will be to ask nothing about it."

Miss Bingley, however, was incapable of disappointing Mr. Darcy in anything, and persevered, therefore, in requiring an explanation of his two motives.

"I have not the smallest objection to explaining them," said he, as soon as she allowed him to speak. "You either choose this method of passing the evening because you are in each other's confidence, and have secret affairs to discuss, or because you are conscious that your figures appear to the greatest advantage in walking; — if the first, I should be completely in your way, and if the second, I can admire you much better as I sit by the fire."

"Oh! shocking!" cried Miss Bingley. "I never heard anything so abominable. How shall we punish him for such a speech?"

"Nothing so easy, if you have but the inclination," said Elizabeth. "We can all plague and punish one another. Tease him — laugh at him. Intimate as you are, you must know how it is to be done."

"But upon my honor I do not. I do assure you that my intimacy has not yet taught me that. Tease calmness of temper and presence of mind! No, no — I feel he may defy us there. And as to laughter, we will not expose ourselves, if you please, by attempting to laugh without a subject. Mr. Darcy may hug himself."

"Mr. Darcy is not to be laughed at!" cried Elizabeth. "That is an uncommon advantage, and uncommon I hope it will continue, for it would be a great loss to *me* to have many such acquaintances. I dearly love a laugh."

"Miss Bingley," said he, "has given me credit for more than can be. The wisest and the best of men — nay, the wisest and best of their actions — may be rendered ridiculous by a person whose first object in life is a joke."

"Certainly," replied Elizabeth — "there are such people, but I hope I am not one of them. I hope I never ridicule what

is wise or good. Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies, do divert me, I own, and I laugh at them whenever I can. But these, I suppose, are precisely what you are without."

"Perhaps that is not possible for any one. But it has been the study of my life to avoid those weaknesses which often expose a strong understanding to ridicule."

"Such as vanity and pride."

"Yes, vanity is a weakness indeed. But pride — where there is a real superiority of mind, pride will be always under good regulation."

Elizabeth turned away to hide a smile.

"Your examination of Mr. Darcy is over, I presume," said Miss Bingley; "and pray what is the result?"

"I am perfectly convinced by it that Mr. Darcy has no defect. He owns it himself without disguise."

"No," said Darcy, "I have made no such pretension. I have faults enough, but they are not, I hope, of understanding. My temper I dare not vouch for. It is, I believe, too little yielding — certainly too little for the convenience of the world. I cannot forget the follies and vices of others so soon as I ought, nor their offenses against myself. My feelings are not puffed about with every attempt to move them. My temper would perhaps be called resentful. My good opinion once lost, is lost forever."

"That is a failing indeed!" — cried Elizabeth. "Implacable resentment is a shade in a character. But you have chosen your fault well. I really cannot laugh at it. You are safe from me."

"There is, I believe, in every disposition a tendency to some particular evil — a natural defect, which not even the best education can overcome."

"And your defect is a propensity to hate everybody."

"And yours," he replied, with a smile, "is wilfully to misunderstand them."

"Do let us have a little music," cried Miss Bingley, tired of a conversation in which she had no share. "Louisa, you will not mind my waking Mr. Hurst?"

Her sister made not the smallest objection, and the pianoforte was opened; and Darcy, after a few moments' recollec-

tion, was not sorry for it. He began to feel the danger of paying Elizabeth too much attention.

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THE ENGAGEMENT

"My dear Lizzy, where can you have been walking to?" was a question which Elizabeth received from Jane as soon as she entered the room, and from all the others when they sat down to table. She had only to say in reply, that they had wandered about till she was beyond her own knowledge. She colored as she spoke; but neither that, nor anything else, awakened a suspicion of the truth.

The evening passed quietly, unmarked by anything extraordinary. The acknowledged lovers talked and laughed; the unacknowledged were silent. Darcy was not of a disposition in which happiness overflows in mirth; and Elizabeth, agitated and confused, rather knew that she was happy, than felt herself to be so; for, besides the immediate embarrassment, there were other evils before her. She anticipated what would be felt in the family when her situation became known; she was aware that no one liked him but Jane, and even feared that with the others it was a dislike which not all his fortune and consequence might do away.

At night she opened her heart to Jane. Though suspicion was very far from Miss Bennet's general habits, she was absolutely incredulous here.

"You are joking, Lizzy. This cannot be! — engaged to Mr. Darcy! — No, no, you shall not deceive me. I know it to be impossible."

"This is a wretched beginning indeed! My sole dependence was on you; and I am sure nobody else will believe me, if you do not. Yet, indeed, I am in earnest. I speak nothing but the truth. He still loves me, and we are engaged."

Jane looked at her doubtingly. "Oh, Lizzy! it cannot be. I know how much you dislike him."

"You know nothing of the matter. That is all to be forgot. Perhaps I did not always love him so well as I do now. But in such cases as these a good memory is unpardonable. This is the last time I shall ever remember it myself."

Miss Bennet still looked all amazement. Elizabeth again, and more seriously, assured her of its truth.

"Good Heaven! can it be really so? Yet now I must believe you," cried Jane. "My dear, dear Lizzy, I would — I do congratulate you — but are you certain — forgive the question — are you quite certain that you can be happy with him?"

"There can be no doubt of that. It is settled between us already that we are to be the happiest couple in the world. But are you pleased, Jane? Shall you like to have such a brother?"

"Very, very much. Nothing could give either Bingley or myself more delight. But we considered it, we talked of it as impossible. And do you really love him quite well enough? Oh, Lizzy! do anything rather than marry without affection. Are you quite sure that you feel what you ought to do?"

"Oh, yes! You will only think I feel *more* than I ought to do, when I tell you all."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I must confess that I love him better than I do Bingley. I am afraid you will be angry."

"My dearest sister, now do be serious. I want to talk very seriously. Let me know everything that I am to know, without delay. Will you tell me how long you have loved him?"

"It has been coming on so gradually, that I hardly know when it began. But I believe I must date it from my first seeing his beautiful grounds at Pemberley."

Another entreaty that she would be serious, however, produced the desired effect, and she soon satisfied Jane by her solemn assurances of attachment. When convinced on that article, Miss Bennet had nothing further to wish.

"Now I am quite happy," said she, "for you will be as happy as myself. I always had a value for him. Were it for nothing but his love for you, I must always have esteemed him; but now, as Bingley's friend and your husband, there can be only Bingley and yourself more dear to me. But, Lizzy, you have been very sly, very reserved with me. How little did you tell me of what passed at Pemberley and Lambton! I owe all that I know of it to another, not to you."

Elizabeth told the motives of her secrecy. She had been unwilling to mention Bingley; and the unsettled state of her

own feelings had made her equally avoid the name of his friend. But now she would no longer conceal from her his share in Lydia's marriage. All was acknowledged, and half the night spent in conversation.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Bennet, as she stood at a window the next morning. "If that disagreeable Mr. Darcy is not coming here again with our dear Bingley! What can he mean by being so tiresome as to be always coming here? I had no notion but he would go a-shooting, or something or other, and not disturb us with his company. What shall we do with him? Lizzy, you must walk out with him again, that he may not be in Bingley's way."

Elizabeth could hardly help laughing at so convenient a proposal, yet was really vexed that her mother should be always giving him such an epithet.

As soon as they entered, Bingley looked at her so expressively, and shook hands with such warmth, as left no doubt of his good information; and he soon afterwards said aloud, "Mr. Bennet, have you no more lanes hereabouts in which Lizzy may lose her way again to-day?"

"I advise Mr. Darcy, and Lizzy, and Kitty," said Mrs. Bennet, "to walk to Oakham Mount this morning. It is a nice long walk, and Mr. Darcy has never seen the view."

"It may do very well for the others," replied Mr. Bingley; "but I am sure it will be too much for Kitty. Won't it, Kitty?"

Kitty owned that she had rather stay at home. Darcy professed a great curiosity to see the view from the Mount, and Elizabeth silently consented. As she went upstairs to get ready, Mrs. Bennet followed her, saying: —

"I am quite sorry, Lizzy, that you should be forced to have that disagreeable man all to yourself. But I hope you will not mind it: it is all for Jane's sake, you know; and there is no occasion for talking to him, except just now and then. So do not put yourself to inconvenience."

During their walk, it was resolved that Mr. Bennet's consent should be asked in the course of the evening. Elizabeth reserved to herself the application for her mother's. She could not determine how her mother would take it; sometimes

doubting whether all his wealth and grandeur would be enough to overcome her abhorrence of the man. But whether she were violently set against the match, or violently delighted with it, it was certain that her manner would be equally ill adapted to do credit to her sense; and she could no more bear that Mr. Darcy should hear the first raptures of her joy than the first vehemence of her disapprobation.

In the evening, soon after Mr. Bennet withdrew to the library she saw Mr. Darcy rise also and follow him, and her agitation on seeing it was extreme. She did not fear her father's opposition, but he was going to be made unhappy, and that it should be through her means that she, his favorite child, should be distressing him by her choice, should be filling him with fears and regrets in disposing of her, was a wretched reflection, and she sat in misery till Mr. Darcy appeared again, when, looking at him, she was a little relieved by his smile. In a few minutes he approached the table where she was sitting with Kitty, and, while pretending to admire her work, said in a whisper, "Go to your father; he wants you in the library." She was gone directly.

Her father was walking about the room, looking grave and anxious. "Lizzy," said he, "what are you doing? are you out of your senses, to be accepting this man? Have not you always hated him?"

How earnestly did she then wish that her former opinions had been more reasonable, her expressions more moderate! It would have spared her from explanations and professions which it was exceedingly awkward to give; but they were now necessary, and she assured him, with some confusion, of her attachment to Mr. Darcy.

"Or, in other words, you are determined to have him. He is rich, to be sure, and you may have more fine clothes and fine carriages than Jane. But will they make you happy?"

"Have you any other objection," said Elizabeth, "than your belief of my indifference?"

"None at all. We all know him to be a proud, unpleasant sort of man; but this would be nothing if you really liked him."

"I do, I do like him," she replied, with tears in her eyes; "I love him. Indeed he has no improper pride. He is per-

fectly amiable. You do not know what he really is; then pray do not pain me by speaking of him in such terms."

"Lizzy," said her father, "I have given him my consent. He is the kind of man, indeed, to whom I should never dare refuse anything which he condescended to ask. I now give it to you, if you are resolved on having him. But let me advise you to think better of it. I know your disposition, Lizzy. I know that you could be neither happy nor respectable unless you truly esteemed your husband — unless you looked up to him as a superior. Your lively talents would place you in the greatest danger in an unequal marriage. You could scarcely escape discredit and misery. My child, let me not have the grief of seeing you unable to respect your partner in life. You know not what you are about."

Elizabeth, still more affected, was earnest and solemn in her reply; and at length, by repeated assurances that Mr. Darcy was really the object of her choice, by explaining the gradual change which her estimation of him had undergone, relating her absolute certainty that his affection was not the work of a day, but had stood the test of many months' suspense, and enumerating with energy all his good qualities, she did conquer her father's incredulity, and reconcile him to the match.

"Well, my dear," said he, when she ceased speaking, "I have no more to say. If this be the case, he deserves you. I could not have parted with you, my Lizzy, to any one less worthy." To complete the favorable impression, she then told him what Mr. Darcy had voluntarily done for Lydia. He heard her with astonishment.

"This is an evening of wonders, indeed! And so, Darcy did everything — made up the match, gave the money, paid the fellow's debts, and got him his commission! So much the better. It will save me a world of trouble and economy. Had it been your uncle's doing, I must and *would* have paid him; but these violent young lovers carry everything their own way. I shall offer to pay him to-morrow: he will rant and storm about his love for you, and there will be an end of the matter." He then recollected her embarrassment a few days before, on his reading Mr. Collins's letter; and after laughing at her some time, allowed her at last to go, saying, as she quitted

the room, "If any young men come for Mary or Kitty, send them in, for I am quite at leisure."

Elizabeth's mind was now relieved from a very heavy weight, and, after half an hour's quiet reflection in her own room, she was able to join the others with tolerable composure. Everything was too recent for gaiety, but the evening passed tranquilly away; there was no longer anything material to be dreaded, and the comfort of ease and familiarity would come in time.

When her mother went up to her dressing-room at night she followed her, and made the important communication. Its effect was most extraordinary; for, on first hearing it, Mrs. Bennet sat quite still, and unable to utter a syllable. Nor was it under many, many minutes, that she could comprehend what she heard, though not in general backward to credit what was for the advantage of her family, or that came in the shape of a lover to any of them. She began at length to recover, to fidget about in her chair, get up, sit down again, wonder, and bless herself.

"Good gracious! Lord bless me! only think! dear me! Mr. Darcy! Who would have thought it? And is it really true? Oh, my sweetest Lizzy! how rich and how great you will be! What pin-money, what jewels, what carriages you will have! Jane's is nothing to it — nothing at all. I am so pleased — so happy! Such a charming man! — so handsome! so tall! — Oh, my dear Lizzy! pray apologize for my having disliked him so much before. I hope he will overlook it. Dear, dear Lizzy! A house in town! Everything that is charming! Three daughters married! Ten thousand a year! Oh, Lord! what will become of me? I shall go distracted."

This was enough to prove that her approbation need not be doubted; and Elizabeth, rejoicing that such an effusion was heard only by herself, soon went away. But before she had been three minutes in her own room, her mother followed her.

"My dearest child," she cried, "I can think of nothing else! Ten thousand a year, and very likely more! 'Tis as good as a lord! And a special license! You must and shall

be married by a special license! But, my dearest love, tell me what dish Mr. Darcy is particularly fond of, that I may have it to-morrow."

This was a sad omen of what her mother's behavior to the gentleman himself might be; and Elizabeth found, that though in the certain possession of his warmest affection, and secure of her relations' consent, there was still something to be wished for. But the morrow passed off much better than she expected; for Mrs. Bennet luckily stood in such awe of her intended son-in-law that she ventured not to speak to him, unless it was in her power to offer him any attention, or mark her deference for his opinion.

Elizabeth had the satisfaction of seeing her father taking pains to get acquainted with him; and Mr. Bennet soon assured her that he was rising every hour in his esteem.

"I admire all my three sons-in-law highly," said he. "Wickham, perhaps, is my favorite; but I think I shall like your husband quite as well as Jane's."

ALFRED AUSTIN

ALFRED AUSTIN, an eminent English poet. Born near Leeds at Headingly, May 30, 1835. He resides at Swinford Old Manor, Ashford in Kent. Was educated in the University of London, and admitted to the bar in 1857. Achieving early distinction as a journalist and critic, he became editor of the *National Review*. He was made poet laureate in 1896, and is the author of twenty-five volumes. Among them are "The Golden Age, a Satire," "Savonarola, a Tragedy," "The Garden that I Love," and "Prince Lucifer."

THE DREGS OF LOVE

THINK you that I will drain the dregs of Love,
I who have quaffed the sweetness on its brink?
Now, by the steadfast burning stars above,
Better to faint of thirst than thuswise drink.
What! shall we twain who saw love's glorious fires
Flame toward the sky and flush Heaven's self with light,

Crouch by the embers as the glow expires,
And huddle closer from mere dread of night?
No! Cast love's goblet in oblivion's well,
Scatter love's ashes o'er the field of time!
Yet, ere we part, one kiss whereon to dwell
When life sounds senseless as some feeble rhyme.
Lo! as lips touch, anew Love's cresset glows,
And Love's sweet cup refills and overflows.

(From "A Dialogue at Fiesole")

SONGS

When Love was young, it asked for wings,
That it might still be roaming;
And away it sped, by fancy led,
Through dawn, and noon, and gloaming.
Each daintiness that blooms and blows
It wooed in honeyed meter,
And when it won the sweetest sweet.
It flew off to a sweeter:
When Love was young.

When Love was old, it craved for rest,
For home, and hearth, and haven;
For quiet talks round sheltered walks,
And long lawns smoothly shaven.
And what Love sought, at last it found,
A roof, a porch, a garden,
And from a fond unquestioning heart
Peace, sympathy, and pardon,
When Love was old.

I breathe my heart in the heart of the rose,
The rose that I pluck and send you,
With a prayer that the perfume its leaves inclose
May kiss, and caress, and tend you:
Caress and tend you till I can come,
To the garden where first I found you,
And the thought that as yet in the rose is dumb
Can ripple in music round you.

AUSTIN'S HOUSE NEAR ASHFORD, ENGLAND

[illegible] the [illegible] as the [illegible] expire,
[illegible] from mere [illegible] of night?
[illegible] goblet in [illegible]
[illegible] ashes o'er the [illegible]
[illegible] part, one kiss [illegible] to dwell
[illegible] life sounds senseless as [illegible]
[illegible] as lips touch anew Love's [illegible] glows,
And Love's sweet cup refills and overflows.

(From "A [illegible]")

[illegible]

When [illegible]
[illegible] might still [illegible];
And away it sped, by [illegible],
Through dawn and noon, and [illegible].
[illegible] that blooms and blows
[illegible]

[illegible]
It flew off to a sweeter,
When Love was young.

When Love was old, it [illegible]
[illegible] home, and [illegible]
For [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible],
When Love was old.

[illegible] my heart in the heart [illegible]
The rose that I pluck and send [illegible]
[illegible] prayer that the perfume [illegible]
[illegible] kiss, and caress, and [illegible]
[illegible] tend you till I [illegible]
[illegible] where [illegible]
[illegible] that [illegible] is dumb
[illegible] in [illegible]

O rose, that will shortly be her guest,
You may well look happy, at leaving:
Will you lie in the cradle her snowy breast
Doth rock with its gentle heaving?
Will you mount the throne of her hazel hair,
That waves like a summer billow,
Or be hidden and hushed, at nightfall prayer,
In the folds of her dimpled pillow?

And when she awakes at dawn to feel
If you have been dreaming with her,
Then the whole of your secret, sweet rose, reveal,
And say I am coming thither:
And that when there is silence in earth and sky,
And peace from the cares that cumber,
She must not ask if your leaves or I
Be clasped in her perfumed slumber.

A WILD ROSE

I

The first wild rose in wayside hedge,
This year I wandering see,
I pluck, and send it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to Thee.

II

For when my gaze first met thy gaze,
We were knee-deep in June:
The nights were only dreamier days,
And all the hours in tune.

III

I found thee, like the eglantine,
Sweet, simple, and apart;
And, from that hour, thy smile hath been
The flower that scents my heart.

IV

And, ever since, when tendrils grace
  Young copse or weathered bole
With rosebuds, straight I see thy face,
  And gaze into thy soul.

V

A natural bud of love Thou art,
  Where, gazing down, I view,
Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart,
  A drop of heavenly dew.

VI

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear;
  Bid her come swift and soon.
O would that She were always here!
  It then were always June.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN

William Edmonstoune Aytoun. Born in Edinburgh, June 21, 1813; died near Elgin, Scotland, August 4, 1865. Was an editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* during twenty-two years, and was long the Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh. He was author, editor, or translator of nine volumes. His reputation chiefly rests upon "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," of which there have been many editions.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

I

It was upon an April morn,
  While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
  Sound by the rocky shore.

II

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
That rode within the bay.

III

We spoke not, as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

IV

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

V

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck —
Oh, but his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle-van.

VI

"Come hither, I pray, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freet lies near my soul
I needs must tell to thee.

VII

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:
How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

VIII

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

IX

"Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dreamed a dreary dream: —
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight's quivering beam.

X

"His robe was of the azure dye —
Snow-white his scattered hairs —
And even such a cross he bore
As good Saint Andrew bears.

XI

"'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?

XII

"'The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

XIII

"'But 'tis not there that Scotland's heart
Shall rest, by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

XIV

"'Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

XV

"'And it shall pass beneath the cross,
And save King Robert's vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou!'

XVI

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee —
Nor truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me —

XVII

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

XVIII

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand —
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

XIX

"But if in battle-front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

XX

And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee,

XXI

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

XXII

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armèd men
That round yon standard throng?"

XXIII

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil, and waste, and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

XXIV

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardie!

XXV

"Have down, have down, my merry men all —
Have down unto the plain;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!"

XXVI

"Now welcome to me, noble Lord,
Thou and thy stalwart power;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
Who comes in such an hour!

XXVII

"Is it for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

XXVIII

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers —
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

XXIX

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
Who died upon the tree.

XXX

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

XXXI

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

XXXII

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne —
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

XXXIII

"I know thy name full well, Lord James,
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

XXXIV

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

XXXV

The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!
"There is not one of all my men
But is as frank as I.

XXXVI

"There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear —
Then — onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
And think, King Robert's here!"

XXXVII

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As, spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

XXXVIII

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

XXXIX

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through;
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

XL

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

XLI

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried —
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

XLII

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain;
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

XLIII

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

XLIV

Then in the stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

XLV

He flung it from him far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But — "Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!"

XLVI

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

XLVII

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell —
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well?"

XLVIII

"Oh, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me;
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

XLIX

"There lies above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe, that I am living man,
Not lying there by him!

L

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

LI

"O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May!
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

LII

"And, Scotland, thou may'st veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain:
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

LIII

"We'll bear them back unto our ship,
We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
Within our own countrie.

LIV

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!"

LV

The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

LVI

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

LVII

We lifted thence the good Lord James,
And the priceless heart he bore;
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

LVIII

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death,
Before the mighty dead.

LIX

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woeful men were we that day —
God grant their souls repose!

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER

Come listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the luster to your eye; —
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh!
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the north,
  Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
  All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
  Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
  Though exiled far away,
    From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
      All of the olden time!

His father drew the righteous sword
  For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
  And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
  The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
  With the glory of the Graemes;
    Like a true old Scottish cavalier
      All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,
  No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
  From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
  He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
  That bore the white cockade:
    Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
      All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through the land —
  The PRINCE had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
  O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old baron rose in might,
  Like a lion from his den,

And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee
When the STANDARD waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever, in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heath,
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

Oh! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true —
The olden times have passed away,
And weary are the new:
The fair white rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE

OPEN wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest —
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots and last of freemen —
Last of all the dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after-time:

Honor may be deemed dishonor,
  Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
  Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
  Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep! — and till the latest trumpet
  Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
  Chieftain than our own Dundee!

FRANCIS BACON

Francis Bacon, Lord High Chancellor of England. Born at York House on the Strand in London, January 22, 1561; died at Highgate, April 9, 1626. His mother was a most learned woman. As a child, Francis was a favorite with Queen Elizabeth.

As a student at Cambridge, he found the University under the power of Aristotle, whose "Organum" was at the height of its influence, — the principles and rules of syllogistic inference occupying then the thinkers of the age. Bacon made up his mind that an inquiry into the laws of nature would be a better use of reason than debating dialectics, and he finally replaced the "Organum" of the schools by his own "New Organum," and overthrew the Aristotelian reign of eighteen centuries. The past and its traditions thus gave way to the study of natural science, which came to its true place in the education of the human race.

During a life of great activity at court as well as in philosophical investigation, Bacon found time to set forth a shrewd, practical estimate of human life which he issued in the form of his "Essays." Their style is so pithy and so terse, their substance is so worldly-wise, that together with "The Advancement of Learning," a review of the state of knowledge of his time, they are the most read and the most influential of all his works Macaulay said of them, "They have moved the intellects which have moved the world," — a statement over-strong, perhaps, but none the less worth consideration.

OF TRUTH

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief — affecting freewill in thinking, as well as in acting — and, though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that, when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural, though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later schools of the Grecians exam-

ineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy "vinum dæmonum," because it filleth the imagination, and yet is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it — the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it — and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it — is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason, and his Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos, then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet, that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below;" so always that this prospect be with pity, and

not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge, "If it be well weighed, to say, that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards man; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man." Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold that when "Christ cometh," he shall not "find faith upon earth."

OF REVENGE

Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more Man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out: for as for the first wrong, it does but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon: and Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offense." That which is past is gone and irrecoverable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves, that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like; therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong, merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn

or brier, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then, let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one.

Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh: this is the more generous; for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt, as in making the party repent: but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark.

Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?" and so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate; as that for the death of Cæsar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry III of France; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so; nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches, who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

OF ENVY

There be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy; they both have vehement wishes, they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects, which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see, likewise, the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye, and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects, so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation or irradiation of the eye; nay, some have been so curious as to note, that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt, are when the party envied is beheld in glory

or triumph, for that sets an edge upon envy; and, besides, at such times, the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.

But, leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons are apt to envy others; what persons are most subject to be envied themselves; and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others — for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play-pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others; neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets, and doth not keep home: "Non est curiosus, quin idem sit malevolus."

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise: for the distance is altered; and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and eunuchs, and old men and bastards, are envious; for he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's; except these defects light upon a very brave and heroical nature, which thinketh to make his natural wants part of his honor; in that it should be said, "That an eunuch, or a lame man, did such great matters;" affecting the honor of a miracle: as it was in Narses the eunuch, and Agesilaus and Tamerlane, that were lame men.

The same is the case of men who rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men fallen out with the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vainglory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work —

it being impossible but many, in some one of those things, should surpass them; which was the character of Adrian the emperor, that mortally envied poets and painters, and artificers in works wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolks and fellows in office, and those that are bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh oftener into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because, when his sacrifice was better accepted, there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy. First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for their fortune seemeth but due unto them; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again, envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self; and where there is no comparison, no envy — and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortune continueth long; for by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same luster, for fresh men grow up to darken it.

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising, for it seemeth but right done to their birth: besides, there seemeth not much added to their fortune; and envy is as the sunbeams, that beat hotter upon a bank, or steep rising ground, than upon a flat; and, for the same reason, those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly, and "per saltum."

Those that have joined with their honor great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy; for men think that they earn their honors hardly, and pity them sometimes, and pity ever healeth envy; wherefore you shall observe that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a

"quanta patimur"; not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy: but this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves; for nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business — and nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and preëminences of their places; for, by that means, there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner — being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition or competition: whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves, sometimes of purpose, to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding, so much is true, that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner (so it be without arrogancy and vainglory) doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion; for in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot (as they call it), and to lay it upon another; for which purpose, the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves; sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and associates, and the like; and, for that turn, there are never wanting some persons of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now, to speak of public envy. There is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none; for public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they grow too great; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones to keep within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word "invidia," goeth in the

modern languages by the name of discontentment, of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a State like to infection; for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is gotten once into a State, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odor; and therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions; for that doth argue but a weakness and fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more; as it is likewise usual in infections, which, if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to bear chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and States themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small, or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy (though hidden) is truly upon the State itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual; for of other affections there is occasion given but now and then; and therefore it was well said, "Invidia festos dies non agit," for it is ever working upon some or other. And it is also noted, that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the Devil, who is called "The envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night;" as it always cometh to pass, that envy worketh subtilely, and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

OF SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION

Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy, or wisdom — for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it — therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the greatest dissemblers.

Tacitus saith, "Livia sorted well with the arts of her husband, and dissimulation of her son," attributing arts of policy to

Augustus, and dissimulation to Tiberius; and again, when Mucianus encourageth Vespasian to take arms against Vitellius, he saith, "We rise not against the piercing judgment of Augustus nor the extreme caution or closeness of Tiberius." These properties of art, or policy, and dissimulation, and closeness, are indeed habits and faculties several, and to be distinguished; for if a man have that penetration of judgment as he can discern what things are to be laid open, and what to be secreted, and what to be shown at half-lights, and to whom and when (which indeed are arts of state, and arts of life, as Tacitus well calleth them), to him a habit of dissimulation is a hindrance and a poorness. But if a man cannot obtain to that judgment, then it is left to him generally to be close, and a dissembler; for where a man cannot choose or vary in particulars, there it is good to take the safest and wariest way in general, like the going softly by one that cannot well see. Certainly the ablest men that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop to turn, and at such times when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion, spread abroad, of their good faith and clearness of dealing, made them almost invisible.

There be three degrees of this hiding and veiling of a man's self: the first, closeness, reservation, and secrecy, — when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken, what he is; the second, dissimulation in the negative, — when a man lets fall signs and arguments that he is not that he is; and the third, simulation in the affirmative, — when a man industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not.

For the first of these, secrecy, it is indeed the virtue of a confessor; and assuredly the secret man heareth many confessions, for who will open himself to a blab or a babbler? But if a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery, as the more close air sucketh in the more open; and as in confessing, the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man's heart; so secret men come to the knowledge of many things in that kind, while men rather discharge their minds than impart

their minds. In few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides (to say truth) nakedness is uncomely, as well in mind as in body; and it addeth no small reverence to men's manners and actions, if they be not altogether open. As for talkers and futile persons, they are commonly vain and credulous withal; for he that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not, therefore set it down, that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral; and in this part it is good that a man's face give his tongue leave to speak; for the discovery of a man's self, by the tracts of his countenance, is a great weakness and betraying, by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's words.

For the second, which is dissimulation, it followeth many times upon secrecy, by a necessity; so that he that will be secret, must be a dissembler in some degree, — for men are too cunning to suffer a man to keep an indifferent carriage between both, and to be secret, without swaying the balance on either side. They will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick it out of him, that, without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech. As for equivocations, or oraculous speeches, they cannot hold out long; so that no man can be secret, except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation, which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy.

But for the third degree, which is simulation and false profession, that I hold more culpable, and less politic, except it be in great and rare matters; and, therefore, a general custom of simulation (which is this last degree) is a vice rising either of a natural falseness, or fearfulness, or of a mind that hath some main faults, which, because a man must needs disguise, it maketh him practise simulation in other things, lest his hand should be out of use.

The advantages of simulation and dissimulation are three — first, to lay asleep opposition, and to surprise; for where a man's intentions are published, it is an alarm to call up all that are against them; the second is, to reserve to a man's self a fair retreat; for if a man engage himself by a manifest declaration, he must go through, or take a fall: the third is, the better

to discover the mind of another; for to him that opens himself, men will hardly show themselves averse, but will (fair) let him go on, and turn their freedom of speech to freedom of thought; and therefore it is a good shrewd proverb of the Spaniard, "Tell a lie and find a troth," as if there were no way of discovery but by simulation. There be also three disadvantages to set it even: the first, that simulation and dissimulation commonly carry with them a show of fearfulness, which, in any business, doth spoil the feathers of round flying up to the mark; the second, that it puzzleth and perplexeth the conceits of many, that perhaps would otherwise coöperate with him, and makes a man walk almost alone to his own ends; the third, and greatest, is, that it depriveth a man of one of the most principal instruments for action, which is trust and belief. The best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign, if there be no remedy.

OF FRIENDSHIP

It had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words, than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god;" for it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation; such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathens — as Epimenides, the Candian; Numa, the Roman; Empedocles, the Sicilian; and Apollonius, of Tyana; and truly, and really, in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: "Magna civitas, magna solitudo," — because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part,

which is in less neighborhoods; but we may go farther, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and, even in this scene also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak, — so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness: for princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except, to make themselves capable thereof, they raise some persons to be as it were companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes, — as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them "participes curarum"; for it is that which tieth the knot: and we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey, after surnamed The Great, to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch; for when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that

Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting. With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew; and this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death; for when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and especially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamed a better dream; and it seemed his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter, which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, called him "*venefica*," witch,—as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa, though of mean birth, to that height, as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life, — there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him, saith, "Hæc, pro amicitia nostra non occultavi;" and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimus Severus and Plautianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also, in a letter to the senate, by these words, "I love the man so well, as I wish he may overlive me." Now if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth, most plainly, that they found their own felicity, though as great as ever happened to mortal men, but as a half piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews, yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy — namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and, least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis XI, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, "Cor ne edito" — eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts; but one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchemists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature; for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression — and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily — he marshaleth them more orderly — he seeth how they look when they are turned into words — finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a

day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, "That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad" — whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best), but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation — which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well, in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best;" and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business: for the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor." As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or, that a gamester seeth always

more than a looker-on: or, that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters; or, that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all: but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight; and if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is as well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all), but he runneth two dangers; one, that he shall not be faithfully counseled — for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it; the other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning) and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy — even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body, — and therefore, may put you in a way for present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease, and kill the patient: but a friend, that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience, — and, therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels, for they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is, like the pomegranate, full of many kernels — I mean, aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here, the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, "that a friend is another himself," for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires.

A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg, and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless: I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

OF RICHES

I CANNOT call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better — *impedimenta;* for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue — it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit; so saith Solomon, "Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them, or a power of dole, and a donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones or rarities — and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then, you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles; as Solomon saith, "Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man:" but this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact; for, certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such

as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them, but distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, "In studio rei amplificandæ, apparebat, non avaritiæ prædam, sed instrumentum bonitati quæri." Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: "Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons." The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labor pace slowly, but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto taking him for the Devil; for when riches come from the Devil (as by fraud, and oppression, and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches, for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth; but it is slow: and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman of England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time, — a great grazier, a great sheep-master, a great timber man, a great collier, a great corn-master, a great lead man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, "That himself came very hardly to little riches, and very easily to great riches;" for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains, which for their greatness are few men's money, and the partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things, chiefly, by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity; broke by servants, and instruments to draw them on; put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which

are crafty and naughty. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby a man doth eat his bread, "*in sudore vultus alieni*," and besides, doth plow upon Sundays: but yet certain though it be, it hath flaws: for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches; as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries: therefore, if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for resale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for "fishing for testaments and executorships," (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, "Testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi") it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service.

Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the Public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great estate left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment: likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt; and but the painted sepulchers of alms, which soon will putrefy and cor-

rupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death: for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.

THE PRAISE OF KNOWLEDGE

Silence were the best celebration of that which I mean to commend; for who would not use silence, where silence is not made? and what crier can make silence in such a noise and tumult of vain and popular opinions? My praise shall be dedicated to the mind itself. The mind is the man, and the knowledge of the mind. A man is but what he knoweth. The mind itself is but an accident to knowledge, for knowledge is a double of that which is. The truth of being, and the truth of knowing, is all one; and the pleasures of the affections greater than the pleasures of the senses. And are not the pleasures of the intellect greater than the pleasures of the affections? Is it not a true and only natural pleasure, whereof there is no satiety? Is it not knowledge that doth alone clear the mind of all perturbations? How many things are there which we imagine not! How many things do we esteem and value otherwise than they are! This ill-proportioned estimation, these vain imaginations, these be the clouds of error that turn into the storms of perturbation. Is there any such happiness as for a man's mind to be raised above the confusion of things, where he may have the prospect of the order of nature, and the error of men? Is this but a vein only of delight, and not of discovery? — of contentment, and not of benefit? Shall we not as well discern the riches of nature's warehouse as the benefit of her shop? Is truth ever barren? Shall we not be able thereby to produce worthy effects, and to endow the life of man with infinite commodities? But shall I make this garland to be put upon a wrong head? Would anybody believe me if I should verify this, upon the knowledge that is now in use? Are we the richer by one poor invention, by reason of all the learning that hath been these many hundred years? The industry of artificers maketh some small improvement of things invented; and chance sometimes, in experimenting, maketh us to stumble upon some-

what which is new; but all the disputation of the learned never brought to light one effect of nature before unknown. When things are known and found out, then they can descant upon them, they can knit them into certain causes, they can reduce them to their principles. If any instance of experience stand against them, they can range it in order by some distinctions. But all this is but a web of the wit; it can work nothing. I do not doubt but that common notions, which we call reason, and the knitting of them together, which we call logic, are the art of reason and studies. But they rather cast obscurity, than gain light to the contemplation of nature.

All the philosophy of nature which is now received, is either the philosophy of the Grecians, or that of the alchemists. That of the Grecians hath the foundations in words, in ostentation, in confutation, in sects, in schools, in disputations. The Grecians were, as one of themselves saith, *you Grecians, ever children.* They knew little antiquity; they knew, except fables, not much above five hundred years before themselves. They knew but a small portion of the world. That of the alchemists hath the foundation in imposture, in auricular traditions and obscurity. It was catching hold of religion, but the principle of it is, *Populus vult decipi.* So that I know no great difference between these great philosophers, but that the one is a loud crying folly, and the other is a whispering folly. The one is gathered out of a few vulgar observations, and the other out of a few experiments of a furnace. The one never faileth to multiply words, and the other ever faileth to multiply gold. Who would not smile at Aristotle, when he admireth the eternity and invariableness of the heavens, as there were not the like in the bowels of the earth? Those be the confines and borders of these two kingdoms, where the continual alteration and incursion are. The superficies and upper parts of the earth are full of varieties. The superficies and lower parts of the heavens, which we call the middle region of the air, are full of variety. There is much spirit in the one part that cannot be brought into mass. There is much massy body in the other place that cannot be refined to spirit. The common air is as the waste ground between the borders. Who would not smile at the astronomers, I mean not these few carmen which drive

the earth about, but the ancient astronomers, which feign the moon to be the swiftest of the planets in motion, and the rest in order, the higher the slower; and so are compelled to imagine a double motion; whereas how evident is it, that that which they call a contrary motion, is but an abatement of motion? The fixed stars overgo Saturn, and so in them and the rest, all is but one motion, and the nearer the earth the slower — a motion also whereof air and water do participate, though much interrupted.

But why do I in a conference of pleasure enter into these great matters, in sort that pretending to know much, I should forget what is seasonable? Pardon me, it was because all things may be endowed and adorned with speeches, but knowledge itself is more beautiful than any apparel of words that can be put upon it. And let not me seem arrogant without respect to these great reputed authors. Let me so give every man his due, as I give Time his due, which is to discover truth. Many of these men had greater wits, far above mine own, and so are many in the universities of Europe at this day. But, alas! they learn nothing there but to believe; first to believe that others know that which they know not; and after, themselves know that which they know not. But, indeed, facility to believe, impatience to doubt, temerity to answer, glory to know, doubt to contradict, end to gain, sloth to search, seeking things in words, resting in part of nature; these, and the like, have been the things which have forbidden the happy match between the mind of man and the nature of things, and in place thereof have married it to vain notions and blind experiments; and what the posterity and issue of so honorable a match may be, it is not hard to consider.

Printing, a gross invention; artillery, a thing that lay not far out of the way; the needle, a thing partly known before: what a change have these three made in the world in these times; the one in state of learning, the other in the state of war, the third in the state of treasure, commodities, and navigation! And those, I say, were but stumbled upon and lighted upon by chance. Therefore, no doubt, the sovereignty of Man lieth hid in knowledge; wherein many things are reserved, which kings with their treasure cannot buy, nor with their force

command; their spials and intelligencers can give no news of them, their seamen and discoverers cannot sail where they grow; now we govern nature in opinions, but we are thrall unto her in necessity; but if we would be led by her in invention, we should command her in action.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

Philip James Bailey, an English barrister and poet. Born in Basford, Nottinghamshire, England, April 22, 1816; died September 6, 1902. Although in later life he published several works, — "The Mystic," "The Age," "The Angel World," and "The Universal Hymn," — it is by his first great poem, "Festus," written before his twenty-first year, that Bailey established his claim to poetical renown. "Festus" treats of the highest themes of religion and philosophy in a way reminding one of portions of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Goethe's "Faust." It has the extravagances and the faults of youth, but has as well youth's daring imagery and ardent enthusiasm. It is a powerful and noble poem, soul-stirring and inspiring in many of its splendid lines.

(From "Festus")

Festus. This life's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
Like many men's. And yet men love to live
As if mere life were worth their living for.
What but perdition will it be to most?
Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood:
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.

. . . . . .

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most — feels the noblest — acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end — that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things — God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.
Why will we live and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die.

It is the dead win battles. And the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close
It dims his well-worn scythe. But no! the brave
Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms for more — their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due; it is they who saved us.
The rapid and the deep — the fall, the gulf
Have likenesses in feeling and in life.
And life, so varied, hath more loveliness
In one day than a creeping century
Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change
Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
Becomes variety, and takes its place.
Yet some will last to die out thought by thought,
And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
Till all of soul that's left be dry and dark;
Till even the burden of some ninety years
Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
Their system as if ninety suns had rushed
To ruin earth — or Heaven had rained its stars;
Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable
Through dust and mold. Can they be cleaned and read?
Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?

Lucifer. The eye dims and the heart gets old and slow;
The lithe limb stiffens, and the sun-hued locks
Thin themselves off, or whitely wither; — still
Ages not spirit, even in one point,
Immeasurably small; from orb to orb,
In ever rising radiance, shining like
The sun upon the thousand lands of earth.
Look at the medley, motley throng we meet!
Some smiling — frowning some; their cares and joys
Alike not worth a thought — some sauntering slowly
As if destruction never could o'ertake them;
Some hurrying on as fearing judgment swift
Should trip the heels of Death and seize them living.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS

(Anonymous)

FAIR ANNIE

1

THE reivers they stole Fair Annie,
As she walked by the sea;
But a noble knight was her ransom soon,
Wi' goud and white monie.

2

She bided in strangers' land wi' him,
And none knew whence she came;
She lived in the castle wi' her love,
But never told her name.

3

"It's narrow, narrow, mak' your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm gaun o'er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw Bride to bring hame.
Wi' her I will get goud and gear,
Wi' you I ne'er gat nane.

4

"And wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my bright Bride,
That I bring o'er the dale?"

5

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your bright Bride,
That you bring o'er the dale."

6

"But she that welcomes my bright Bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace up her robe sae jimp,
And comely braid her hair.

7

"Bind up, bind up your yellow hair,
And tie it on your neck;
And see you look as maiden-like
As the day that first we met."

8

"O how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not borne six sons to thee,
And am wi' child again?"

9

"I'll put cooks into my kitchen,
And stewards in my hall,
And I'll have bakers for my bread,
And brewers for my ale;
But you're to welcome my bright Bride,
That I bring owre the dale."

10

Three months and a day were gane and past,
Fair Annie she gat word,
That her love's ship was come at last,
Wi' his bright young Bride aboard.

11

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Anither in her hand;
And she's gane up to the highest tower,
Looks over sea and land.

12

"Come doun, come doun, my mother dear,
Come aff the castle wa'!
I fear if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursell doun fa'."

13

She's ta'en a cake o' the best bread,
A stoup o' the best wine;
And a' the keys upon her arm,
And to the yett is gane.

14

"O ye're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your castles and your towers;
Ye're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your ha's, but and your bowers.
And welcome to your hame, fair lady!
For a' that's here is yours."

15

"O whatna lady's that, my lord,
That welcomes you and me?
Gin I be lang about this place,
Her friend I mean to be."

16

Fair Annie served the lang tables
Wi' the white bread and the wine;
But aye she drank the wan water
To keep her color fine.

17

And she gaed by the first table,
And smiled upon them a';
But ere she reach'd the second table,
The tears began to fa'.

18

She took a napkin lang and white,
And hung it on a pin;
It was to wipe away the tears,
As she gaed out and in.

19

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And a' men bound for bed,
The bridegroom and the bonny bride
In ae chamber were laid.

20

Fair Annie's ta'en a harp in her hand,
To harp thir twa asleep;
But aye, as she harpit and she sang,
Fu' sairly did she weep.

21

"O gin my sons were seven rats,
Rinnin' on the castle wa',
And I mysell a great gray cat,
I soon wad worry them a'!

22

"O gin my sons were seven hares,
Rinnin' o'er yon lily lee,
And I mysell a good greyhound,
Soon worried they a' should be!"

23

Then out and spak' the bonny young Bride,
In bride-bed where she lay:
"That's like my sister Annie," she says;
"Wha is it doth sing and play?"

24

"I'll put on my gown," said the new-come Bride,
"And my shoes upon my feet;
I will see wha doth sae sadly sing,
And what is it gars her greet.

25

"What ails you, what ails you, my housekeeper,
That ye mak' sic a mane?
Has ony wine-barrel cast its girds,
Or is a' your white bread gane?"

26

"It is na because my wine is spilt,
Or that my white bread's gane;
But because I've lost my true love's love,
And he's wed to anither ane."

27

"Noo tell me wha was your father?" she says,
"Noo tell me wha was your mother?
And had ye ony sister?" she says,
"And had ye ever a brother?"

28

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother,
Young Elinor she was my sister dear,
And Lord John he was my brother."

29

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it's O my sister Annie!
Your love ye sall na tyne.

30

"Tak' your husband, my sister dear;
You ne'er were wrang'd for me,
Beyond a kiss o' his merry mouth
As we came o'er the sea.

31

"Seven ships, loaded weel,
Came o'er the sea wi' me;
Ane o' them will tak' me hame,
And six I'll gie to thee."

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

1

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love o' Barbara Allen.

2

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

3

Slowly, slowly rase she up,
And she cam' where he was lying;
And when she drew the curtain by,
Says, "Young man, I think you're dying."

4

"O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allen."
"O the better for me ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blude were a-spilling!"

5

"O dinna ye min', young man," she says,
"When the red wine ye were filling,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And ye slighted Barbara Allen?"

6

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was wi' him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a';
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

7

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knelling;
And every jow the dead-bell gave,
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allen!"

8

"O mother, mother, mak' my bed,
To lay me down in sorrow.
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET, OR THE WATER OF CLYDE

1

Willie stands in his stable,
A-clapping of his steed;
And over his white fingers
His nose began to bleed.

2

"Gie corn to my horse, mither;
Gie meat unto my man;
For I maun gang to Margaret's bower,
Before the night comes on."

3

"O stay at hame, my son Willie!
The wind blaws cold and stour;
The night will be baith mirk and late,
Before ye reach her bower."

4

"O tho' the night were ever sae dark,
O the wind blew never sae cauld,
I will be in May Margaret's bower
Before twa hours be tauld."

5

"O bide this night wi' me, Willie,
O bide this night wi' me!
The bestan fowl in a' the roost
At your supper, my son, shall be."

6

"A' your fowls, and a' your roosts,
I value not a pin;
I only care for May Margaret,
And ere night to her bower I'll win."

7

"O an ye gang to May Margaret
Sae sair against my will,
In the deepest pot o' Clyde's water
My malison ye's feel!"

8

He mounted on his coal-black steed,
And fast he rade awa';
But ere he came to Clyde's water
Fu' loud the wind did blaw.

9

As he rade over yon hie hie hill,
And doun yon dowie den,
There was a roar in Clyde's water
Wad fear'd a hundred men.

10

But Willie has swam through Clyde's water,
Though it was wide and deep;
And he came to May Margaret's door
When a' were fast asleep.

11

O he's gane round and round about,
And tirled at the pin,
But doors were steek'd and windows barr'd,
And nane to let him in.

12

"O open the door to me, Margaret!
O open and let me in!
For my boots are fu' o' Clyde's water,
I'm shivering to the chin."

13

"I daurna open the door to you,
I daurna let you in;
For my mither she is fast asleep
And I maun mak' nae din."

14

"O gin ye winna open the door,
Nor be sae kind to me,
Now tell me o' some out-chamber,
Where I this night may be."

15

"Ye canna win in this night, Willie,
Nor here ye canna be;
For I've nae chambers out nor in,
Nae chamber but barely three.

16

"The tane is fu' to the roof wi' corn,
The tither is fu' wi' hay;
The third is fu' o' merry young men,
They winna remove till day."

17

"O fare ye weel, then, May Margaret,
Sin' better it mauna be.
I have won my mither's malison
Coming this night to thee."

18

He's mounted on his coal-black steed,
O but his heart was wae!
But e'er he came to Clyde's water,
'Twas halfway up the brae.

19

When down he rade to the river-flood,
'Twas fast flowing ower the brim;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water
Took Willie's rod frae him.

20

He leaned him ower his saddle-bow
To catch his rod again;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water
Took Willie's hat frae him.

21

He leaned him ower his saddle-bow
To catch his hat by force;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water
Took Willie frae his horse.

22

"O I canna turn to my horse's head;
I canna strive to sowm;
I've gotten my mither's malison,
And it's here that I maun drown!"

23

The very hour this young man sank
Into the pot sae deep,
Up waken'd his love, May Margaret,
Out of her heavy sleep.

24

"Come hither, come hither, my minnie dear,
Come hither, read my dream;
I dream'd my love Willie was at our gates,
And nane would let him in."

25

"Lie still, lie still, dear Margaret,
Lie still and tak' your rest;
Your lover Willie was at the gates,
'Tis but two quarters past."

26

Nimbly, nimbly rase she up,
And quickly put she on;
While ever against her window
The louder blew the win'.

27

Out she ran into the night,
And down the dowie den;
The strength that was in Clyde water
Wad drown five hundred men.

28

She stepped in to her ancle,
She stepped free and bold;
"Ohone, alas!" said that lady,
"This water is wondrous cold."

29

The second step that she waded,
She waded to the knee;
Says she, "I'd fain wade farther in,
If I my love could see."

30

The neistan step that she waded,
She waded to the chin;
'Twas a whirlin' pot o' Clyde's water
She got sweet Willie in.

31

"O ye've had a cruel mither, Willie!
And I have had anither;
But we shall sleep in Clyde's water
Like sister and like brither."

32

When the water o' Clyde left roaring
And the sun shone warm and fair,
They found these twa in each ither's arms,
Like lovers true as they were.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUES THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

1

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

2

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

3

"What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There's my three sons in Nottingham town
To-day condemned to die."

4

"O, have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin?
Or other men's wives have ta'en?"

5

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor other men's wives have ta'en."

6

"O, what have they done?" said Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

7

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

8

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

9

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemn'd to die this day."

10

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is ten shillings in good silvèr,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

11

"O, thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh not an old man to scorn."

12

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here is a piece of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

13

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown:
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

14

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

15

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patch'd from leg to side:
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin can say,
"This man loved little pride."

16

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist:
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

17

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

18

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

19

"Save you, save you, sheriff!" he said;
"Now heaven you save and see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?"

20

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

21

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone:
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

22

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made!

23

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

24

"I have a horn in my pockèt,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."

25

"O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellòw!
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

26

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

27

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

28

"O, who are those," the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"They're my attendants," brave Robin did say;
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

29

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sherìff on that,
Released their own three men.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

When Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound."
Hey down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone;
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dri'e;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee:
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
"Little John, thou begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;

And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirklèys.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squires son;
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see, —
"Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,

All but the bayliffes daughter deare;
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

As she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a color soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she sayd,
"Will ease me of much paine."

"Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne."
"At Islington, kind sir," sayd shee,
"Where I have had many a scorne."

"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long agoe."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe."

"O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride."

"O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde;
In love they lived, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled:

But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother deare,
"O brother kinde," quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard."
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
"God bless you both, my children deare;"
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sicke couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not feare.
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And bringes them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale.
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent:
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the childrens life:

And he that was of mildest mood,
  Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
  The babes did quake for feare.

He took the children by the hand,
  Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
  And look they did not crye:
And two long miles he ledd them on,
  While they for food complaine:
"Staye here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
  When I come back againe."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
  Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
  Approaching from the towne:
Their prettye lippes with blackberries
  Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
  They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
  Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers armes they died,
  As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
  Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast piously
  Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
  Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
  His conscience felt an hell;
His barnes were fired, his goodes consumed,
  His landes were barren made,

His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in the voyage of Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye:
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to dye,
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed:
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

CHEVY–CHACE

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Erle Piercy took his way;

The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away:
The tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earl Piercy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear.

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouze them up again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promiséd
This day to meet me heer.

"If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed:"
"Then cease your sport," Erle Piercy said,
"And take your bows with speed.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," he said, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Piercy he;
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be.

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest hart to slay;"
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-bravéd be,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Piercy, so am I.

"But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battel try,
And set our men aside:"
"Accursed be he," Lord Piercy said,
"By whom this is denyed."

Then stept a gallant squire forth
(Witherington was his name),
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That ere my captaine fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:
You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone.

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent;
A captain moved with mickle pride
The spears to shivers sent.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions moved they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Piercy," Douglas said;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advancéd be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Piercy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spoke more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renownéd knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And passed the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With the Earl Piercy, there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet savéd could not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wise
Did with Earl Douglas dye;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slaine.

"O heavy news," King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revengéd on them all,
For brave Earl Piercy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed,
After, on Humbledown;
In one day, fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Earl Piercy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

HONORÉ DE BALZAC, the most famous of French novelists. Born in Tours, May 16, 1799; died in Paris, August 18, 1850. The author of ninety-seven novels within twenty years; among them, "Eugénie Grandet," "The Country Doctor," "The Woman of Thirty," "Scenes of Paris Life," "Lost Illusions," "Père Goriot," "César Birotteau," "The Grenadier Woman," "Cousin Betty," "Scenes of Political Life," "The Poor Relations," "Scenes of Military Life."

Balzac called his collected works the "Comédie Humaine," in contrast to Dante's "Divine Comedy"; and if the great Italian's masterpiece is eminently characteristic of the Middle Ages, that of the Frenchman is no less a faithful picture of his country in the nineteenth century. He called himself, indeed, the "secretary of society," whose duty was faithfully to record the virtues and the vices of his age. As a delineator of the scenes and actors in the tragedy and comedy of human existence, Balzac has never been surpassed. If some of his detailed descriptions and analyses now seem a trifle tedious, the finished pictures of such characters as "Eugénie Grandet," "Père Goriot," and "The Country Doctor" still have indisputable value as most subtle portraitures of human strength and weakness.

THE PURSE

FOR souls to whom effusiveness is easy there is a delicious hour that falls when it is not yet night, but is no longer day; the twilight gleam throws softened lights or tricksy reflections on every object, and favors a dreamy mood which vaguely weds itself to the play of light and shade. The silence which generally prevails at that time makes it particularly dear to artists, who grow contemplative, stand a few paces back from the pictures on which they can no longer work, and pass judgment on them, rapt by the subject whose most recondite meaning then flashes on the inner eye of genius. He who has never stood pensive by a friend's side in such an hour of poetic dreaming can hardly understand its inexpressible soothingness. Favored by the clear-obscure, the material skill employed by art to produce illusion entirely disappears. If the work is a picture, the figures represented seem to speak and walk; the shade is shadow, the light is day; the flesh lives, eyes move, blood flows in their veins,

and stuffs have a changing sheen. Imagination helps the realism of every detail, and only sees the beauties of the work. At that hour illusion reigns despotically; perhaps it wakes at nightfall! Is not illusion a sort of night to the mind, which we people with dreams? Illusion then unfolds its wings, it bears the soul aloft to the world of fancies, a world full of voluptuous imaginings, where the artist forgets the real world, yesterday and the morrow, the future — everything down to its miseries, the good and the evil alike.

At this magic hour a young painter, a man of talent, who saw in art nothing but Art itself, was perched on a step-ladder which helped him to work at a large high painting, now nearly finished. Criticizing himself, honestly admiring himself, floating on the current of his thoughts, he then lost himself in one of those meditative moods which ravish and elevate the soul, soothe it, and comfort it. His reverie had no doubt lasted a long time. Night fell. Whether he meant to come down from his perch, or whether he made some ill-judged movement, believing himself to be on the floor — the event did not allow of his remembering exactly the cause of his accident — he fell, his head struck a footstool, he lost consciousness and lay motionless during a space of time of which he knew not the length.

A sweet voice roused him from the stunned condition into which he had sunk. When he opened his eyes the flash of a bright light made him close them again immediately; but through the mist that veiled his senses he heard the whispering of two women, and felt two young, two timid hands on which his head was resting. He soon recovered consciousness, and by the light of an old-fashioned Argand lamp he could make out the most charming girl's face he had ever seen, one of those heads which are often supposed to be a freak of the brush, but which to him suddenly realized the theories of the ideal beauty which every artist creates for himself and whence his art proceeds. The features of the unknown belonged, so to say, to the refined and delicate type of Prud'hon's school, but had also the poetic sentiment which Girodet gave to the inventions of his fantasy. The freshness of the temples, the regular arch of the eyebrows, the purity of outline, the virginal innocence so plainly stamped on every feature of her countenance, made the girl a perfect

creature. Her figure was slight and graceful, and frail in form. Her dress, though simple and neat, revealed neither wealth nor penury.

As he recovered his senses, the painter gave expression to his admiration by a look of surprise, and stammered some confused thanks. He found a handkerchief pressed to his forehead, and above the smell peculiar to a studio, he recognized the strong odor of ether, applied no doubt to revive him from his fainting fit. Finally he saw an old woman, looking like a marquise of the old school, who held the lamp and was advising the young girl.

"Monsieur," said the younger woman in reply to one of the questions put by the painter during the few minutes when he was still under the influence of the vagueness that the shock had produced in his ideas, "my mother and I heard the noise of your fall on the floor, and we fancied we heard a groan. The silence following on the crash alarmed us, and we hurried up. Finding the key in the latch, we happily took the liberty of entering, and we found you lying motionless on the ground. My mother went to fetch what was needed to bathe your head and revive you. You have cut your forehead — there. Do you feel it?"

"Yes, I do now," he replied.

"Oh, it will be nothing," said the old mother. "Happily your head rested against this lay-figure."

"I feel infinitely better," replied the painter. "I need nothing further but a hackney cab to take me home. The porter's wife will go for one."

He tried to repeat his thanks to the two strangers; but at each sentence the elder lady interrupted him, saying, "To-morrow, Monsieur, pray be careful to put on leeches, or to be bled, and drink a few cups of something healing. A fall may be dangerous."

The young girl stole a look at the painter and at the pictures in the studio. Her expression and her glances revealed perfect propriety; her curiosity seemed rather absence of mind, and her eyes seemed to speak the interest which women feel, with the most engaging spontaneity, in everything which causes us suffering. The two strangers seemed to forget the painter's works in the painter's mishap. When he had reassured them as to his

condition, they left, looking at him with an anxiety that was equally free from insistence and from familiarity, without asking any indiscreet questions, or trying to incite him to any wish to visit them. Their proceedings all bore the hall-mark of natural refinement and good taste. Their noble and simple manners at first made no great impression on the painter, but subsequently, as he recalled all the details of the incident, he was greatly struck by them.

When they reached the floor beneath that occupied by the painter's studio, the old lady gently observed, "Adélaïde, you left the door open."

"That was to come to my assistance," said the painter, with a grateful smile.

"You came down just now, mother," replied the young girl, with a blush.

"Would you like us to accompany you all the way downstairs?" asked the mother. "The stairs are dark."

"No thank you, indeed, Madame; I am much better."

"Hold tightly by the rail."

The two women remained on the landing to light the young man, listening to the sound of his steps.

In order to set forth clearly all the exciting and unexpected interest this scene might have for the young painter, it must be told that he had only a few days since established his studio in the attics of this house, situated in the darkest and, therefore, the most muddy part of the Rue de Suresnes, almost opposite the Church of the Madeleine, and quite close to his rooms in the Rue des Champs-Elyseés. The fame his talent had won him having made him one of the artists most dear to his country, he was beginning to feel free from want, and, to use his own expression, was enjoying his last privations. Instead of going to his work in one of the studios near the city gates, where the moderate rents had hitherto been in proportion to his humble earnings, he had gratified a wish that was new every morning, by sparing himself a long walk, and the loss of much time, now more valuable than ever.

No man in the world would have inspired feelings of greater interest than Hippolyte Schinner if he would ever have con-

sented to make acquaintance; but he did not lightly intrust to others the secrets of his life. He was the idol of a necessitous mother, who had brought him up at the cost of the severest privations. Mademoiselle Schinner, the daughter of an Alsatian farmer, had never been married. Her tender soul had been cruelly crushed, long ago, by a rich man, who did not pride himself on any great delicacy in his love affairs. The day when, as a young girl, in all the radiance of her beauty and all the triumph of her life, she suffered, at the cost of her heart and her sweet illusions, the disenchantment which falls on us so slowly and yet so quickly — for we try to postpone as long as possible our belief in evil, and it seems to come too soon — that day was a whole age of reflection, and it was also a day of religious thought and resignation. She refused the alms of the man who had betrayed her, renounced the world, and made a glory of her shame. She gave herself up entirely to her motherly love, seeking in it all her joys in exchange for the social pleasures to which she bade farewell. She lived by work, saving up a treasure in her son. And, in after years, a day, an hour repaid her amply for the long and weary sacrifices of her indigence.

At the last exhibition her son had received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The newspapers, unanimous in hailing an unknown genius, still rang with sincere praises. Artists themselves acknowledged Schinner as a master, and dealers covered his canvases with gold pieces. At five-and-twenty Hippolyte Schinner, to whom his mother had transmitted her woman's soul, understood more clearly than ever his position in the world. Anxious to restore to his mother the pleasures of which society had so long robbed her, he lived for her, hoping by the aid of fame and fortune to see her one day happy, rich, respected, and surrounded by men of mark. Schinner had therefore chosen his friends among the most honorable and distinguished men. Fastidious in the selection of his intimates, he desired to raise still further a position which his talent had placed high. The work to which he had devoted himself from boyhood, by compelling him to dwell in solitude — the mother of great thoughts — had left him the beautiful beliefs which grace the early days of life. His adolescent soul was not closed to any of the thousand bashful emotions by which a young man is a being apart, whose

heart abounds in joys, in poetry, in virginal hopes, puerile in the eyes of men of the world, but deep because they are single-hearted.

He was endowed with the gentle and polite manners which speak to the soul, and fascinate even those who do not understand them. He was well made. His voice, coming from his heart, stirred that of others to noble sentiments, and bore witness to his true modesty by a certain ingenuousness of tone. Those who saw him felt drawn to him by that attraction of the moral nature which men of science are happily unable to analyze; they would detect in it some phenomenon of galvanism, or the current of I know not what fluid, and express our sentiments in a formula of ratios of oxygen and electricity.

These details will perhaps explain to strong-minded persons and to men of fashion why, in the absence of the porter whom he had sent to the end of the Rue de la Madeleine to call him a coach, Hippolyte Schinner did not ask the man's wife any questions concerning the two women whose kindness of heart had shown itself in his behalf. But though he replied Yes or No to the inquiries, natural under the circumstances, which the good woman made as to his accident, and the friendly intervention of the tenants occupying the fourth floor, he could not hinder her from following the instinct of her kind; she mentioned the two strangers, speaking of them as prompted by the interests of her policy and the subterranean opinions of the porter's lodge.

"Ah," said she, "they were, no doubt, Mademoiselle Leseigneur and her mother, who have lived here these four years. We do not yet know exactly what these ladies do; in the morning, only till the hour of noon, an old woman who is half deaf, and who never speaks any more than a wall, comes in to help them; in the evening, two or three old gentlemen, with loops of ribbon, like you, Monsieur, come to see them, and often stay very late. One of them comes in a carriage with servants, and is said to have sixty thousand francs a year. However, they are very quiet tenants, as you are, Monsieur; and economical! they live on nothing, and as soon as a letter is brought they pay for it. It is a queer thing, Monsieur, the mother's name is not the same as the daughter's. Ah, but when they go for a walk in

the Tuileries Mademoiselle is very smart, and she never goes out but she is followed by a lot of young men; but she shuts the door in their face, and she is quite right. The proprietor would never allow —"

The coach having come, Hippolyte heard no more, and went home. His mother, to whom he related his adventure, dressed his wound afresh, and would not allow him to go to the studio next day. After taking advice, various treatments were prescribed, and Hippolyte remained at home three days. During this retirement his idle fancy recalled vividly, bit by bit, the details of the scene that had ensued on his fainting fit. The young girl's profile was clearly projected against the darkness of his inward vision; he saw once more the mother's faded features, or he felt the touch of Adélaïde's hands. He remembered some gesture which at first had not greatly struck him, but whose exquisite grace was thrown into relief by memory; then an attitude, or the tones of a melodious voice, enhanced by the distance of remembrance, suddenly rose before him, as objects plunging to the bottom of deep waters come back to the surface.

So, on the day when he could resume work, he went early to his studio; but the visit he undoubtedly had a right to pay to his neighbors was the true cause of his haste; he had already forgotten the pictures he had begun. At the moment when a passion throws off its swaddling clothes, inexplicable pleasures are felt, known to those who have loved. So some readers will understand why the painter mounted the stairs to the fourth floor but slowly, and will be in the secret of the throbs that followed each other so rapidly in his heart at the moment when he saw the humble brown door of the rooms inhabited by Mademoiselle Leseigneur. This girl, whose name was not the same as her mother's, had aroused the young painter's deepest sympathies; he chose to fancy some similarity between himself and her as to their position, and attributed to her misfortunes of birth akin to his own. All the time he worked Hippolyte gave himself very willingly to thoughts of love, and made a great deal of noise to compel the two ladies to think of him, as he was thinking of them. He stayed late at the studio and dined there; then, at about seven o'clock, he went down to call on his neighbors.

No painter of manners has ventured to initiate us — perhaps out of modesty — into the really curious privacy of certain Parisian existences, into the secret of the dwellings whence emerge such fresh and elegant toilets, such brilliant women, who, rich on the surface, allow the signs of very doubtful comfort to peep out in every part of their home. If, here, the picture is too boldly drawn, if you find it tedious in places, do not blame the description, which is, indeed, part and parcel of my story; for the appearance of the rooms inhabited by his two neighbors had a great influence on the feelings and hopes of Hippolyte Schinner.

The house belonged to one of those proprietors in whom there is a foregone and profound horror of repairs and decoration, one of the men who regard their position as Paris house-owners as a business. In the vast chain of moral species, these people hold a middle place between the miser and the usurer. Optimists in their own interests, they are all faithful to the Austrian *status quo*. If you speak of moving a cupboard or a door, of opening the most indispensable air-hole, their eyes flash, their bile rises, they rear like a frightened horse. When the wind blows down a few chimney-pots they are quite ill, and deprive themselves of an evening at the Gymnase or the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, "on account of repairs." Hippolyte, who had seen the performance gratis of a comical scene with Monsieur Molineux as concerning certain decorative repairs in his studio, was not surprised to see the dark greasy paint, the oily stains, spots, and other disagreeable accessories that varied the woodwork. And these stigmata of poverty are not altogether devoid of poetry in an artist's eyes.

Mademoiselle Leseigneur herself opened the door. On recognizing the young artist she bowed, and at the same time, with Parisian adroitness, and with the presence of mind that pride can lend, she turned round to shut a door in a glass partition through which Hippolyte might have caught sight of some linen hung by lines over patent ironing stoves, an old camp-bed, some wood embers, charcoal, irons, a filter, the household crockery, and all the utensils familiar to a small household. Muslin curtains, fairly white, carefully screened this lumber-room — a *capharnaüm*, as the French call such a domestic

laboratory, — which was lighted by windows looking out on a neighboring yard.

Hippolyte, with the quick eye of an artist, saw the uses, the furniture, the general effect and condition of this first room, thus cut in half. The more honorable half, which served both as ante-room and dining room, was hung with an old salmon-rose-colored paper, with a flock border, the manufacture of Reveillon, no doubt; the holes and spots had been carefully touched over with wafers. Prints representing the battles of Alexander, by Lebrun, in frames with the gilding rubbed off, were symmetrically arranged on the walls. In the middle stood a massive mahogany table, old-fashioned in shape, and worn at the edges. A small stove, whose thin straight pipe was scarcely visible, stood in front of the chimney-place, but the hearth was occupied by a cupboard. By a strange contrast the chairs showed some remains of former splendor; they were of carved mahogany, but the red morocco seats, the gilt nails and reeded backs, showed as many scars as an old sergeant of the Imperial Guard.

This room did duty as a museum of certain objects, such as are never seen but in this kind of amphibious household; nameless objects with the stamp at once of luxury and penury. Among other curiosities Hippolyte noticed a splendidly finished telescope, hanging over the small discolored glass that decorated the chimney. To harmonize with this strange collection of furniture there was, between the chimney and the partition, a wretched sideboard of painted wood, pretending to be mahogany, of all woods the most impossible to imitate. But the slippery red quarries, the shabby little rugs in front of the chairs, and all the furniture, shone with the hard-rubbing cleanliness which lends a treacherous luster to old things by making their defects, their age, and their long service still more conspicuous. An indescribable odor pervaded the room, a mingled smell of the exhalations from the lumber-room, and the vapors of the dining room, with those from the stairs, though the window was partly open. The air from the street fluttered the dusty curtains, which were carefully drawn so as to hide the window bay, where former tenants had testified to their presence by various ornamental additions — a sort of domestic fresco.

Adélaïde hastened to open the door of the inner room, where she announced the painter with evident pleasure. Hippolyte, who, of yore, had seen the same signs of poverty in his mother's home, noted them with the singular vividness of impression which characterizes the earliest acquisitions of memory, and entered into the details of this existence better than any one else would have done. As he recognized the facts of his life as a child, the kind young fellow felt neither scorn for disguised misfortune nor pride in the luxury he had lately conquered for his mother.

"Well, Monsieur, I hope you no longer feel the effects of your fall," said the old lady, rising from an antique armchair that stood by the chimney, and offering him a seat.

"No, Madame. I have come to thank you for the kind care you gave me, and above all Mademoiselle, who heard me fall."

As he uttered this speech, stamped with the exquisite stupidity given to the mind by the first disturbing symptoms of true love, Hippolyte looked at the young girl. Adélaïde was lighting the Argand lamp, no doubt, that she might get rid of a tallow candle fixed in a large copper flat candlestick, and graced with a heavy fluting of grease from its guttering. She answered with a slight bow, carried the flat candlestick into the ante-room, came back, and after placing the lamp on the chimney shelf, seated herself by her mother, a little behind the painter, so as to be able to look at him at her ease, while apparently much interested in the burning of the lamp; the flame, checked by the damp in a dingy chimney, sputtered as it struggled with a charred and badly trimmed wick. Hippolyte, seeing the large mirror that decorated the chimneypiece, immediately fixed his eyes on it to admire Adélaïde. Thus the girl's little stratagem only served to embarrass them both.

While talking with Madame Leseigneur, for Hippolyte called her so, on the chance of being right, he examined the room, but unobtrusively and by stealth.

The Egyptian figures on the iron fire-dogs were scarcely visible, the hearth was so heaped with cinders; two brands tried to meet in front of a sham log of fire-brick, as carefully buried as a miser's treasure could ever be. An old Aubusson carpet, very

much faded, very much mended, and as worn as a pensioner's coat, did not cover the whole of the tiled floor, and the cold struck to his feet. The walls were hung with a reddish paper, imitating figured silk with a yellow pattern. In the middle of the wall opposite the windows the painter saw a crack, and the outline marked on the paper of double doors, shutting off a recess where Madame Leseigneur slept, no doubt, a fact ill disguised by a sofa in front of the door. Facing the chimney, above a mahogany chest of drawers of handsome and tasteful design, was the portrait of an officer of rank, which the dim light did not allow him to see well; but from what he could make out he thought that the fearful daub must have been painted in China. The window curtains of red silk were as much faded as the furniture, in red and yellow worsted work. On the marble top of the chest of drawers was a costly malachite tray, with a dozen coffee cups magnificently painted, and made, no doubt, at Sèvres. On the chimney shelf stood the omnipresent Empire clock: a warrior driving the four horses of a chariot, whose wheel bore the numbers of the hours on its spokes. The tapers in the tall candlesticks were yellow with smoke, and at each corner of the shelf stood a porcelain vase crowned with artificial flowers full of dust and stuck into moss.

In the middle of the room Hippolyte remarked a card-table ready for play, with new packs of cards. For an observer there was something heartrending in the sight of this misery painted up like an old woman who wants to falsify her face. At such a sight every man of sense must at once have stated to himself this obvious dilemma — either these two women are honesty itself, or they live by intrigue and gambling. But on looking at Adélaïde, a man so pure-minded as Schinner could not but believe in her perfect innocence, and ascribe the incoherence of the furniture to honorable causes.

"My dear," said the old lady to the young one, "I am cold; make a little fire, and give me my shawl."

Adélaïde went into a room next the drawing-room, where she no doubt slept, and returned bringing her mother a cashmere shawl, which when new must have been very costly; the pattern was Indian; but it was old, faded, and full of darns, and matched

the furniture. Madame Leseigneur wrapped herself in it very artistically, and with the readiness of an old woman who wishes to make her words seem truth. The young girl ran lightly off to the lumber-room and reappeared with a bundle of small wood, which she gallantly threw on the fire to revive it.

It would be rather difficult to reproduce the conversation which followed among these three persons. Hippolyte, guided by the tact which is almost always the outcome of misfortune suffered in early youth, dared not allow himself to make the least remark as to his neighbors' situation, as he saw all about him the signs of ill-disguised poverty. The simplest question would have been an indiscretion, and could only be ventured on by old friendship. The painter was nevertheless absorbed in the thought of this concealed penury, it pained his generous soul; but knowing how offensive every kind of pity may be, even the friendliest, the disparity between his thoughts and his words made him feel uncomfortable.

The two ladies at first talked of painting, for women easily guess the secret embarrassment of a first call; they themselves feel it perhaps, and the nature of their mind supplies them with a thousand devices to put an end to it. By questioning the young man as to the material exercise of his art, and as to his studies, Adélaïde and her mother emboldened him to talk. The indefinable nothings of their chat, animated by kind feeling, naturally led Hippolyte to flash forth remarks or reflections which showed the character of his habits and of his mind. Trouble had prematurely faded the old lady's face, formerly handsome, no doubt; nothing was left but the more prominent features, the outline, in a word, the skeleton of a countenance of which the whole effect indicated great shrewdness with much grace in the play of the eyes, in which could be discerned the expression peculiar to women of the old Court; an expression that cannot be defined in words. Those fine and mobile features might quite as well indicate bad feelings, and suggest astuteness and womanly artifice carried to a high pitch of wickedness, as reveal the refined delicacy of a beautiful soul.

Indeed, the face of a woman has this element of mystery to puzzle the ordinary observer, that the difference between frankness and duplicity, the genius for intrigue and the genius of the

heart, is there inscrutable. A man gifted with a penetrating eye can read the intangible shade of difference produced by a more or less curved line, a more or less deep dimple, a more or less prominent feature. The appreciation of these indications lies entirely in the domain of intuition; this alone can lead to the discovery of what every one is interested in concealing. This old lady's face was like the room she inhabited; it seemed as difficult to detect whether this squalor covered vice or the highest virtue, as to decide whether Adélaïde's mother was an old coquette accustomed to weigh, to calculate, to sell everything, or a loving woman, full of noble feeling and amiable qualities. But at Schinner's age the first impulse of the heart is to believe in goodness. And indeed, as he studied Adélaïde's noble and almost haughty brow, as he looked into her eyes full of soul and thought, he breathed, so to speak, the sweet and modest fragrance of virtue. In the course of the conversation he seized an opportunity of discussing portraits in general, to give himself a pretext for examining the frightful *pastel*, of which the color had flown, and the chalk in many places fallen away.

"You are attached to that picture for the sake of the likeness, no doubt, Mesdames, for the drawing is dreadful?" he said, looking at Adélaïde.

"It was done at Calcutta, in great haste," replied the mother, in an agitated voice.

She gazed at the formless sketch with the deep absorption which memories of happiness produce when they are roused and fall on the heart like a beneficent dew to whose refreshing touch we love to yield ourselves up; but in the expression of the old lady's face there were traces too of perennial regret. At least, it was thus that the painter chose to interpret her attitude and countenance, and he presently sat down again by her side.

"Madame," he said, "in a very short time the colors of that pastel will have disappeared. The portrait will only survive in your memory. Where you will still see the face that is dear to you, others will see nothing at all. Will you allow me to reproduce the likeness on canvas? It will be more permanently recorded then than on that sheet of paper. Grant me, I beg, as a neighborly favor, the pleasure of doing you this service. There are times when an artist is glad of a respite from his

CATHEDRAL AT TOURS, FRANCE, HOME OF BALZAC

looking at Adélaïde.

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greater undertakings by doing work of less lofty pretensions, so it will be a recreation for me to paint that head."

The old lady flushed as she heard the painter's words, and Adélaïde shot one of those glances of deep feeling which seem to flash from the soul. Hippolyte wanted to feel some tie linking him with his two neighbors, to conquer a right to mingle in their life. His offer, appealing as it did to the liveliest affections of the heart, was the only one he could possibly make; it gratified his pride as an artist, and could not hurt the feelings of the ladies. Madame Leseigneur accepted, without eagerness or reluctance, but with the self-possession of a noble soul, fully aware of the character of bonds formed by such an obligation, while, at the same time, they are its highest glory as a proof of esteem.

"I fancy," said the painter, "that the uniform is that of a naval officer?"

"Yes," she said, "that of a captain in command of a vessel. Monsieur de Rouville — my husband — died at Batavia in consequence of a wound received in a fight with an English ship they fell in with off the Asiatic coast. He commanded a frigate of fifty-six guns, and the *Revenge* carried ninety-six. The struggle was very unequal, but he defended his ship so bravely that he held out till nightfall and got away. When I came back to France, Bonaparte was not yet in power, and I was refused a pension. When I applied again for it, quite lately, I was sternly informed that if the Baron de Rouville had emigrated I should not have lost him; that by this time he would have been rear-admiral; finally, his Excellency quoted I know not what decree of forfeiture. I took this step, to which I was urged by my friends, only for the sake of my poor Adélaïde. I have always hated the idea of holding out my hand as a beggar in the name of a grief which deprives a woman of voice and strength. I do not like this money valuation for blood irreparably spilt —"

"Dear mother, this subject always does you harm."

In response to this remark from Adélaïde, the Baronne Leseigneur bowed, and was silent.

"Monsieur," said the young girl to Hippolyte, "I had supposed that a painter's work was generally fairly quiet?"

At this question Schinner colored, remembering the noise

he had made. Adélaïde said no more, and spared him a falsehood by rising at the sound of a carriage stopping at the door. She went into her own room, and returned carrying a pair of tall gilt candlesticks with partly burnt wax candles, which she quickly lighted, and without waiting for the bell to ring, she opened the door of the outer room, where she set the lamp down. The sound of a kiss given and received found an echo in Hippolyte's heart. The young man's impatience to see the man who treated Adélaïde with so much familiarity, was not immediately gratified; the newcomers had a conversation, which he thought very long, in an undertone, with the young girl.

At last Mademoiselle de Rouville returned, followed by two men, whose costume, countenance, and appearance are a long story.

The first, a man of about sixty, wore one of the coats invented, I believe, for Louis XVIII, then on the throne, in which the most difficult problem of the sartorial art had been solved by a tailor who ought to be immortal. That artist certainly understood the art of compromise, which was the moving genius of that period of shifting politics. Is it not a rare merit to be able to take the measure of the time? This coat, which the young men of the present day may conceive to be fabulous, was neither civil nor military, and might pass for civil or military by turns. *Fleurs-de-lis* were embroidered on the lapels of the back skirts. The gilt buttons also bore *fleurs-de-lis;* on the shoulders a pair of straps cried out for useless epaulettes; these military appendages were there like a petition without a recommendation. This old gentleman's coat was of dark blue cloth, and the buttonhole had blossomed into many colored ribbons. He, no doubt, always carried his hat in his hand — a three-cornered cocked hat, with a gold cord — for the snowy wings of his powdered hair showed not a trace of its pressure. He might have been taken for not more than fifty years of age, and seemed to enjoy robust health. While wearing the frank and loyal expression of the old émigrés, his countenance also hinted at the easy habits of a libertine, at the light and reckless passions of the Musketeers formerly so famous in the annals of gallantry. His gestures, his attitude, and his manner proclaimed that he

had no intention of correcting himself of his royalism, of his religion, or of his love affairs.

A really fantastic figure came in behind this specimen of "Louis XIV's light infantry" — a nickname given by the Bonapartists to these venerable survivors of the Monarchy. To do it justice it ought to be made the principal object in the picture, and it is but an accessory. Imagine a lean, dry man, dressed like the former, but seeming to be only his reflection, or his shadow, if you will. The coat, new on the first, on the second was old; the powder in his hair looked less white, the gold of the *fleurs-de-lis* less bright, the shoulder straps more hopeless and dog's-eared; his intellect seemed more feeble, his life nearer the fatal term than in the former. In short, he realized Rivarol's witticism on Champcenetz, "He is the moonlight of me." He was simply his double, a paler and poorer double, for there was between them all the difference that lies between the first and last impressions of a lithograph.

This speechless old man was a mystery to the painter, and always remained a mystery. The *Chevalier*, for he was a *Chevalier*, did not speak, nobody spoke to him. Was he a friend, a poor relation, a man who followed at the old gallant's heels as a lady companion does at an old lady's? Did he fill a place midway between a dog, a parrot, and a friend? Had he saved his patron's fortune, or only his life? Was he the Trim to another Captain Toby? Elsewhere, as at the Baronne de Rouville's, he always piqued curiosity without satisfying it. Who, after the Restoration, could remember the attachment which, before the Revolution, had bound this man to his friend's wife, dead now these twenty years?

The leader, who appeared the least dilapidated of these wrecks, came gallantly up to Madame de Rouville, kissed her hand, and sat down by her. The other bowed and placed himself not far from his model, at a distance represented by two chairs. Adélaïde came behind the old gentleman's armchair and leaned her elbows on the back, unconsciously imitating the attitude given to Dido's sister by Guérin in his famous picture.

Though the gentleman's familiarity was that of a father, his freedom seemed at the moment to annoy the young girl.

"What, are you sulky with me?" he said.

Then he shot at Schinner one of those side looks full of shrewdness and cunning, diplomatic looks, whose expression betrays the discreet uneasiness, the polite curiosity of well-bred people, and seems to ask, when they see a stranger, "Is he one of us?"

"This is our neighbor," said the old lady, pointing to Hippolyte. "Monsieur is a celebrated painter, whose name must be known to you in spite of your indifference to the arts."

The old man saw his friend's mischievous intent in suppressing the name, and bowed to the young man.

"Certainly," said he. "I heard a great deal about his pictures at the last Salon. Talent has immense privileges," he added, observing the artist's red ribbon. "That distinction, which we must earn at the cost of our blood and long service, you win in your youth; but all glory is of the same kindred," he said, laying his hand on his Cross of Saint-Louis.

Hippolyte murmured a few words of acknowledgment, and was silent again, satisfied to admire with growing enthusiasm the beautiful girl's head that charmed him so much. He was soon lost in contemplation, completely forgetting the extreme misery of the dwelling. To him Adélaïde's face stood out against a luminous atmosphere. He replied briefly to the questions addressed to him, which, by good luck, he heard, thanks to a singular faculty of the soul which sometimes seems to have a double consciousness. Who has not known what it is to sit lost in sad or delicious meditation, listening to its voice within, while attending to a conversation or to reading? An admirable duality which often helps us to tolerate a bore! Hope, prolific and smiling, poured out before him a thousand visions of happiness; and he refused to consider what was going on around him. As confiding as a child, it seemed to him base to analyze a pleasure.

After a short lapse of time, he perceived that the old lady and her daughter were playing cards with the old gentleman. As to the satellite, faithful to his function as a shadow, he stood behind his friend's chair watching his game, and answering the player's mute inquiries by little approving nods, repeating the questioning gestures of the other countenance.

"Du Halga, I always lose," said the gentleman.

"You discard badly," replied the Baronne de Rouville.

"For three months now I have never won a single game," said he.

"Have you the aces?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, one more to mark," said he.

"Shall I come and advise you?" said Adélaïde.

"No, no. Stay where I can see you. By Gad, it would be losing too much not to have you to look at!"

At last the game was over. The gentleman pulled out his purse, and, throwing two Louis d'or on the table, not without temper: —

"Forty francs," he exclaimed, "the exact sum. Deuce take it! It is eleven o'clock."

"It is eleven o'clock," repeated the silent figure, looking at the painter.

The young man, hearing these words rather more distinctly than all the others, thought it time to retire. Coming back to the world of ordinary ideas, he found a few commonplace remarks to make, took leave of the Baroness, her daughter, and the two strangers, and went away, wholly possessed by the first raptures of true love, without attempting to analyze the little incidents of the evening.

On the morrow the young painter felt the most ardent desire to see Adélaïde once more. If he had followed the call of his passion, he would have gone to his neighbors' door at six in the morning, when he went to his studio. However, he still was reasonable enough to wait till the afternoon. But as soon as he thought he could present himself to Madame de Rouville, he went downstairs, rang, blushing like a girl, shyly asked Mademoiselle Leseigneur, who came to let him in, to let him have the portrait of the Baron.

"But come in," said Adélaïde, who had no doubt heard him come down from the studio.

The painter followed, bashful and out of countenance, not knowing what to say, happiness had so dulled his wit. To see Adélaïde, to hear the rustle of her skirt, after longing for a whole morning to be near her, after starting up a hundred times — "I will go down now" — and not to have gone; this was to him life so rich that such sensations, too greatly prolonged,

would have worn out his spirit. The heart has the singular power of giving extraordinary value to mere nothings. What joy it is to a traveler to treasure a blade of grass, an unfamiliar leaf, if he has risked his life to pluck it! It is the same with the trifles of love.

The old lady was not in the drawing-room. When the young girl found herself there, alone with the painter, she brought a chair to stand on, to take down the picture; but perceiving that she could not unhook it without setting her foot on the chest of drawers, she turned to Hippolyte, and said with a blush: —

"I am not tall enough. Will you get it down?"

A feeling of modesty, betrayed in the expression of her face and the tones of her voice, was the real motive of her request; and the young man, understanding this, gave her one of those glances of intelligence which are the sweetest language of love. Seeing that the painter had read her soul, Adélaïde cast down her eyes with the instinct of reserve which is the secret of a maiden's heart. Hippolyte, finding nothing to say, and feeling almost timid, took down the picture, examined it gravely, carrying it to the light at the window, and then went away, without saying a word to Mademoiselle Leseigneur but, "I will return it soon."

During this brief moment they both went through one of those storms of agitation of which the effects in the soul may be compared to those of a stone flung into a deep lake. The most delightful waves of thought rise and follow each other, indescribable, repeated, and aimless, tossing the heart like the circular ripples, which for a long time fret the waters, starting from the point where the stone fell.

Hippolyte returned to the studio bearing the portrait. His easel was ready with a fresh canvas, and his palette set, his brushes cleaned, the spot and the light carefully chosen. And till the dinner hour he worked at the painting with the ardor artists throw into their whims. He went again that evening to the Baronne de Rouville's, and remained from nine till eleven. Excepting the different subjects of conversation, this evening was exactly like the last. The two old men arrived at the same hour, the same game of piquet was played, the same speeches made by the players, the sum lost by Adélaïde's friend was not less

considerable than on the previous evening; only Hippolyte, a little bolder, ventured to chat with the young girl.

A week passed thus, and in the course of it the painter's feelings and Adélaïde's underwent the slow and delightful transformations which bring two souls to a perfect understanding. Every day the look with which the girl welcomed her friend grew more intimate, more confiding, gayer, and more open; her voice and manner became more eager and more familiar. They laughed and talked together, telling each other their thoughts, speaking of themselves with the simplicity of two children who have made friends in a day, as much as if they had met constantly for three years. Schinner wished to be taught piquet. Being ignorant and a novice, he, of course, made blunder after blunder, and, like the old man, he lost almost every game. Without having spoken a word of love the lovers knew that they were all in all to one another. Hippolyte enjoyed exerting his power over his gentle little friend, and many concessions were made to him by Adélaïde, who, timid and devoted to him, was quite deceived by the assumed fits of temper, such as the least skilled lover and the most guileless girl can affect; and which they constantly play off, as spoilt children abuse the power they owe to their mother's affection. Thus all familiarity between the girl and the old Count was soon put a stop to. She understood the painter's melancholy, and the thoughts hidden in the furrows on his brow, from the abrupt tone of the few words he spoke when the old man unceremoniously kissed Adélaïde's hands or throat.

Mademoiselle Leseigneur, on her part, soon expected her lover to give her a short account of all his actions; she was so unhappy, so restless when Hippolyte did not come, she scolded him so effectually for his absence, that the painter had to give up seeing his other friends, and now went nowhere. Adélaïde allowed the natural jealousy of women to be perceived when she heard that sometimes at eleven o'clock, on quitting the house, the painter still had visits to pay, and was to be seen in the most brilliant drawing-rooms of Paris. This mode of life, she assured him, was bad for his health; then, with the intense conviction to which the accent, the emphasis, and the look of one we love lend so much weight, she asserted that a man who was

obliged to expend his time and the charms of his wit on several women at once could not be the object of any very warm affection. Thus the painter was led, as much by the tyranny of his passion as by the exactions of a girl in love, to live exclusively in the little apartment where everything attracted him.

And never was there a purer or more ardent love. On both sides the same trustfulness, the same delicacy, gave their passion increase without the aid of those sacrifices by which many persons try to prove their affection. Between these two there was such a constant interchange of sweet emotion that they knew not which gave or received the most.

A spontaneous affinity made the union of their souls a close one. The progress of this true feeling was so rapid that two months after the accident to which the painter owed the happiness of knowing Adélaïde, their lives were one life. From early morning the young girl, hearing footsteps overhead, could say to herself, "He is there." When Hippolyte went home to his mother at the dinner hour he never failed to look in on his neighbors, and in the evening he flew there at the accustomed hour with a lover's punctuality. Thus the most tyrannical woman or the most ambitious in the matter of love could not have found the smallest fault with the young painter. And Adélaïde tasted of unmixed and unbounded happiness as she saw the fullest realization of the ideal of which, at her age, it is so natural to dream.

The old gentleman now came more rarely; Hippolyte, who had been jealous, had taken his place at the green table, and shared his constant ill-luck at cards. And sometimes, in the midst of his happiness, as he considered Madame de Rouville's disastrous position — for he had had more than one proof of her extreme poverty — an importunate thought would haunt him. Several times he had said to himself as he went home, "Strange! twenty francs every evening?" and he dared not confess to himself his odious suspicions.

He spent two months over the portrait, and when it was finished, varnished, and framed, he looked upon it as one of his best works. Madame la Baronne de Rouville had never spoken of it again. Was this from indifference or pride? The painter would not allow himself to account for this silence. He joyfully

plotted with Adélaïde to hang the picture in its place when Madame de Rouville should be out. So one day, during the walk her mother usually took in the Tuileries, Adélaïde for the first time went up to Hippolyte's studio, on the pretext of seeing the portrait in the good light in which it had been painted. She stood speechless and motionless, but in ecstatic contemplation, in which all a woman's feelings were merged. For are they not all comprehended in boundless admiration for the man she loves? When the painter, uneasy at her silence, leaned forward to look at her, she held out her hand, unable to speak a word, but two tears fell from her eyes. Hippolyte took her hand, and covered it with kisses; for a minute they looked at each other in silence, both longing to confess their love, and not daring. The painter kept her hand in his, and the same glow, the same throb, told them that their hearts were both beating wildly. The young girl, too greatly agitated, gently drew away from Hippolyte, and said, with a look of the utmost simplicity: —

"You will make my mother very happy."

"What! only your mother?" he asked.

"Oh, I am too happy."

The painter bent his head and remained silent, frightened at the vehemence of the feelings which her tones stirred in his heart. Then, both understanding the perils of the situation, they went downstairs and hung up the picture in its place. Hippolyte dined for the first time with the Baroness, who, greatly overcome, and drowned in tears, must needs embrace him.

In the evening the old émigré, the Baron de Rouville's old comrade, paid the ladies a visit to announce that he had just been promoted to the rank of vice-admiral. His voyages by land over Germany and Russia had been counted as naval campaigns. On seeing the portrait he cordially shook the painter's hand, and exclaimed, "By Gad! though my old hulk does not deserve to be perpetuated, I would gladly give five hundred pistoles to see myself as like as that is to my dear old Rouville."

At this hint the Baroness looked at her young friend and smiled, while her face lighted up with an expression of sudden gratitude. Hippolyte suspected that the old admiral wished to offer him the price of both portraits while paying for his own.

His pride as an artist, no less than his jealousy perhaps, took offense at the thought, and he replied: —

"Monsieur, if I were a portrait-painter I should not have done this one."

The admiral bit his lip, and sat down to cards.

The painter remained near Adélaïde, who proposed a dozen hands of piquet, to which he agreed. As he played he observed in Madame de Rouville an excitement over her game which surprised him. Never before had the old Baroness manifested so ardent a desire to win, or so keen a joy in fingering the old gentleman's gold pieces. During the evening evil suspicions troubled Hippolyte's happiness, and filled him with distrust. Could it be that Madame de Rouville lived by gambling? Was she playing at this moment to pay off some debt, or under the pressure of necessity? Perhaps she had not paid her rent. That old man seemed shrewd enough not to allow his money to be taken with impunity. What interest attracted him to this poverty-stricken house, he who was rich? Why, when he had formerly been so familiar with Adélaïde, had he given up the rights he had acquired, and which were perhaps his due?

These involuntary reflections prompted him to watch the old man and the Baroness, whose meaning looks and certain side-long glances cast at Adélaïde displeased him. "Am I being duped?" was Hippolyte's last idea — horrible, scathing, for he believed it just enough to be tortured by it. He determined to stay after the departure of the two old men, to confirm or to dissipate his suspicions. He drew out his purse to pay Adélaïde; but, carried away by his poignant thoughts, he laid it on the table, falling into a reverie of brief duration; then, ashamed of his silence, he rose, answered some commonplace question from Madame de Rouville, and went close up to her to examine the withered features while he was talking to her.

He went away, racked by a thousand doubts. He had gone down but a few steps when he turned back to fetch the forgotten purse.

"I left my purse here!" he said to the young girl.

"No," she said, reddening.

"I thought it was there," and he pointed to the card-table. Not finding it, in his shame for Adélaïde and the Baroness, he

looked at them with a blank amazement that made them laugh, turned pale, felt his waistcoat, and said: "I must have made a mistake. I have it somewhere, no doubt."

In one end of the purse there were fifteen Louis d'or, and in the other some small change. The theft was so flagrant, and denied with such effrontery, that Hippolyte no longer felt a doubt as to his neighbors' morals. He stood still on the stairs, and got down with some difficulty; his knees shook, he felt dizzy, he was in a cold sweat, he shivered, and found himself unable to walk, struggling, as he was, with the agonizing shock caused by the destruction of all his hopes. And at this moment he found lurking in his memory a number of observations, trifling in themselves, but which corroborated his frightful suspicions, and which, by proving the certainty of this last incident, opened his eyes as to the character and life of these two women.

Had they really waited till the portrait was given them before robbing him of his purse? In such a combination the theft was even more odious. The painter recollected that for the last two or three evenings Adélaïde, while seeming to examine with a girl's curiosity the particular stitch of the worn silk netting, was probably counting the coins in the purse, while making some light jests, quite innocent in appearance, but no doubt with the object of watching for a moment when the sum was worth stealing.

"The old admiral has perhaps good reasons for not marrying Adélaïde, and so the Baroness has tried —"

But at this hypothesis he checked himself, not finishing his thought, which was contradicted by a very just reflection, "If the Baroness hopes to get me to marry her daughter," thought he, "they would not have robbed me."

Then, clinging to his illusions, to the love that already had taken such deep root, he tried to find a justification in some accident. "The purse must have fallen on the floor," said he to himself, "or I left it lying on my chair. Or perhaps I have it about me — I am so absent-minded!" He searched himself with hurried movements, but did not find the ill-starred purse. His memory cruelly retraced the fatal truth, minute by minute. He distinctly saw the purse lying on the green cloth; but then, doubtful no longer, he excused Adélaïde, telling himself that

persons in misfortune should not be so hastily condemned. There was, of course, some secret behind this apparently degrading action. He would not admit that that proud and noble face was a lie.

At the same time the wretched rooms rose before him, denuded of the poetry of love which beautifies everything; he saw them dirty and faded, regarding them as emblematic of an inner life devoid of honor, idle and vicious. Are not our feelings written, as it were, on the things about us?

Next morning he rose, not having slept. The heartache, that terrible malady of the soul, had made rapid inroads. To lose the bliss we dreamed of, to renounce our whole future, is a keener pang than that caused by the loss of known happiness, however complete it may have been; for is not Hope better than Memory? The thoughts into which our spirit is suddenly plunged are like a shoreless sea, in which we may swim for a moment, but where our love is doomed to drown and die. And it is a frightful death. Are not our feelings the most glorious part of our life? It is this partial death which, in certain delicate or powerful natures, leads to the terrible ruin produced by disenchantment, by hopes and passions betrayed. Thus it was with the young painter. He went out at a very early hour to walk under the fresh shade of the Tuileries, absorbed in his thoughts, forgetting everything in the world.

There by chance he met one of his most intimate friends, a school-fellow and studio-mate, with whom he had lived on better terms than with a brother.

"Why, Hippolyte, what ails you?" asked François Souchet, the young sculptor who had just won the first prize, and was soon to set out for Italy.

"I am most unhappy," replied Hippolyte, gravely.

"Nothing but a love affair can cause you grief. Money, glory, respect — you lack nothing."

Insensibly the painter was led into confidences, and confessed his love. The moment he mentioned the Rue de Suresne, and a young girl living on the fourth floor, "Stop, stop," cried Souchet, lightly. "A little girl I see every morning at the Church of the Assumption, and with whom I have a flirtation. But, my dear fellow, we all know her. The mother is a Baroness. Do

you really believe in a Baroness living up four flights of stairs? Brrr! Why, you are a relic of the golden age! We see the old mother here, in this avenue, every day; why, her face, her appearance, tell everything. What, have you not known her for what she is by the way she holds her bag?"

The two friends walked up and down for some time, and several young men who knew Souchet or Schinner joined them. The painter's adventure, which the sculptor regarded as unimportant, was repeated by him.

"So he, too, has seen that young lady!" said Souchet.

And then there were comments, laughter, innocent mockery, full of the liveliness familiar to artists, but which pained Hippolyte frightfully. A certain native reticence made him uncomfortable as he saw his heart's secret so carelessly handled, his passion rent, torn to tatters, a young and unknown girl, whose life seemed to be so modest, the victim of condemnation, right or wrong, but pronounced with such reckless indifference. He pretended to be moved by a spirit of contradiction, asking each for proofs of his assertions, and their jests began again.

"But, my dear boy, have you seen the Baroness's shawl?" asked Souchet.

"Have you ever followed the girl when she patters off to church in the morning?" said Joseph Bridau, a young dauber in Gros's studio.

"Oh, the mother has among other virtues a certain gray gown, which I regard as typical," said Bixiou, the caricaturist.

"Listen, Hippolyte," the sculptor went on. "Come here at about four o'clock, and just study the walk of both mother and daughter. If after that you still have doubts! well, no one can ever make anything of you; you would be capable of marrying your porter's daughter."

Torn by the most conflicting feelings, the painter parted from his friends. It seemed to him that Adélaïde and her mother must be superior to these accusations, and at the bottom of his heart he was filled with remorse for having suspected the purity of this beautiful and simple girl. He went to his studio, passing the door of the rooms where Adélaïde was, and conscious of a pain at his heart which no man can misapprehend. He loved Mademoiselle de Rouville so passionately that, in spite

of the theft of the purse, he still worshiped her. His love was that of the Chevalier des Grieux admiring his mistress, and holding her as pure, even on the cart which carries such lost creatures to prison. "Why should not my love keep her the purest of women? Why abandon her to evil and to vice without holding out a rescuing hand to her?"

The idea of this mission pleased him. Love makes a gain of everything. Nothing tempts a young man more than to play the part of a good genius to a woman. There is something inexplicably romantic in such an enterprise which appeals to a highly strung soul. Is it not the utmost stretch of devotion under the loftiest and most engaging aspect? Is there not something grand in the thought that we love enough still to love on when the love of others dwindles and dies?

Hippolyte sat down in his studio, gazed at his picture without doing anything to it, seeing the figures through tears that swelled in his eyes, holding his brush in his hand, going up to the canvas as if to soften down an effect, but not touching it. Night fell, and he was still in this attitude. Roused from his moodiness by the darkness, he went downstairs, met the old admiral on the way, looked darkly at him as he bowed, and fled.

He had intended going in to see the ladies, but the sight of Adélaïde's protector froze his heart and dispelled his purpose. For the hundredth time he wondered what interest could bring this old prodigal, with his eighty thousand francs a year, to this fourth story, where he lost about forty francs every evening; and he thought he could guess what it was.

The next and following days Hippolyte threw himself into his work, to try to conquer his passion by the swift rush of ideas and the ardor of composition. He half succeeded. Study consoled him, though it could not smother the memories of so many tender hours spent with Adélaïde.

One evening, as he left his studio, he saw the door of the ladies' rooms half open. Somebody was standing in the recess of the window, and the position of the door and the staircase made it impossible that the painter should pass without seeing Adélaïde. He bowed coldly, with a glance of supreme indifference; but judging of the girl's suffering by his own, he felt an inward shudder as he reflected on the bitterness which that look and

that coldness must produce in a loving heart. To crown the most delightful feast which ever brought joy to two pure souls, by eight days of disdain, of the deepest and most utter contempt! — A frightful conclusion. And perhaps the purse had been found, perhaps Adélaïde had looked for her friend every evening.

This simple and natural idea filled the lover with fresh remorse; he asked himself whether the proofs of attachment given him by the young girl, the delightful talks, full of the love that had so charmed him, did not deserve at least an inquiry, were not worthy of some justification. Ashamed of having resisted the promptings of his heart for a whole week, and feeling himself almost a criminal in this mental struggle, he called the same evening on Madame de Rouville.

All his suspicions, all his evil thoughts vanished at the sight of the young girl, who had grown pale and thin.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" he asked her, after greeting the Baroness.

Adélaïde made no reply, but she gave him a look of deep melancholy, a sad, dejected look, which pained him.

"You have, no doubt, been working hard," said the old lady. "You are altered. We are the cause of your seclusion. That portrait had delayed some pictures essential to your reputation."

Hippolyte was glad to find so good an excuse for his rudeness.

"Yes," he said, "I have been very busy, but I have been suffering —"

At these words Adélaïde raised her head, looked at her lover, and her anxious eyes had now no hint of reproach.

"You must have thought us quite indifferent to any good or ill that may befall you?" said the old lady.

"I was wrong," he replied. "Still, there are forms of pain which we know not how to confide to any one, even to a friendship of older date than that with which you honor me."

"The sincerity and strength of friendship are not to be measured by time. I have seen old friends who had not a tear to bestow on misfortune," said the Baroness, nodding sadly.

"But you — what ails you?" the young man asked Adélaïde.

"Oh, nothing," replied the Baroness. "Adélaïde has sat up late for some nights to finish some little piece of woman's work,

and would not listen to me when I told her that a day more or less did not matter —"

Hippolyte was not listening. As he looked at these two noble, calm faces, he blushed for his suspicions, and ascribed the loss of his purse to some unknown accident.

This was a delicious evening to him, and perhaps to her too. There are some secrets which young souls understand so well. Adélaïde could read Hippolyte's thoughts. Though he could not confess his misdeeds, the painter knew them, and he had come back to his mistress more in love, and more affectionate, trying thus to purchase her tacit forgiveness. Adélaïde was enjoying such perfect, such sweet happiness, that she did not think she had paid too dear for it with all the grief that had so cruelly crushed her soul. And yet, this true concord of hearts, this understanding so full of magic charm, was disturbed by a little speech of Madame de Rouville's.

"Let us have our little game," she said, "for my old friend Kergarouët will not let me off."

These words revived all the young painter's fears; he colored as he looked at Adélaïde's mother, but he saw nothing in her countenance but the expression of the frankest good nature; no double meaning marred its charm; its keenness was not perfidious, its humor seemed kindly, and no trace of remorse disturbed its equanimity.

He sat down to the card-table. Adélaïde took side with the painter, saying that he did not know piquet, and needed a partner.

All through the game Madame de Rouville and her daughter exchanged looks of intelligence, which alarmed Hippolyte all the more because he was winning; but at last a final hand left the lovers in the old lady's debt.

To feel for some money in his pocket the painter took his hands off the table, and he then saw before him a purse which Adélaïde had slipped in front of him without his noticing it; the poor child had the old one in her hand, and, to keep her countenance, was looking into it for the money to pay her mother. The blood rushed to Hippolyte's heart with such force that he was near fainting.

The new purse, substituted for his own, and which contained

his fifteen gold louis, was worked with gilt beads. The rings and tassels bore witness to Adélaïde's good taste, and she had no doubt spent all her little hoard in ornamenting this pretty piece of work. It was impossible to say with greater delicacy that the painter's gift could only be repaid by some proof of affection. Hippolyte, overcome with happiness, turned to look at Adélaïde and her mother, and saw that they were tremulous with pleasure and delight at their little trick. He felt himself mean, sordid, a fool; he longed to punish himself, to rend his heart. A few tears rose to his eyes, by an irresistible impulse he sprang up, clasped Adélaïde in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and stole a kiss; then, with the simple heartiness of an artist, "I ask her for my wife!" he exclaimed, looking at the Baroness.

Adélaïde looked at him with half-wrathful eyes, and Madame de Rouville, somewhat astonished, was considering her reply, when the scene was interrupted by a ring at the bell. The old vice-admiral came in, followed by his shadow, and Madame Schinner. Having guessed the cause of the grief her son vainly endeavored to conceal, Hippolyte's mother had made inquiries among her friends concerning Adélaïde. Very justly alarmed by the calumnies which weighed on the young girl, unknown to the Comte de Kergarouët, whose name she learnt from the porter's wife, she went to report them to the vice-admiral; and he, in his rage, declared "he would crop all the scoundrels' ears for them."

Then, prompted by his wrath, he went on to explain to Madame Schinner the secret of his losing intentionally at cards, because the Baronne's pride left him none but these ingenious means of assisting her.

When Madame Schinner had paid her respects to Madame de Rouville, the Baroness looked at the Comte de Kergarouët, at the Chevalier du Halga — the friend of the departed Comtesse de Kergarouët — at Hippolyte and Adélaïde, and said, with the grace that comes from the heart, "So we are a family party this evening."

GEORGE BANCROFT

GEORGE BANCROFT. Born at Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3, 1800; died in Washington, January 17, 1891. On graduating from Harvard, 1817, he studied at Göttingen and Heidelberg. He taught Greek at Harvard, and established a school at Round Hill, Northampton. Was collector of Boston in 1838; Secretary of the Navy in Polk's Cabinet; and Minister to Great Britain, and to Germany. For half a century he was occupied in preparing his "History of the United States," the first volume of which was published in 1834, the last revised edition appearing in 1884.

(From "THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION")

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

ON the afternoon of the day on which the provincial congress of Massachusetts adjourned, Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday the eighteenth, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, commanded by the incompetent Lieutenant Colonel Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that

no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, despatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the *Somerset* man of war across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns, as fast as light could travel.

A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington.

The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a re-enforcement.

On the morning of the nineteenth of April, between the hours of twelve and one, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty" from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall, and galloped on for Concord.

There, about two in the morning, a peal from the belfry of the meeting-house brought hastily together the inhabitants of the place. They came forth, young and old, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder-horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers, he had so hal-

lowed the enthusiasm of his flock, that they held the defense of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms proved his sincerity and strengthened their sense of duty.

From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and the call of minute-men spread widely the alarm. How children trembled as they were scared out of sleep by the cries! How wives with heaving breasts, bravely seconded their husbands; how the countrymen, forced suddenly to arm, without guides or counselors, took instant counsel of their courage. The mighty chorus of voices rose from the scattered farm-houses, and, as it were, from the very ashes of the dead. Come forth, champions of liberty; now free your country; protect your sons and daughters, your wives and homesteads; rescue the houses of the God of your fathers, the franchises handed down from your ancestors. Now all is at stake; the battle is for all.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had seven hundred inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent Jonas Clark, the bold inditer of patriotic state papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1772, they had instructed their representative to demand "a radical and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later, they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town-meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition," "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defense against their enemies." In December, they distributed to "the train band and alarm list" arms and ammunition, and resolved to "supply the training soldiers with bayonets."

At two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington common was alive with the minute-men; and not with them only, but with the old men also, who were exempts, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers, sent to look for the British regulars, reported that there were no signs

of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the southeast corner of the common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire towards Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers, and the protector of their privileges! How often on that village green, hard by the burial place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! There they now stood side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, and as yet unsuspicious of immediate danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains, ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close, and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the tenth light infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stilled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Robert Munroe, the same who in 1758 had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, Junior, was struck in front of his own house on the north of the common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting-house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued, and killed after they had left the green. Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the British on the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the common.

Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before its time; the bluebird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave

their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. Their names are held in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from accidental impulse of the moment; their action was the slowly ripened fruit of Providence and of time. The light that led them on, was combined of rays from the whole history of the race; from the traditions of the Hebrews in the gray of the world's morning; from the heroes and sages of republican Greece and Rome; from the example of Him who laid down His life on the cross for the life of humanity; from the religious creed which proclaimed the divine presence in man, and on this truth as in a life-boat, floated the liberties of nations over the dark flood of the Middle Ages; from the customs of the Germans transmitted out of their forests to the councils of Saxon England; from the burning faith and courage of Martin Luther; from trust in the inevitable universality of God's sovereignty as taught by Paul of Tarsus, and Augustine, through Calvin and the divines of New England; from the avenging fierceness of the Puritans, who dashed down the miter on the ruins of the throne; from the bold dissent and creative self-assertion of the earliest emigrants to Massachusetts; from the statesmen who made, and the philosophers who expounded, the revolution of England; from the liberal spirit and analyzing inquisitiveness of the eighteenth century; from the cloud of witnesses of all the ages to the reality and the rightfulness of human freedom. All the centuries bowed themselves from the recesses of a past eternity to cheer in their sacrifice the lowly men who proved themselves worthy of their forerunners, and whose children rise up and call them blessed.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed, "Oh! what a glorious morning is this!" for he saw that his country's independence was rapidly hastening on, and, like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him the more swiftly towards the undiscovered world.

The British troops drew up on the village green, fired a volley, huzzaed thrice by way of triumph, and after a halt of less than

thirty minutes, marched on for Concord. There, in the morning hours, children and women fled for shelter to the hills and the woods, and men were hiding what was left of cannon and military stores.

The minute companies and militia formed on the usual parade, over which the congregation of the town, for near a century and a half, had passed on every day of public worship; the freemen to every town-meeting; and lately the patriot members of the provincial congress twice a day to their little senate house. Near that spot Winthrop, the father of Massachusetts, had given counsel; and Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, had spoken words of benignity and wisdom. The people of Concord, of whom about two hundred appeared in arms on that day, were unpretending men, content in their humility; their energy was derived from their sense of the divine power. This looking to God as their sovereign, brought the fathers to their pleasant valley; this controlled the loyalty of the sons; and this has made the name of Concord venerable throughout the world.

The alarm company of the place rallied near the liberty pole on the hill, to the right of the Lexington road, in the front of the meeting-house. They went to the perilous duties of the day, "with seriousness and acknowledgment of God," as though they were to be engaged in acts of worship. The minute company of Lincoln, and a few from Acton, pressed in at an early hour; but the British, as they approached, were seen to be four times as numerous as the Americans. The latter, therefore, retreated, first to an eminence eighty rods further north, then across the Concord River by the North bridge, till just beyond it, by a back road, they gained high ground, about a mile from the center of the town. There they waited for aid.

About seven o'clock, the British marched with rapid step under the brilliant sunshine into Concord, the light infantry along the hills, and the grenadiers in the lower road. Left in undisputed possession of the hamlet, they made search for stores. To this end, one small party was sent to the South bridge over Concord river; and of six companies under Captain Laurie, three, comprising a hundred soldiers or more, were stationed as a guard at the North bridge, while three others advanced two miles further, to the residence of Barrett, the highest military

officer of the neighborhood, where arms were thought to have been concealed. But they found there nothing to destroy except some carriages for cannon. His wife at their demand gave them refreshment, but refused pay, saying, "We are commanded to feed our enemy, if he hunger."

At daybreak, the minute-men of Acton crowded at the drum-beat to the house of Isaac Davis, their captain, who "made haste to be ready." Just thirty years old, the father of four little ones, stately in his person, a man of few words, earnest even to solemnity, he parted from his wife, saying, "Take good care of the children," as though he had foreseen that his own death was near; and while she gazed after him with resignation, he led off his company to the scene of danger.

Between nine and ten, the number of Americans on the rising ground above Concord bridge had increased to more than four hundred. Of these there were twenty-five minute-men from Bedford, with Jonathan Wilson for their captain; others were from Westford, among them Thaxter, a preacher; others from Littleton, from Carlisle, and from Chelmsford. The Acton company came last, and formed on the right. The whole was a gathering not so much of officers and soldiers, as of brothers and equals; of whom every one was a man well known in his village, observed in the meeting-house on Sundays, familiar at town-meetings, and respected as a freeholder or a freeholder's son.

Near the base of the hill, Concord river flows languidly in a winding channel, and was approached by a causeway over the wet ground of its left bank. The by-road from the hill on which the Americans had rallied, ran southerly till it met the causeway at right angles. The Americans saw before them within gun-shot British troops holding possession of their bridge; and in the distance a still larger number occupying their town, which, from the rising smoke, seemed to have been set on fire.

In Concord itself, Pitcairn had fretted and fumed with oaths and curses at the tavern-keeper for shutting against him the doors of the inn, and exulted over the discovery of two twenty-four-pounders in the tavern yard, as though they reimbursed the expedition. These were spiked; sixty barrels of flour were broken in pieces, but so imperfectly, that afterwards half the

flour was saved; five hundred pounds of ball were thrown into a mill-pond. The liberty pole and several carriages for artillery were burned; and the court-house took fire, though the fire was put out. Private dwellings were rifled; but this slight waste of public stores was all the advantage for which Gage precipitated a civil war.

The Americans had as yet received only uncertain rumors of the morning's events at Lexington. At the sight of fire in the village, the impulse seized them "to march into the town for its defense." But were they not subjects of the British king? Had not the troops come out in obedience to constituted and acknowledged authorities? Was resistance practicable? Was it justifiable? By whom could it be authorized? No union had been formed; no independence proclaimed; no war declared. The husbandmen and mechanics who then stood on the hillock by Concord River, were called on to act, and their action would be war or peace, submission or independence. Had they doubted, they must have despaired.

But duty is bolder than theory, more confident than the understanding, older and more imperative than speculative science; existing from eternity, and recognized in its binding force from the first morning of creation. Prudent statesmanship would have asked anxiously for time to ponder, and would have missed the moment for decision by delay. Wise philosophy would have compared the systems of government, and would have lost from hesitation the glory of opening a new era on mankind. The humble trainbands at Concord acted, and God was with them.

"I never heard from any person the least expression of a wish for a separation," Franklin, not long before, had said to Chatham. In October, 1774, Washington wrote, "No such thing as independence is desired by any thinking man in America." "Before the nineteenth of April, 1775," relates Jefferson, "I never had heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain." Just thirty-seven days had passed, since John Adams in Boston published to the world: "That there are any who pant after independence, is the greatest slander on the province."

The American revolution did not proceed from precarious

intentions. It grew out of the soul of the people, and was an inevitable result of a living affection for freedom, which actuated harmonious effort as certainly as the beating of the heart sends warmth and color and beauty to the system. The rustic heroes of that hour obeyed the simplest, the highest, and the surest instincts, of which the seminal principle existed in all their countrymen. From necessity they were impelled by a strong endeavor towards independence and self-direction; this day revealed the plastic will which was to attract the elements of a nation to a center, and by an innate force to shape its constitution.

The officers, meeting in front of their men, spoke a few words with one another, and went back to their places. Barrett, the colonel, on horseback in the rear, then gave the order to advance, but not to fire unless attacked. The calm features of Isaac Davis, of Acton, became changed; the town schoolmaster, who was present, could never afterwards find words strong enough to express, how his face reddened at the word of command. "I have not a man that is afraid to go," said Davis, looking at the men of Acton; and drawing his sword, he cried, "March!" His company, being on the right, led the way towards the bridge, he himself at their head, and by his side Major John Buttrick, of Concord, with John Robinson, of Westford, lieutenant-colonel in Prescott's regiment, but on this day a volunteer without command.

Thus these three men walked together in front, followed by minute-men and militia, in double file, trailing arms. They went down the hillock, entered the by-road, came to its angle with the main road, and there turned into the causeway that led straight to the bridge. The British began to take up the planks; the Americans, to prevent it, quickened their step. At this, the British fired one or two shots up the river; then another, by which Luther Blanchard and Jonas Brown were wounded. A volley followed, and Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, the latter a son of the deacon of the Acton church, fell dead. Three hours before, Davis had bid his wife and children farewell. That afternoon, he was carried home and laid in her bedroom. His countenance was little altered and pleasant in death. The bodies of two others of his company who were slain that day were brought also to her house, and the three were followed to

the village graveyard by a concourse of the neighbors from miles around. God gave her length of days in the land which his generous self-devotion assisted to redeem. She lived to see her country touch the gulf of Mexico and the Pacific; and when it was grown great in numbers, wealth, and power, the United States in Congress paid honors to her husband's martyrdom, and comforted her under the double burden of sorrow and more than ninety years.

As the British fired, Emerson, who was looking on from his chamber window near the bridge, was for one moment uneasy, lest the fire should not be returned. It was only for a moment; Buttrick, leaping into the air, and at the same time partially turning round, cried aloud, as if with his country's voice, "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire;" and the cry, "fire, fire, fire," ran from lip to lip. Two of the British fell; several were wounded. In two minutes, all was hushed. The British retreated in disorder towards their main body; the countrymen were left in possession of the bridge. This is the world-renowned BATTLE OF CONCORD; more eventful than Agincourt or Blenheim.

The Americans had acted from impulse, and stood astonished at what they had done. They made no pursuit and did no further harm, except that one wounded soldier, attempting to rise as if to escape, was struck on the head by a young man with a hatchet. The party at Barrett's might have been cut off, but was not molested. As the Sudbury company, commanded by the brave Nixon, passed near the South bridge, Josiah Haynes, then eighty years of age, deacon of the Sudbury church, urged an attack on the British party stationed there; his advice was rejected by his fellow-soldiers as premature, but the company in which he served proved among the most alert during the rest of the day.

In the town of Concord, Smith, for half an hour, showed by marches and countermarches, his uncertainty of purpose. At last, about noon, he left the town, to retreat the way he came, along the crooked and hilly road that wound through forests and thickets. The minute-men and militia, who had taken part in the fight, ran over the hills opposite the battlefield into the east quarter of the town, crossed the pasture known as the "Great

Fields," and acting each from his own impulse, placed themselves in ambush a little to the eastward of the village, near the junction of the Bedford road. There they were reinforced by men who were coming in from all around, and at that point the chase of the English began.

Among the foremost were the minute-men of Reading, led by John Brooks, and accompanied by Foster, the minister of Littleton, as a volunteer. The company of Billerica, whose inhabitants, in their just indignation at Nesbit and his soldiers, had openly resolved to "use a different style from that of petition and complaint," came down from the north, while the East Sudbury company appeared on the south. A little below the Bedford road, at Merriam's corner, the British faced about; but after a sharp encounter, in which several of them were killed, they were compelled to resume their retreat.

At the high land in Lincoln, the old road bent towards the north; just where great trees on the west, thickets on the east, and stone walls in every direction, offered cover to the pursuers. The men from Woburn came up in great numbers, and well armed. Along these defiles, eight of the British were left. Here Pitcairn was forced to quit his horse, which was taken with his pistols in their holsters. A little further on, Jonathan Wilson, captain of the Bedford minute-men, too zealous to keep on his guard, was killed by a flanking party. At another defile in Lincoln, the minute-men of Lexington, commanded by John Parker, renewed the fight. Every piece of wood, every rock by the wayside, served as a lurking-place. Scarce ten of the Americans were at any time seen together; yet the hills on each side seemed to the British to swarm with "rebels," as if they had dropped from the clouds, and "the road was lined" by an unintermitted fire from behind stone walls and trees.

At first the invaders moved in order; as they drew near Lexington, their flanking parties became ineffective from weariness; the wounded were scarce able to get forward. In the west of Lexington, as the British were rising Fiske's hill, a sharp contest ensued. It was at the eastern foot of the same hill, that James Hayward, son of the deacon of Acton church, encountered a regular, and both at the same moment fired; the regular was instantly killed, James Hayward was mortally wounded.

A little further on fell the octogenarian, Josiah Haynes, of Sudbury, who had kept pace by the side of the swiftest in the pursuit, with a rugged valor which age had not tempered.

The British troops, "greatly exhausted and fatigued, and having expended almost all their ammunition," began to run rather than retreat in order. The officers vainly attempted to stop their flight. "They were driven before the Americans like sheep." At last, about two in the afternoon, after they had hurried with shameful haste through the middle of the town, about a mile below the field of the morning's bloodshed, the officers got to the front, and by menaces of death, began to form them under a very heavy fire.

At that moment Lord Percy came in sight with the first brigade, consisting of Welsh fusiliers, the fourth, the forty-seventh, and the thirty-eighth regiments, in all about twelve hundred men, with two field-pieces. Insolent as usual, they marched out of Boston to the tune of Yankee Doodle; but they grew alarmed at finding every house on the road deserted. They met not one person to give them tidings of the party whom they were sent to rescue; and now that they had made the junction, they could think only of their own safety.

While the cannon kept the Americans at bay, Percy formed his detachment into a square, inclosing the fugitives, who lay down for rest on the ground, "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

From this time the Americans had to contend against nearly the whole of the British army in Boston. Its best troops, fully two thirds of its whole number, and more than that proportion of its strength, were now with Percy. And yet delay was sure to prove ruinous. The British must fly speedily and fleetly, or be overwhelmed. Two wagons sent out to them with supplies were waylaid and captured by Payson, the minister of Chelsea. From far and wide minute-men were gathering. The men of Dedham, even the old men, received their minister's blessing and went forth, in such numbers that scarce one male between sixteen and seventy was left at home. That morning William Prescott mustered his regiment, and though Pepperell was so remote that he could not be in season for the pursuit, he hastened down with five companies of guards. Before noon, a

messenger rode at full speed into Worcester, crying, "To arms"; a fresh horse was brought, and the tidings went on; while the minute-men of that town, joining hurriedly on the common in a fervent prayer from their minister, did not halt even for rest till they reached Cambridge.

Aware of his perilous position, Percy, after resting but half an hour, renewed the retreat. The light infantry marched in front, the grenadiers next, while the first brigade, which now furnished the very strong flanking parties, brought up the rear. They were exposed to a fire on each flank, in front and from behind. The Americans, who were good marksmen, would lie down concealed to load their guns at one place, and discharge them at another, running from front to flank, and from flank to rear. Rage and revenge and shame at their flight led the regulars to plunder houses by the wayside, to destroy in wantonness windows and furniture, to set fire to barns and houses.

Beyond Lexington the troops were attacked by men chiefly from Essex and the lower towns. The fire from the rebels slackened, till they approached West Cambridge, where Joseph Warren and William Heath, both of the committee of safety, the latter a provincial general officer, gave for a moment some little appearance of organization to the resistance, and the fight grew sharper and more determined. Here the company from Danvers, which made a breastwork of a pile of shingles, lost eight men, caught between the enemy's flank guard and main body. Here, too, a musket ball grazed the hair of Warren, whose heart beat to arms, so that he was ever in the place of greatest danger. The British became more and more "exasperated," and indulged themselves in savage cruelty. In one house they found two aged, helpless, unarmed men, and butchered them both without mercy, stabbing them, breaking their skulls, and dashing out their brains. Hannah Adams, wife of Deacon Joseph Adams of Cambridge, lay in child-bed with a babe of a week old, but was forced to crawl with her infant in her arms and almost naked to a corn shed, while the soldiers set her house on fire. At Cambridge, an idiot, perched on a fence to gaze at the regular army, was wantonly shot at and killed. Of the Americans there were never more than four hundred together at any one time; but as some grew tired or used up their am-

munition, others took their places, and though there was not much concert or discipline, the pursuit never flagged.

Below West Cambridge, the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline came up. Of these, Isaac Gardner of the latter place, one on whom the colony rested many hopes, fell about a mile west of Harvard college. The field-pieces began to lose their terror, so that the Americans pressed upon the rear of the fugitives, whose retreat could not become more precipitate. Had it been delayed a half hour longer, or had Pickering with his fine regiment from Salem and Marblehead been alert enough to have intercepted them in front, it was thought that, worn down as they were by fatigue and exhausted of ammunition, they must have surrendered. But a little after sunset, the survivors escaped across Charlestown neck.

The troops of Percy had marched thirty miles in ten hours; the party of Smith, in six hours, had retreated twenty miles; the guns of the ships of war and a menace to burn the town of Charlestown saved them from annoyance during their rest on Bunker Hill, and while they were ferried across Charles River.

During the day, forty-nine Americans were killed, thirty-four wounded, and five missing. The loss of the British in killed, wounded, and missing was two hundred and seventy-three. Among the wounded were many officers; Smith himself was hurt severely.

All the night long, the men of Massachusetts streamed in from scores of miles around, old men as well as young. They had scarce a semblance of artillery, or warlike stores; no powder, nor organization, nor provisions; but there they were, thousands with brave hearts, determined to rescue the liberties of their country. "The night preceding the outrages at Lexington, there were not fifty people in the whole colony that ever expected any blood would be shed in the contest;" the night after, the king's governor and the king's army found themselves closely beleaguered in Boston.

"The next news from England must be conciliatory, or the connection between us ends," said Warren. "This month," so William Emerson of Concord, who had been chaplain to the provincial congress, chronicled in a blank leaf of his almanac, "is remarkable for the greatest events of the present age."

"From the nineteenth of April, 1775," said Clark, of Lexington, on its first anniversary, "will be dated the liberty of the American world."

Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop, till it had been borne north, and south, and east, and west, throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onwards and still onwards through boundless groves of evergreen to Newbern and to Wilmington. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live oaks, still further to the south, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. Hillsborough and the Mecklenburg district of North Carolina rose in triumph, now that their wearisome uncertainty had its end. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made

their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April by naming their encampment LEXINGTON.

With one impulse the colonies sprang to arms: with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart, the continent cried "Liberty or Death."

The first measure of the Massachusetts committee of safety after the dawn of the twentieth of April, was a circular to the several towns in Massachusetts. "We conjure you," they wrote, "by all that is dear, by all that is sacred; we beg and entreat, as you will answer it to your country, to your consciences, and above all, to God himself, that you will hasten and encourage by all possible means the enlistment of men to form the army; and send them forward to headquarters at Cambridge with that expedition which the vast importance and instant urgency of the affair demands."

The people of Massachusetts had not waited for the call. The country people, as soon as they heard the cry of innocent blood from the ground, snatched their firelocks from the walls; and wives, and mothers, and sisters took part in preparing the men of their households to go forth to the war. The farmers rushed to "the camp of liberty," often with nothing but the clothes on their backs, without a day's provisions, and many without a farthing in their pockets. Their country was in danger; their brethren were slaughtered; their arms alone employed their attention. On their way, the inhabitants gladly opened their hospitable doors and all things were in common. For the first night of the siege, Prescott of Pepperell with his Middlesex minute-men kept the watch over the entrance to Boston, and while Gage was driven for safety to fortify the town at all points, the Americans already talked of nothing but driving him and his regiments into the sea.

At the same time the committee by letter gave the story of the preceding day to New Hampshire and Connecticut, whose assistance they entreated. "We shall be glad," they wrote, "that our brethren who come to our aid, may be supplied with military stores and provisions, as we have none of either, more than is absolutely necessary for ourselves." And without stores, or

cannon, or supplies even of powder, or of money, Massachusetts by its Congress, on the twenty-second of April, resolved unanimously that a New England army of thirty thousand men should be raised, and established its own proportion at thirteen thousand six hundred. The term of enlistment was fixed for the last day of December.

Long before this summons the ferries over the Merrimack were crowded by men from New Hampshire. "We go," said they, "to the assistance of our brethren." By one o'clock of the twentieth upwards of sixty men of Nottingham assembled at the meeting-house with arms and equipments, under Cilley and Dearborn; before two they were joined by bands from Deerfield and Epsom; and they set out together for Cambridge. At dusk they reached Haverhill ferry, a distance of twenty-seven miles, having run rather than marched; they halted in Andover only for refreshments, and traversing fifty-five miles in less than twenty hours, by sunrise of the twenty-first, paraded on Cambridge common.

The veteran John Stark, skilled in the ways of the Indian, the English, and his countrymen, able to take his rest on a bearskin with a roll of snow for a pillow, frank and humane, eccentric but true, famed for coolness, and courage, and integrity, had no rival in the confidence of his neighbors, and was chosen colonel of their regiment by their unanimous vote. He rode in haste to the scene of action, on the way encouraging the volunteers to rendezvous at Medford. So many followed, that on the morning of the twenty-second, he was detached with three hundred to take post at Chelsea, where his battalion, which was one of the fullest in the besieging army, became a model for its discipline.

By the twenty-third, there were already about two thousand men from the interior parts of New Hampshire, desirous "not to return before the work was done." Many who remained near the upper Connecticut, threw up the civil and military commissions held from the king, for said they: "The king has forfeited his crown, and all commissions from him are therefore vacated of course."

In Connecticut, Trumbull, the governor, sent out writs to convene the legislature of the colony at Hartford on the Wednesday following the battle. Meantime the people could not be

restrained. On the morning of the twentieth, Israel Putnam, of Pomfret, in leather frock and apron, was assisting hired men to build a stone wall on his farm, when he heard the cry from Lexington. Leaving them to continue their task, he set off instantly to rouse the militia officers of the nearest towns. On his return, he found hundreds who had mustered and chosen him their leader. Issuing orders for them to follow, he himself pushed forward without changing the check shirt he had worn in the field, and reached Cambridge at sunrise the next morning, having ridden the same horse a hundred miles within eighteen hours. He brought to the service of his country courage which, during the war, was never questioned; and a heart than which none throbbed more honestly or warmly for American freedom.

From Weathersfield, a hundred young volunteers marched for Boston on the twenty-second, well armed and in high spirits. From the neighboring towns, men of the largest estates, and the most esteemed for character, seized their firelocks and followed. By the second night, several thousands from the colony were on their way. Some fixed on their standards and drums the colony arms, and round it in letters of gold, the motto, that God who brought over their fathers would sustain the sons.

In New Haven, Benedict Arnold, captain of a volunteer company, agreed with his men to march the next morning for Boston. "Wait for proper orders," was the advice of Wooster; but the self-willed commander, brooking no delay, extorted supplies from the committee of the town, and on the twenty-ninth reached the American headquarters with his company. There was scarcely a town in Connecticut that was not represented among the besiegers.

The nearest towns of Rhode Island were in motion before the British had finished their retreat. At the instance of Hopkins and others, Wanton, the governor, though himself inclined to the royal side, called an assembly. Its members were all of one mind; and when Wanton, with several of the council, showed hesitation, they resolved, if necessary, to proceed alone. The council yielded, and confirmed the unanimous vote of the assembly which authorized raising an army of fifteen hundred men. "The colony of Rhode Island," wrote Bowler, the speaker, to the Massachusetts Congress, "is firm and determined; and a

greater unanimity in the lower house scarce ever prevailed." Companies of the men of Rhode Island preceded this early message.

The conviction of Massachusetts gained the cheering confidence that springs from sympathy, now that New Hampshire and Connecticut and Rhode Island had come to its support. The New England volunteers were men of substantial worth, of whom almost every one represented a household. The members of the several companies were well known to each other, as to brothers, kindred, and townsmen; known to the old men who remained at home, and to all the matrons and maidens. They were sure to be remembered weekly in the exercises of the congregations; and morning and evening in the usual family devotions, they were commended with fervent piety to the protection of Heaven. Every young soldier lived and acted, as it were, under the keen observation of all those among whom he had grown up, and was sure that his conduct would occupy the tongues of his village companions while he was in the field, and perhaps be remembered his life long. The camp of liberty was a gathering in arms of schoolmates, neighbors, and friends; and Boston was beleaguered round from Roxbury to Chelsea by an unorganized, fluctuating mass of men, each with his own musket and his little store of cartridges, and such provisions as he brought with him, or as were sent after him, or were contributed by the people round about.

The British officers, from the sense of their own weakness, and from fear of the American marksmen, dared not order a sally. Their confinement was the more irksome, for it came of a sudden before their magazines had been filled, and was followed by "an immediate stop to supplies of every kind." The troops, in consequence, suffered severely from unwholesome diet; and their commanders fretted with bitter mortification. They had scoffed at the Americans as cowards who would run at their sight; and they had saved themselves from destruction only by the rapidity of their retreat. Reinforcements and three new general officers were already on the Atlantic, and these would have to be received into straitened quarters by a defeated army. They knew that England, and even the ministers, would condemn the inglorious expedition which had brought about so

sudden and so fatal a change. As if to brand in their shame, the officers shrank from avowing their own acts; and though no one would say that he had seen the Americans fire first, they tried to make it pass current, that a handful of countrymen at Lexington had begun a fight with a detachment that outnumbered them as twelve to one. "They did not make one gallant attempt during so long an action," wrote Smith, who was smarting under his wound, and escaped captivity only by the opportune arrival of Percy.

Men are prone to fail in equity towards those whom their pride regards as their inferiors. The Americans, slowly provoked and long suffering, treated the prisoners with tenderness, and nursed the wounded as though they had been members of their own families. They even invited Gage to send out British surgeons for their relief. Yet Percy could degrade himself so far as to calumniate the countrymen who gave him chase, and officially lend himself to the falsehood that "the rebels scalped and cut off the ears of some of the wounded who fell into their hands." He should have respected the name which he bore; famed as it is in history and in song; and he should have respected the men before whom he fled. The falsehood brings dishonor on its voucher; the people whom he reviled were among the mildest and most compassionate of their race.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

(Thomas Ingoldsby)

Richard Harris Barham, one of the foremost of English humorists. Born in Canterbury, December 6, 1788; died in London, June 17, 1845. Educated at St. Paul's and Oxford; took orders in 1813; rector of two country churches, and one in London. Author of "Ingoldsby Legends," 1840–1847, "My Cousin Nicholas," and "Life of Theodore Hook."

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious tie!"
Thomson — or Somebody.

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,
And his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
And he wore green "specs," with a tortoise-shell rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
And she was uncommonly fond of him, —
And they were a loving pair! —
And the name and the fame
Of the Knight and his Dame,
Were ev'rywhere hail'd with the loudest acclaim;
And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
Far and wide,
The people cried,
Huzza! for the Lord of this noble domain, —
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! — once again! —
Encore! — Encore! —
One cheer more! —
— All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain
To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane!!

Now Sir Thomas the Good,
Be it well understood,

Was a man of very contemplative mood, —
He would pore by the hour,
O'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;
Black-beetles, and Bumblebees, — Bluebottle flies,
And Moths were of no small account in his eyes;
An "Industrious Flea" he'd by no means despise,
While an "Old Daddy-long-legs," whose "long legs" and thighs
Pass'd the common in shape, or in color, or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize.
Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce "keep his paws off" — he
Gave up, in short,
Both business and sport,
And abandon'd himself, *tout entier*, to Philosophy.

Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,
And a good many years the junior of him, —
And as he,
All agree,
Look'd less like her *Mari*,
As he walk'd by her side, than her *Père*,
There are some might be found entertaining a notion
That such an entire and exclusive devotion
To that part of science, folks style Entomology,
Was a positive shame,
And, to such a fair Dame,
Really demanded some sort of apology;
— No doubt, it *would* vex
One half of the sex
To see their own husband, in horrid green "specs,"
Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,
Still poking his nose into this and to that,
At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
Or great ugly things,
All legs and wings,
With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings;

And they'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn,
— One eternally thinking,
And blinking, and winking
At grubs, — when he ought to be winking at them. —
But no! — oh no!
'Twas by no means so
With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby — she, far discreeter
And, having a temper more even and sweeter,
Would never object to
Her spouse, in respect to
His poking and peeping
After "things creeping;"
Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping,
Or scolding at what she perceived him so deep in.

Tout au contraire,
No lady so fair
Was e'er known to wear more contented an air;
And, — let who would call, — every day she was there,
Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple, or pear,
Or distilling strong waters, — or potting a hare, —
Or counting her spoons and her crockery ware;
Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care
Embroidering a stool or a back for a chair,
With needlework roses, most cunning and rare,
Enough to make less-gifted visitors stare,
And declare, where'er
They had been, that "they ne'er
In their lives had seen aught that at all could compare
With dear Lady Jane's housewifery — that they would swear."

Nay more; don't suppose
With such doings as those
This account of her merits must come to a close;
No: — examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
She by no means neglected improving her mind;
For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,
She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,

Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.
Close by her side,
Sat her kinsman, MacBride,
Her cousin, fourteen times removed, — as you'll see
If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,
In "Burke's Commoners," vol. xx, page 53.
All the papers I've read agree,
Too, with the pedigree,
Where, among the collateral branches, appears
"Captain Dugald MacBride, Royal Scots Fusileers;"
And I doubt if you'd find in the whole of his clan
A more highly intelligent, worthy young man; —
And there he'd be sitting,
While she was a-knitting,
Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting,
Or putting a "gore," or a "gusset," or "bit" in,
Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
Some very "wise saw" from some very good book, —
Some such pious divine as
St. Thomas Aquinas;
Or, equally charming,
The works of Bellarmine;
Or else he unravels
The "voyages and travels"
Of Hackluytz — (how sadly these Dutch names *do* sully verse!) —
Purchas's, Hawksworth's, or Lemuel Gulliver's, —
Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so
Admired as John Bunyan, and Robinson Crusoe. —
No matter who came,
It was always the same,
The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,
Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well, it happen'd one day,
— I really can't say
The particular month; — but I *think* 'twas in May, —
'Twas, I *know*, in the Springtime, — when "Nature looks gay,"

TAPPINGTON EVERARD, ENGLAND, HOME OF BARHAM

[illegible]
Close by her side,
Sat her kinsman, MacBride,
Her cousin, fourteen times removed, — as you'll see
If you look at the Ingoldsby family [illegible],
In "Burke's Commoners," vol. xx. [illegible]
All the papers I've read [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And I doubt [illegible]
A [illegible] —
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] or darning and [illegible],
[illegible] or a "gusset" or "[illegible]" in,
[illegible] a very grave look,
[illegible] "[illegible]" from some very good book, —
[illegible]
St. Thomas [illegible],
Or, equally charming,
The works of Bellarmine;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] names *do* sully
[illegible] —
[illegible]
[illegible] few so
Admired as [illegible] Crusoe. —
No matter who [illegible],
It was always the same,
The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame.
Till, [illegible] having gone through half the book on the shelf,
They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas [illegible].

[illegible]
I really can't say
The particular month; — but I *think* 'twas in May, —
'Twas, I *know*, in the Springtime, — when "Nature looks gay."

As the Poet observes, — and on tree-top and spray
The dear little dickey-birds carol away;
When the grass is so green, and the sun is so bright,
And all things are teeming with life and with light, —
That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight!

It seems he had taken
A light breakfast — bacon,
An egg — with a little broil'd haddock — at most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
And then — let me see! —
He had two — perhaps three
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gunpowder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*,
— Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree. —
— In fact, I and my son
Mix "black" with our "Hyson,"
Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a bison,
And both hating brandy like what some call "pison."
No matter for that —
He had call'd for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,
And his "specs" with the tortoise-shell rim, and his cane
With the crutch-handled top, which he used to sustain
His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs
And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs —
Thus arm'd, he set out on a ramble — alack!
He *set out*, poor dear Soul! — but he never came back!

"First dinner-bell" rang
Out its euphonous clang
At five — folks kept early hours then — and the "Last"
Ding-dong'd, as it ever was wont, at half-past,
While Betsey and Sally,
And Thompson the *Valet*,
And every one else was beginning to bless himself,
Wondering the Knight had not come in to dress himself, —

— Quoth Betsey, "Dear me! why the fish will be cold!" —
Quoth Sally, "Good gracious! how 'Missis' *will* scold!" —
Thompson, the *Valet*,
Look'd gravely at Sally,
As who should say "Truth must not always be told!"
Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take cold,
Thus exposed to the dews,
Lambs' wool stockings and shoes,
Of each a fresh pair,
He put down to air,
And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair. —

Still the Master was absent — the Cook came and said, "he
Much fear'd, as the dinner had been so long ready,
The roast and the boil'd
Would be all of it spoil'd,
And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a treat,
He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat!"
This closed the debate —
"'Twould be folly to wait,"
Said the Lady, "Dish up! — Let the meal be served straight;
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,
And kept hot for Sir Thomas. — He's lost, sure as fate!
And, a hundred to one, won't be home till it's late!"
— Captain Dugald MacBride then proceeded to face
The Lady at table, — stood up, and said grace, —
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas's place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
That livelong night did the hours go by;
And the Lady Jane,
In grief and in pain,
She sat herself down to cry! —
And Captain MacBride,
Who sat by her side,
Though I really can't say that he actually cried,
At least had a tear in his eye! —
As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
From "very young fellows" for very "old chaps;"

And if he had said
What he'd got in his head,
'Twould have been "Poor old Buffer! he's certainly dead!"

The morning dawn'd, — and the next, — and the next,
And all in the mansion were still perplex'd;
No watch-dog "bay'd a welcome home," as
A watch-dog should to the "Good Sir Thomas:"
No knocker fell
His approach to tell,
Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell —
The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may be,
And the dear little dickey-birds carol'd with glee,
And the lambs in the park skipp'd merry and free —
— Without, all was joy and harmony!

"And thus 'twill be, — nor long the day, —
Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
Yon Sun, that now *our* bosoms warms,
Shall shine, — but shine on other forms; —
Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound on other ears, —
The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
But other eyes its sports survey, —
The stream we loved shall roll as fair,
The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre
Shall scent, as now, the ambient air, —
The Tree, whose bending branches bear
The One loved name — shall yet be there; —
But where the hand that carved it? — Where?"

These were hinted to me as
The very ideas
Which pass'd through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
Her thoughts having taken a somberish train,
As she walk'd on the esplanade, to and again,

With Captain MacBride,
Of course, at her side,
Who could not look quite so forlorn, — though he tried.
— An "idea," in fact, had got into *his* head,
That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should really be dead,
It might be no bad "spec." to be there in his stead,
And, by simply contriving, in due time, to wed
A Lady who was young and fair,
A lady slim and tall,
To set himself down in comfort there
The Lord of Tapton Hall. —

Thinks he, "We have sent
Half over Kent,
And nobody knows how much money's been spent,
Yet no one's been found to say which way he went! —
The groom, who's been over
To Folkstone and Dover,
Can't get any tidings at all of the rover!
— Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we've tried
Every plan we could hit on — the whole country-side,
Upon all its dead walls, with placards we've supplied, —
And we've sent out the Crier, and had him well cried —
'MISSING!!
Stolen, or stray'd,
Lost, or mislaid,
A GENTLEMAN; — middle-aged, sober, and staid; —
Stoops slightly; — and when he left home was array'd
In a sad-color'd suit, somewhat dingy and fray'd; —
Had spectacles on with a tortoise-shell rim,
And a hat rather low crown'd, and broad in the brim.
Whoe'er
Shall bear,
Or shall send him with care,
(Right side uppermost) home; or shall give notice where
The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is; or shall state
Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate,
To the man at the turnpike, called TAPPINGTON GATE,
Shall receive a REWARD of FIVE POUNDS for his trouble, —
(☞N.B. — If defunct the REWARD will be double!!☜)

"Had he been above ground
He *must* have been found.
No; doubtless he's shot, — or he's hang'd, — or he's drown'd!
Then his Widow — ay! ay! —
But, what will folks say! —
To address her at once — at so early a day!
Well — what then? — who cares! — let 'em say what they may —
A fig for their nonsense and chatter! — suffice it, her
Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's eyes at her!"
When a Man has decided
As Captain MacBride did,
And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
He began on the instant, and vow'd that "her eyes
Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies, —
That her lips were like roses — her cheeks were like lilies —
Her breath had the odor of daffy-down-dillies!" —
With a thousand more compliments equally true,
And express'd in similitudes equally new!
— Then his left arm he placed
Round her jimp, taper waist —
— Ere she fix'd to repulse, or return, his embrace,
Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,
With that very peculiar expression of face
Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
Crying out — 'twas the Gardener, — "Oh, Ma'am! we've found Master!"
— "Where! where?" scream'd the lady; and Echo scream'd — "Where?"
The man couldn't say "There!"
He had no breath to spare,
But, gasping for air, he could only respond,
By pointing — he pointed, alas! — TO THE POND.
— 'Twas e'en so — poor dear Knight! — with his "specs" and his hat
He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that;
When, close to the side
Of the bank, he espied
An "uncommon fine" Tadpole, remarkably fat!

He stoop'd; — and he thought her
His own; — he had caught her!
Got hold of her tail, — and to land almost brought her,
When — he plump'd head and heels into fifteen feet water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
Alas, for Sir Thomas! — she grieved for him,
As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of limb,
His body between them bear:
She sobb'd, and she sigh'd; she lamented, and cried,
For of sorrow brimful was her cup;
She swoon'd, and I think she'd have fall'n down and died,
If Captain MacBride
Had not been by her side,
With the Gardener; they both their assistance supplied,
And managed to hold her up. —
But, when she "comes to,"
Oh! 'tis shocking to view
The sight which the corpse reveals!
Sir Thomas's body,
It look'd so odd — he
Was half eaten up by the eels!
His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes
Were all gnawl'd through and through;
And out of each shoe
An eel they drew;
And from each of his pockets they pull'd out two!
And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,
As well we may suppose;
For, when he came running to give the alarm,
He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John
Was summon'd anon;
Holy water was sprinkled,
And little bells tinkled,
And tapers were lighted,
And incense ignited,

And masses were sung, and masses were said,
All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair, —
And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
Had made up her mind — or, what's much the same,
Had *thought about* — once more "changing her name,"
And she said with a pensive air,
To Thompson, the valet, while taking away,
When supper was over, the cloth and the tray, —
"Eels a many
I've ate; but any
So good ne'er tasted before! —
They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond. —
Go — pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond —
Poor dear! — HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!!"

LADY ANNE BARNARD

LADY ANNE BARNARD. Born December 8, 1750; died May 6, 1825. Daughter of the Earl of Balcarres. Author of "Auld Robin Gray."

AULD ROBIN GRAY

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But, saving a croun, he had naething else beside.
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me!

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea, —
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mother cou'dna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair, — my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, a popular Scottish novelist. Born in Kirriemuir, Scotland, May 9, 1860. Among his works are: "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," "Auld Licht Idylls," and several successful plays.

(From "AULD LICHT IDYLLS")

LADS AND LASSES

WITH the severe Auld Lichts the Sabbath began at six o'clock on Saturday evening. By that time the gleaming shuttle was at rest, Davie Haggart had strolled into the village from his pile of stones on the Whunny road; Hendry Robb, the "dummy," had sold his last barrowful of "rozetty (resiny) roots" for firewood; and the people, having tranquilly supped and soused their faces in their water-pails, slowly donned their Sunday clothes. This ceremony was common to all; but there divergence set in. The gray Auld Licht, to whom love was not even a name, sat in his high-backed armchair by the hearth, Bible or "Pilgrim's Progress" in hand, occasionally lapsing into slumber. But — though, when they got the chance, they went willingly three times to the kirk — there were young men in the community so flighty that, instead of dozing at home on Saturday night, they dandered casually into the square, and, forming into knots at the corners, talked solemnly and mysteriously of women.

Not even on the night preceding his wedding was an Auld Licht ever known to stay out after ten o'clock. So weekly conclaves at street corners came to an end at a comparatively early hour, one Cœlebs after another shuffling silently from the square until it echoed, deserted, to the town house clock. The last of the gallants, gradually discovering that he was alone, would look around him musingly, and, taking in the situation, slowly wend his way home. On no other night of the week was frivolous talk about the softer sex indulged in, the Auld Lichts being creatures of habit who never thought of smiling on a Monday. Long before they reached their teens they were earning their keep as herds in the surrounding glens or filling "pirns" for their parents; but they were generally on the brink of twenty

before they thought seriously of matrimony. Up to that time they only trifled with the other sex's affections at a distance — filling a maid's water-pails, perhaps, when no one was looking, or carrying her wob; at the recollection of which they would slap their knees almost jovially on Saturday night. A wife was expected to assist at the loom as well as to be cunning in the making of marmalade and the firing of bannocks, and there was consequently some heartburning among the lads for maids of skill and muscle. The Auld Licht, however, who meant marriage seldom loitered in the streets. By and by there came a time when the clock looked down through its cracked glass upon the hemmed-in square and saw him not. His companions, gazing at each other's boots, felt that something was going on, but made no remark.

A month ago, passing through the shabby familiar square, I brushed against a withered old man tottering down the street under a load of yarn. It was piled on a wheelbarrow which his feeble hands could not have raised but for the rope of yarn that supported it from his shoulders; and though Auld Licht was written on his patient eyes, I did not immediately recognize Jamie Whamond. Years ago Jamie was a sturdy weaver and fervent lover whom I had the right to call my friend. Turn back the century a few decades, and we are together on a moonlight night, taking a short cut through the fields from the farm of Craigiebuckle. Buxom were Craigiebuckle's "dochters," and Jamie was Janet's accepted suitor. It was a muddy road through damp grass, and we picked our way silently over its ruts and pools. "I'm thinkin'," Jamie said at last, a little wistfully, "that I micht hae been as weel wi' Chirsty." Chirsty was Janet's sister, and Jamie had first thought of her. Craigiebuckle, however, strongly advised him to take Janet instead, and he consented. Alack! heavy wobs have taken all the grace from Janet's shoulders this many a year, though she and Jamie go bravely down the hill together. Unless they pass the allotted span of life, the "poors-house" will never know them. As for bonny Chirsty, she proved a flighty thing, and married a deacon in the Established Church. The Auld Lichts groaned over her fall, Craigiebuckle hung his head, and the minister told her sternly to go her way. But a few weeks afterwards Lang Tam-

mas, the chief elder, was observed talking with her for an hour in Gowrie's close; and the very next Sabbath Chirsty pushed her husband in triumph into her father's pew. The minister, though completely taken by surprise, at once referred to the stranger, in a prayer of great length, as a brand that might yet be plucked from the burning. Changing his text, he preached at him; Lang Tammas, the precentor, and the whole congregation (Chirsty included), sang at him; and before he exactly realized his position he had become an Auld Licht for life. Chirsty's triumph was complete when, next week, in broad daylight, too, the minister's wife called, and (in the presence of Betsy Munn, who vouches for the truth of the story) graciously asked her to come up to the manse on Thursday, at 4 P.M., and drink a dish of tea. Chirsty, who knew her position, of course begged modestly to be excused; but a coolness arose over the invitation between her and Janet — who felt slighted — that was only made up at the laying-out of Chirsty's father-in-law, to which Janet was pleasantly invited.

When they had red up the house, the Auld Licht lassies sat in the gloaming at their doors on three-legged stools, patiently knitting stockings. To them came stiff-limbed youths who, with a "Blawy nicht, Jeanie" (to which the inevitable answer was, "It is so, Cha-rles"), rested their shoulders on the doorpost, and silently followed with their eyes the flashing needles. Thus the courtship began — often to ripen promptly into marriage, at other times to go no further. The smooth-haired maids, neat in their simple wrappers, knew they were on their trial and that it behooved them to be wary. They had not compassed twenty winters without knowing that Marget Todd lost Davie Haggart because she "fittit" a black stocking with brown worsted, and that Finny's grieve turned from Bell Whamond on account of the frivolous flowers in her bonnet: and yet Bell's prospects, as I happen to know, at one time looked bright and promising. Sitting over her father's peat fire one night gossiping with him about fishing flies and tackle, I noticed the grieve, who had dropped in by appointment with some ducks' eggs on which Bell's clockin hen was to sit, performing some sleight-of-hand trick with his coat sleeve. Craftily he jerked and twisted it, till his own photograph (a black smudge on white) gradually

appeared to view. This he gravely slipped into the hands of the maid of his choice, and then took his departure, apparently much relieved. Had not Bell's light-headedness driven him away, the grieve would have soon followed up his gift with an offer of his hand. Some night Bell would have "seen him to the door," and they would have stared sheepishly at each other before saying good-night. The parting salutation given, the grieve would still have stood his ground, and Bell would have waited with him. At last, "Will ye hae's, Bell?" would have dropped from his half-reluctant lips; and Bell would have mumbled, "Ay," with her thumb in her mouth. "Guid nicht to ye, Bell," would be the next remark — "Guid nicht to ye, Jeames," the answer; the humble door would close softly, and Bell and her lad would have been engaged. But, as it was, their attachment never got beyond the silhouette stage, from which, in the ethics of the Auld Lichts, a man can draw back in certain circumstances, without loss of honor. The only really tender thing I ever heard an Auld Licht lover say to his sweetheart was when Gowrie's brother looked softly into Easie Tamson's eyes and whispered, "Do you swite (sweat)?" Even then the effect was produced more by the loving cast in Gowrie's eye than by the tenderness of the words themselves.

The courtships were sometimes of long duration, but as soon as the young man realized that he was courting he proposed. Cases were not wanting in which he realized this for himself, but as a rule he had to be told of it.

There were a few instances of weddings among the Auld Lichts that did not take place on Friday. Betsy Munn's brother thought to assert his two coal-carts, about which he was sinfully puffed up, by getting married early in the week; but he was a pragmatical feckless body, Jamie. The foreigner from York that Finny's grieve after disappointing Jinny Whamond took, sought to sow the seeds of strife by urging that Friday was an unlucky day; and I remember how the minister, who was always great in a crisis, nipped the bickering in the bud by adducing the conclusive fact that he had been married on the sixth day of the week himself. It was a judicious policy on Mr. Dishart's part to take vigorous action at once and insist on the solemnization of the marriage on a Friday or not at all, for he

best kept superstition out of the congregation by branding it as heresy. Perhaps the Auld Lichts were only ignorant of the grieve's lass's theory because they had not thought of it. Friday's claims, too, were incontrovertible; for the Saturday's being a slack day gave the couple an opportunity to put their but and ben in order, and on Sabbath they had a gay day of it, three times at the kirk. The honeymoon over, the racket of the loom began again on the Monday.

The natural politeness of the Allardice family gave me my invitation to Tibbie's wedding. I was taking tea and cheese early one wintry afternoon with the smith and his wife, when little Joey Todd in his Sabbath clothes peered in at the passage, and then knocked primly at the door. Andra forgot himself, and called out to him to come in by; but Jess frowned him into silence, and, hastily donning her black mutch, received Willie on the threshold. Both halves of the door were open, and the visitor had looked us over carefully before knocking; but he had come with the compliments of Tibbie's mother, requesting the pleasure of Jess and her man that evening to the lassie's marriage with Sam'l Todd, and the knocking at the door was part of the ceremony. Five minutes afterwards Joey returned to beg a moment of me in the passage; when I, too, got my invitation. The lad had just received, with an expression of polite surprise, though he knew he could claim it as his right, a slice of crumbling shortbread, and taken his staid departure, when Jess cleared the tea-things off the table, remarking simply that it was a mercy we had not got beyond the first cup. We then retired to dress.

About six o'clock, the time announced for the ceremony, I elbowed my way through the expectant throng of men, women, and children that already besieged the smith's door. Shrill demands of "Toss, toss!" rent the air every time Jess's head showed on the window-blind, and Andra hoped, as I pushed open the door, "that I hadna forgotten my bawbees." Weddings were celebrated among the Auld Lichts by showers of ha'pence, and the guests on their way to the bride's house had to scatter to the hungry rabble like housewives feeding poultry. Willie Todd, the best man, who had never come out so strong in his life before, slipped through the back window, while the crowd, led on by Kitty McQueen, seethed in front, and making a bolt for it to the

"'Sosh," was back in a moment with a handful of small change. "Dinna toss ower lavishly at first," the smith whispered me nervously, as we followed Jess and Willie into the darkening wynd.

The guests were packed hot and solemn in Johnny Allardice's "room:" the men anxious to surrender their seats to the ladies who happened to be standing, but too bashful to propose it; the ham and the fish frizzling noisily side by side but the house, and hissing out every now and then to let all whom it might concern know that Janet Craik was adding more water to the gravy. A better woman never lived; but, oh, the hypocrisy of the face that beamed greeting to the guests as if it had nothing to do but politely show them in, and gasped next moment with upraised arms, over what was nearly a fall in crockery. When Janet sped to the door her "spleet new" merino dress fell, to the pulling of a string, over her home-made petticoat, like the drop scene in a theater, and rose as promptly when she returned to slice the bacon. The murmur of admiration that filled the room when she entered with the minister was an involuntary tribute to the spotlessness of her wrapper, and a great triumph for Janet. If there is an impression that the dress of the Auld Lichts was on all occasions as somber as their faces, let it be known that the bride was but one of several in "whites," and that Mag Munn had only at the last moment been dissuaded from wearing flowers. The minister, the Auld Lichts congratulated themselves, disapproved of all such decking of the person and bowing of the head to idols; but on such an occasion he was not expected to observe it. Bell Whamond, however, has reason for knowing that, marriages or no marriages, he drew the line at curls.

By and by Sam'l Todd, looking a little dazed, was pushed into the middle of the room to Tibbie's side, and the minister raised his voice in prayer. All eyes closed reverently, except perhaps the bridegroom's, which seemed glazed and vacant. It was an open question in the community whether Mr. Dishart did not miss his chance at weddings; the men shaking their heads over the comparative brevity of the ceremony, the women worshiping him (though he never hesitated to rebuke them when they showed it too openly) for the urbanity of his manners. At

that time, however, only a minister of such experience as Mr. Dishart's predecessor could lead up to a marriage in prayer without inadvertently joining the couple; and the catechizing was mercifully brief. Another prayer followed the union; the minister waived his right to kiss the bride; every one looked at every other one, as if he had for the moment forgotten what he was on the point of saying and found it very annoying; and Janet signed frantically to Willie Todd, who nodded intelligently in reply, but evidently had no idea what she meant. In time Johnny Allardice, our host, who became more and more doited as the night proceeded, remembered his instructions, and led the way to the kitchen, where the guests, having politely informed their hostess that they were not hungry, partook of a hearty tea. Mr. Dishart presided with the bride and bridegroom near him; but though he tried to give an agreeable turn to the conversation by describing the extensions at the cemetery, his personality oppressed us, and we only breathed freely when he rose to go. Yet we marveled at his versatility. In shaking hands with the newly married couple the minister reminded them that it was leap year, and wished them "three hundred and sixty-six happy and God-fearing days."

Sam'l's station being too high for it, Tibbie did not have a penny wedding, which her thrifty mother bewailed, penny weddings starting a couple in life. I can recall nothing more characteristic of the nation from which the Auld Lichts sprang than the penny wedding, where the only revelers that were not out of pocket by it, were the couple who gave the entertainment. The more the guests ate and drank the better, pecuniarily, for their hosts. The charge for admission to the penny wedding (practically to the feast that followed it) varied in different districts, but with us it was generally a shilling. Perhaps the penny extra to the fiddler accounts for the name penny wedding. The ceremony having been gone through in the bride's house, there was an adjournment to a barn or other convenient place of meeting, where was held the nuptial feast. Long white boards from Rob Angus's sawmill, supported on trestles, stood in lieu of tables; and those of the company who could not find a seat waited patiently against the wall for a vacancy. The shilling gave every guest the free run of the groaning board, but though

fowls were plentiful, and even white bread too, little had been spent on them. The farmers of the neighborhood, who looked forward to providing the young people with drills of potatoes for the coming winter, made a bid for their custom by sending them a fowl gratis for the marriage supper. It was popularly understood to be the oldest cock of the farmyard, but for all that it made a brave appearance in a shallow sea of soup. The fowls were always boiled — without exception, so far as my memory carries me; the guid-wife never having the heart to roast them, and so lose the broth. One round of whisky-and-water was all the drink to which his shilling entitled the guest. If he wanted more he had to pay for it. There was much revelry, with song and dance, that no stranger could have thought those stiff-limbed weavers capable of; and the more they shouted and whirled through the barn, the more their host smiled and rubbed his hands. He presided at the bar improvised for the occasion, and if the thing was conducted with spirit, his bride flung an apron over her gown and helped him. I remember one elderly bridegroom, who, having married a blind woman, had to do double work at his penny wedding. It was a sight to see him flitting about the torch-lit barn, with a kettle of hot water in one hand and a besom to sweep up crumbs in the other.

Though Sam'l had no penny wedding, however, we made a night of it at his marriage.

Wedding chariots were not in those days, though I know of Auld Lichts being conveyed to marriages nowadays by horses with white ears. The tea over, we formed in couples, and — the best man with the bride, the bridegroom with the best maid, leading the way — marched in slow procession in the moonlight night to Tibbie's new home, between lines of hoarse and eager onlookers. An attempt was made by an itinerant musician to head the company with his fiddle; but instrumental music, even in the streets, was abhorrent to sound Auld Lichts, and the minister had spoken privately to Willie Todd on the subject. As a consequence, Peter was driven from the ranks. The last thing I saw that night, as we filed, bareheaded and solemn, into the newly married couple's house, was Kitty McQueen's vigorous arm, in a disheveled sleeve, pounding a pair of urchins who had got between her and a muddy ha'penny.

That night there was revelry and boisterous mirth (or what the Auld Lichts took for such) in Tibbie's kitchen. At eleven o'clock Davit Lunan cracked a joke. Davie Haggart, in reply to Bell Dundas's request, gave a song of distinctly secular tendencies. The bride (who had carefully taken off her wedding gown on getting home and donned a wrapper) coquettishly let the bridegroom's father hold her hand. In Auld Licht circles, when one of the company was offered whisky and refused it, the others, as if pained even at the offer, pushed it from them as a thing abhorred. But Davie Haggart set another example on this occasion, and no one had the courage to refuse to follow it. We sat late round the dying fire, and it was only Willie Todd's scandalous assertion (he was but a boy) about his being able to dance that induced us to think of moving. In the community, I understand, this marriage is still memorable as the occasion on which Bell Whamond laughed in the minister's face.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield. Born in London, December 21, 1804; died April 19, 1881. Author of "Vivian Grey," "The Young Duke," "Contarini Fleming," "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," "The Rise of Iskander," "The Revolutionary Epic," "Henrietta Temple," "Venetia," "Alarcos," "Coningsby," "Sybil," "Tancred," "Lothair," and "Endymion."

In viewing the superb statue of Beaconsfield in Westminster Abbey, one can but be impressed by the dominant character of the man. His writings are of interest in the self-revelation of the author, quite aside from their great literary merit. They are full of epigrams, witty antitheses, and sarcasms, — the very weapons he used so effectively in parliamentary debate. They abound also in evidences of that wonderful knowledge of human nature and the way to deal with it, by means of which Beaconsfield could always get along easily with Queen Victoria, when his Scotch rival Gladstone was too tactless to please her.

(From "Lothair")

Time, which changes everything, is changing even the traditionary appearance of forlorn Jerusalem. Not that its mien,

after all, was ever very sad. Its airy site, its splendid mosque, its vast monasteries, the bright material of which the whole city is built, its cupolaed houses of freestone, and above all the towers and gates and battlements of its lofty and complete walls, always rendered it a handsome city. Jerusalem has not been sacked so often or so recently as the other two great ancient cities, Rome and Athens. Its vicinage was never more desolate than the Campagna, or the state of Attica and the Morea in 1830.

The battlefield of western Asia from the days of the Assyrian kings to those of Mehemet Ali, Palestine endured the same devastation as in modern times has been the doom of Flanders and the Milanese; but the years of havoc in the Low Countries and Lombardy must be counted in Palestine by centuries. Yet the wide plains of the Holy Land, Sharon, and Shechem, and Esdraelon, have recovered; they are as fertile and as fair as in old days; it is the hill culture that has been destroyed, and that is the culture on which Jerusalem mainly depended. Its hills were terraced gardens, vineyards, and groves of olive trees. And here it is that we find renovation. The terraces are again ascending the stony heights, and the eye is frequently gladdened with young plantations. Fruit trees, the peach and the pomegranate, the almond, and the fig, offer gracious groups; and the true children of the land, the vine and the olive, are again exulting in their native soil.

There is one spot, however, which has been neglected, and yet the one that should have been the first remembered, as it has been the most rudely wasted. Blessed be the hand which plants trees upon Olivet! Blessed be the hand that builds gardens about Sion!

The most remarkable creation, however, in modern Jerusalem is the Russian settlement which within a few years has risen on the elevated ground on the western side of the city. The Latin, the Greek, and the Armenian churches had for centuries possessed inclosed establishments in the city, which, under the name of monasteries, provided shelter and protection for hundreds — it might be said even thousands — of pilgrims belonging to their respective rites. The great scale, therefore, on which Russia secured hospitality for her subjects was not in reality so remarkable as the fact that it seemed to indicate a settled determination

to separate the Muscovite Church altogether from the Greek, and throw off what little dependence is still acknowledged on the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Whatever the motive, the design has been accomplished on a large scale. The Russian buildings, all well defended, are a caravanserai, a cathedral, a citadel. The consular flag crowns the height and indicates the office of administration; priests and monks are permanent inhabitants, and a whole caravan of Muscovite pilgrims and the trades on which they depend can be accommodated within the precinct.

Mr. Phœbus, his family and suite, were to be the guests of the Russian consul, and every preparation was made to insure the celebrated painter a becoming reception. Frequent telegrams had duly impressed the representative of all the Russias in the Holy Land with the importance of his impending visitor. Even the qualified and strictly provisional acceptance of the Russian proposition by Mr. Phœbus had agitated the wires of Europe scarcely less than a suggested conference.

"An artist should always remember what he owes to posterity and his profession," said Mr. Phœbus to Lothair, as they were walking the deck, "even if you can distinguish between them, which I doubt, for it is only by a sense of the beautiful that the human family can be sustained in its proper place in the scale of creation, and the sense of the beautiful is a result of the study of the fine arts. It would be something to sow the seeds of organic change in the Mongolian type, but I am not sanguine of success. There is no original fund of aptitude to act upon. The most ancient of existing communities is Turanian, and yet, though they could invent gunpowder and the mariner's compass, they never could understand perspective. — Man ahead there! tell Madame Phœbus to come on deck for the first sight of Mount Lebanon."

When the *Pan* entered the port of Joppa they observed another English yacht in those waters; but, before they could speculate on its owner, they were involved in all the complications of landing. On the quay, the Russian vice-consul was in attendance with horses and mules, and donkeys handsomer than either. The ladies were delighted with the vast orange gardens of Joppa,

which Madame Phœbus said realized quite her idea of the Holy Land.

"I was prepared for milk and honey," said Euphrosyne, "but this is too delightful," as she traveled through lanes of date-bearing palm trees, and sniffed with her almond-shaped nostrils the all-pervading fragrance.

They passed the night at Arimathea, a pretty village surrounded with gardens inclosed with hedges of prickly pear. Here they found hospitality in an old convent, but all the comforts of Europe and many of the refinements of Asia had been forwarded for their accommodation.

"It is a great homage to art," said Mr. Phœbus, as he scattered his gold like a great seigneur of Gascony.

The next day, two miles from Jerusalem, the consul met them with a cavalcade, and the ladies assured their host that they were not at all wearied with their journey, but were quite prepared, in due time, to join his dinner party, which he was most anxious they should attend, as he had "two English lords" who had arrived, and whom he had invited to meet them. They were all curious to know their names, though that, unfortunately, the consul could not tell them, but he had sent to the English consulate to have them written down. All he could assure them was, that they were real English lords, not traveling English lords, but in sober earnestness great personages.

Mr. Phœbus was highly gratified. He was pleased with his reception. There was nothing he liked much more than a procession. He was also a sincere admirer of the aristocracy of his country. "On the whole," he would say, "they most resemble the old Hellenic race; excelling in athletic sports, speaking no other language than their own, and never reading."

"Your fault," he would sometimes say to Lothair, "and the cause of many of your sorrows, is the habit of mental introspection. Man is born to observe, but if he falls into psychology he observes nothing, and then he is astonished that life has no charms for him, or that, never seizing the occasion, his career is a failure. No, sir, it is the eye that must be occupied and cultivated; no one knows the capacity of the eye who has not developed it, or the visions of beauty and delight and inexhaustible interest which it commands. To a man who observes, life is

as different as the existence of a dreaming psychologist is to that of the animals of the field."

"I fear," said Lothair, "that I have at length found out the truth, and that I am a dreaming psychologist."

"You are young and not irremediably lost," said Mr. Phœbus. "Fortunately, you have received the admirable though partial education of your class. You are a good shot, you can ride, you can row, you can swim. That imperfect secretion of the brain which is called thought has not yet bowed your frame. You have not had time to read much. Give it up altogether. The conversation of a woman like Theodora is worth all the libraries in the world. If it were only for her sake, I should wish to save you, but I wish to do it for your own. Yes, profit by the vast though calamitous experience which you have gained in a short time. We may know a great deal about our bodies, we can know very little about our minds."

The "real English lords" turned out to be Bertram and St. Aldegonde returning from Nubia. They had left England about the same time as Lothair, and had paired together on the Irish Church till Easter, with a sort of secret hope on the part of St. Aldegonde that they might neither of them reappear in the House of Commons again until the Irish Church were either saved or subverted. Holy Week had long passed, and they were at Jerusalem, not quite so near the House of Commons as the Reform Club or the Carlton; but still St. Aldegonde had mentioned that he was beginning to be bored with Jerusalem, and Bertram counted on their immediate departure when they accepted the invitation to dine with the Russian consul.

Lothair was unaffectedly delighted to meet Bertram, and glad to see St. Aldegonde, but he was a little nervous and embarrassed as to the probable tone of his reception by them. But their manner relieved him in an instant, for he saw they knew nothing of his adventures.

"Well," said St. Aldegonde, "what have you been doing with yourself since we last met? I wish you had come with us, and had a shot at a crocodile."

Bertram told Lothair in the course of the evening that he found letters at Cairo from Corisande, on his return, in which there was a good deal about Lothair, and which had made him

rather uneasy. "That there was a rumor you had been badly wounded, and some other things," and Bertram looked him full in the face; "but I dare say not a word of truth."

"I was never better in my life," said Lothair, "and I have been in Sicily and in Greece. However, we will talk over all this another time."

The dinner at the consulate was one of the most successful banquets that was ever given, if to please your guests be the test of good fortune in such enterprises. St. Aldegonde was perfectly charmed with the Phœbus family; he did not know which to admire most — the great artist, who was in remarkable spirits to-day, considering he was in a Semitic country, or his radiant wife, or his brilliant sister-in-law. St. Aldegonde took an early opportunity of informing Bertram that if he liked to go over and vote for the Irish Church he would release him from his pair with the greatest pleasure, but for his part he had not the slightest intention of leaving Jerusalem at present. Strange to say, Bertram received this intimation without a murmur. He was not so loud in his admiration of the Phœbus family as St. Aldegonde, but there is a silent sentiment sometimes more expressive than the noisiest applause, and more dangerous. Bertram had sat next to Euphrosyne, and was entirely spellbound.

The consul's wife, a hostess not unworthy of such guests, had entertained her friends in the European style. The dinner hour was not late, and the gentlemen who attended the ladies from the dinner table were allowed to remain some time in the saloon. Lothair talked much to the consul's wife, by whose side sat Madame Phœbus. St. Aldegonde was always on his legs, distracted by the rival attractions of that lady and her husband. More remote, Bertram whispered to Euphrosyne, who answered him with laughing eyes.

At a certain hour, the consul, attended by his male guests, crossing a court, proceeded to his divan, a lofty and capacious chamber painted in fresco, and with no furniture except the low but broad raised seat that surrounded the room. Here, when they were seated, an equal number of attendants — Arabs in Arab dress, blue gowns, and red slippers, and red caps — entered, each proffering a long pipe of cherry or jasmine-wood. Then, in a short time, guests dropped in, and pipes and coffee

were immediately brought to them. Any person who had been formally presented to the consul had this privilege, without any further invitation. The society often found in these consular divans in the more remote places of the East — Cairo, Damascus, Jerusalem — is often extremely entertaining and instructive. Celebrated travelers, distinguished men of science, artists, adventurers who ultimately turn out to be heroes, eccentric characters of all kinds, are here encountered, and give the fruits of their original or experienced observation without reserve.

"It is the smoking room over again," whispered St. Aldegonde to Lothair, "only in England one is so glad to get away from the women, but here I must say I should have liked to remain behind."

An individual in a Syrian dress, fawn-colored robes girdled with a rich shawl, and a white turban, entered. He made his salute with grace and dignity to the consul, touching his forehead, his lip, and his heart, and took his seat with the air of one not unaccustomed to be received, playing, until he received his chibouque, with a chaplet of beads.

"That is a good-looking fellow, Lothair," said St. Aldegonde; "or is it the dress that turns them out such swells? I feel quite a lout by some of these fellows."

"I think he would be good-looking in any dress," said Lothair. "A remarkable countenance."

It was an oval visage, with features in harmony with that form; large dark brown eyes and lashes, and brows delicately but completely defined; no hair upon the face except a beard, full but not long. He seemed about the same age as Mr. Phœbus, and his complexion, though pale, was clear and fair.

The conversation, after some rambling, had got upon the Suez Canal. Mr. Phœbus did not care for the political or the commercial consequences of that great enterprise, but he was glad that a natural division should be established between the greater races and the Ethiopian. It might not lead to any considerable result, but it asserted a principle. He looked upon that trench as a protest.

"But would you place the Nilotic family in the Ethiopian race?" inquired the Syrian in a voice commanding from its deep sweetness.

"I would certainly. They were Cushim, and that means negroes."

The Syrian did not agree with Mr. Phœbus; he stated his views firmly and clearly, but without urging them. He thought that we must look to the Pelasgi as the colonizing race that had peopled and produced Egypt. The mention of the Pelasgi fired Mr. Phœbus to even unusual eloquence. He denounced the Pelasgi as a barbarous race: men of gloomy superstitions, who, had it not been for the Hellenes, might have fatally arrested the human development. The triumph of the Hellenes was the triumph of the beautiful, and all that is great and good in life was owing to their victory.

"It is difficult to ascertain what is great in life," said the Syrian, "because nations differ on the subject, and ages. Some, for example, consider war to be a great thing, others condemn it. I remember also when patriotism was a boast, and now it is a controversy. But it is not so difficult to ascertain what is good. For man has in his own being some guide to such knowledge, and divine aid to acquire it has not been wanting to him. For my part I could not maintain that the Hellenic system led to virtue."

The conversation was assuming an ardent character when the consul, as a diplomatist, turned the channel. Mr. Phœbus had vindicated the Hellenic religion, the Syrian, with a terse protest against the religion of Nature, however idealized, as tending to the corruption of man, had let the question die away, and the Divan were discussing dromedaries, and dancing-girls, and sherbet made of pomegranate, which the consul recommended and ordered to be produced. Some of the guests retired, and among them the Syrian with the same salute and the same graceful dignity as had distinguished his entrance.

"Who is that man?" said Mr. Phœbus. "I met him at Rome ten years ago. Baron Mecklenburg brought him to me to paint for my great picture of St. John, which is in the gallery of Munich. He said in his way — you remember his way — that he would bring me a face of Paradise."

"I cannot exactly tell you his name," said the consul. "Prince Galitzin brought him here, and thought highly of him. I believe he is one of the old Syrian families in the mountain; but

whether he be a Maronite or a Druse, or anything else, I really cannot say. Now try the sherbet."

There are few things finer than the morning view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. The fresh and golden light falls on a walled city with turrets and towers and frequent gates: the houses of freestone, with terraced or oval roofs, sparkle in the sun, while the cupolaed pile of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the vast monasteries, and the broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David, vary the monotony of the general masses of building. But the glory of the scene is the Mosque of Omar as it rises on its broad platform of marble from the deep ravine of Kedron, with its magnificent dome high in the air, its arches and gardened courts, and its crescents glittering amid the cedar, the cypress, and the palm.

Reclining on Olivet, Lothair, alone and in charmed abstraction, gazed on the wondrous scene. Since his arrival at Jerusalem he lived much apart, nor had he found difficulty in effecting this isolation. Mr. Phœbus had already established a studio on a considerable scale, and was engaged in making sketches of pilgrims and monks, tall donkeys of Bethlehem with starry fronts, in which he much delighted, and grave Jellaheen sheiks, who were hanging about the convents in the hopes of obtaining a convoy to the Dead Sea. As for St. Aldegonde and Bertram, they passed their lives at the Russian consulate, or with its most charming inhabitants. This morning, with the consul and his wife and the matchless sisters, as St. Aldegonde always termed them, they had gone on an excursion to the Convent of the Nativity. Dinner usually reassembled all the party, and then the Divan followed.

"I say, Bertram," said St. Aldegonde, "what a lucky thing we paired and went to Nubia! I rejoice in the Divan, and yet, somehow, I cannot bear leaving those women. If the matchless sisters would only smoke, by Jove they would be perfect!"

"I should not like Euphrosyne to smoke," said Bertram.

A person approached Lothair by the pathway from Bethany. It was the Syrian gentleman whom he had met at the consulate. As he was passing Lothair, he saluted him with the grace which had been before remarked, and Lothair, who was by nature

courteous, and even inclined a little to ceremony in his manners, especially with those with whom he was not intimate, immediately rose, as he would not receive such a salutation in a reclining posture.

"Let me not disturb you," said the stranger, "or, if we must be on equal terms, let me also be seated, for this is a view that never palls."

"It is perhaps familiar to you," said Lothair, "but with me, only a pilgrim, its effect is fascinating, almost overwhelming."

"The view of Jerusalem never becomes familiar," said the Syrian, "for its associations are so transcendent, so various, so inexhaustible, that the mind can never anticipate its course of thought and feeling, when one sits, as we do now, on this immortal mount."

"I presume you live here?" said Lothair.

"Not exactly," said his companion. "I have recently built a house without the walls, and I have planted my hill with fruit trees and made vineyards and olive grounds, but I have done this as much — perhaps more — to set an example, which, I am glad to say, has been followed, as for my own convenience or pleasure. My home is in the north of Palestine, on the other side of Jordan, beyond the Sea of Galilee. My family has dwelt there from time immemorial; but they always loved this city, and have a legend that they dwelt occasionally within its walls, even in the days when Titus from that hill looked down upon the temple."

"I have often wished to visit the Sea of Galilee," said Lothair.

"Well, you have now an opportunity," said the Syrian; "the north of Palestine, though it has no tropical splendor, has much variety and a peculiar natural charm. The burst and brightness of spring have not yet quite vanished: you would find our plains radiant with wild flowers, and our hills green with young crops; and, though we cannot rival Lebanon, we have forest glades among our famous hills that, when once seen, are remembered."

"But there is something to me more interesting than the splendor of tropical scenery," said Lothair, "even if Galilee could offer it. I wish to visit the cradle of my faith."

"And you would do wisely," said the Syrian, "for there is no doubt the spiritual nature of man is developed in this land."

"And yet there are persons at the present day who doubt — even deny — the spiritual nature of man," said Lothair. "I do not, I could not — there are reasons why I could not."

"There are some things I know, and some things I believe," said the Syrian. "I know that I have a soul, and I believe that it is immortal."

"It is science that, by demonstrating the insignificance of this globe in the vast scale of creation, has led to this infidelity," said Lothair.

"Science may prove the insignificance of this globe in the scale of creation," said the stranger, "but it cannot prove the insignificance of man. What is the earth compared with the sun? a molehill by a mountain; yet the inhabitants of this earth can discover the elements of which the great orb consists, and will probably erelong ascertain all the conditions of its being. Nay, the human mind can penetrate far beyond the sun. There is no relation, therefore, between the faculties of man and the scale in creation of the planet which he inhabits."

"I was glad to hear you assert the other night the spiritual nature of man in opposition to Mr. Phœbus."

"Ah! Mr. Phœbus!" said the stranger, with a smile. "He is an old acquaintance of mine. And I must say he is very consistent — except in paying a visit to Jerusalem. That does surprise me. He said to me the other night the same things as he said to me at Rome many years ago. He would revive the worship of Nature. The deities whom he so eloquently describes and so exquisitely delineates are the ideal personifications of the most eminent human qualities, and chiefly the physical. Physical beauty is his standard of excellence, and he has a fanciful theory that moral order would be the consequence of the worship of physical beauty, for without moral order he holds physical beauty cannot be maintained. But the answer to Mr. Phœbus is, that his system has been tried and has failed, and under conditions more favorable than are likely to exist again; the worship of Nature ended in the degradation of the human race."

"But Mr. Phœbus cannot really believe in Apollo and Venus,"

said Lothair. "These are phrases. He is, I suppose, what is called a Pantheist."

"No doubt the Olympus of Mr. Phœbus is the creation of his easel," replied the Syrian. "I should not, however, describe him as a Pantheist, whose creed requires more abstraction than Mr. Phœbus, the worshiper of Nature, would tolerate. His school never care to pursue any investigation which cannot be followed by the eye — and the worship of the beautiful always ends in an orgy. As for Pantheism, it is Atheism in domino. The belief in a Creator who is unconscious of creating is more monstrous than any dogma of any of the Churches in this city, and we have them all here."

"But there are people now who tell you that there never was any Creation, and therefore there never could have been a Creator," said Lothair.

"And which is now advanced with the confidence of novelty," said the Syrian, "though all of it has been urged, and vainly urged, thousands of years ago. There must be design, or all we see would be without sense, and I do not believe in the unmeaning. As for the natural forces to which all creation is now attributed, we know they are unconscious, while consciousness is as inevitable a portion of our existence as the eye or the hand. The conscious cannot be derived from the unconscious. Man is divine."

"I wish I could assure myself of the personality of the Creator," said Lothair. "I cling to that, but they say it is unphilosophical."

"In what sense?" asked the Syrian. "Is it more unphilosophical to believe in a personal God, omnipotent and omniscient, than in natural forces unconscious and irresistible? Is it unphilosophical to combine power with intelligence? Goethe, a Spinozist who did not believe in Spinoza, said that he could bring his mind to the conception that in the center of space we might meet with a monad of pure intelligence. What may be the center of space I leave to the dædal imagination of the author of 'Faust'; but a monad of pure intelligence — is that more philosophical than the truth, first revealed to man amid these everlasting hills," said the Syrian, "that God made man in His own image?"

"I have often found in that assurance a source of sublime consolation," said Lothair.

"It is the charter of the nobility of man," said the Syrian, "one of the divine dogmas revealed in this land; not the invention of councils, not one of which was held on this sacred soil, confused assemblies first got together by the Greeks, and then by barbarous nations in barbarous times."

"Yet the divine land no longer tells us divine things," said Lothair.

"It may or it may not have fulfilled its destiny," said the Syrian. "'In my Father's house are many mansions,' and by the various families of nations the designs of the Creator are accomplished. God works by races, and one was appointed in due season and after many developments to reveal and expound in this land the spiritual nature of man. The Aryan and the Semite are of the same blood and origin, but when they quitted their central land they were ordained to follow opposite courses. Each division of the great race has developed one portion of the double nature of humanity, till, after all their wanderings, they met again, and, represented by their two choicest families, the Hellenes and the Hebrews, brought together the treasures of their accumulated wisdom, and secured the civilization of man."

"Those among whom I have lived of late," said Lothair, "have taught me to trust much in councils, and to believe that without them there could be no foundation for the Church. I observe you do not speak in that vein, though, like myself, you find solace in those dogmas which recognize the relations between the created and the Creator."

"There can be no religion without that recognition," said the Syrian, "and no creed can possibly be devised without such a recognition that would satisfy man. Why we are here, whence we come, whither we go — these are questions which man is organically framed and forced to ask himself, and that would not be the case if they could not be answered. As for churches depending on councils, the first council was held more than three centuries after the Sermon on the Mount. We Syrians had churches in the interval: no one can deny that. I bow before the Divine decree that swept them away from Antioch to Jerusalem, but I am not yet prepared to transfer my spiritual

allegiance to Italian popes and Greek patriarchs. We believe that our family were among the first followers of Jesus, and that we then held lands in Bashan which we hold now. We had a gospel once in our district where there was some allusion to this, and being written by neighbors, and probably at the time, I dare say it was accurate, but the Western Churches declared our gospel was not authentic, though why I cannot tell, and they succeeded in extirpating it. It was not an additional reason why we should enter into their fold. So I am content to dwell in Galilee and trace the footsteps of my Divine Master, musing over His life and pregnant sayings amid the mounts He sanctified and the waters He loved so well."

The sun was now rising in the heavens, and the hour had arrived when it became expedient to seek the shade. Lothair and the Syrian rose at the same time.

"I shall not easily forget our conversation on the Mount of Olives," said Lothair, "and I would ask you to add to this kindness by permitting me, before I leave Jerusalem, to pay my respects to you under your roof."

"Peace be with you!" said the Syrian. "I live without the gate of Damascus, on a hill which you will easily recognize, and my name is PARACLETE."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. These friends lived as bachelors on the Bankside in Southwark near the Globe Theatre. For eight or nine years they were associated as play-writers, composing together at least ten tragedies and twenty-five comedies, the first joint publication being in 1607.

Their plays, we are told by Dryden, were twice as popular as those of Shakespeare when first brought out, judging by the frequency of their stage production. Their best work is singularly spontaneous and graceful, light-hearted and romantic, with true poetic fire.

Among the best of their plays are: "Philaster," "The Maid's Tragedy," "King and No King," "The Scornful Lady," "The Knight of

the Burning Pestle," "Cupid's Revenge," "The Coxcomb," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," formerly assigned to Shakespeare.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT was born 1586, at Grace Dieu, Leicestershire, and died March 6, 1616. His body reposes in Westminster Abbey.

JOHN FLETCHER was born at Rye in Sussex, December 15, 1579, and died 1625. His body reposes at St. Saviour's in Southwark, the church where John Harvard was baptized.

SONG TO PAN

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honor and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honored. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovéd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honored, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

THE PRAISES OF PAN

SING his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighboring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing!
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring;
Ever be thy honor spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke!

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

O FAIR sweet face! O eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in heaven, that now adorn the night!
O fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow!
O thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair;
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
"O me, O me, I'm caught myself!" he cries:
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

HEAR WHAT LOVE CAN DO

HEAR, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
The chaste moon he makes to woo;

Vesta, kindling holy fires,
  Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
  Doting at the altar dies;
    Ilion, in a short hour, higher
    He can build, and once more fire.

TO VENUS

O FAIR sweet goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Humble-eyed, and ever ruing
These poor hearts, their loves pursuing!
O thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of dear content and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure!
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and spring;
Grant this lady her desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.

CLOE TO MENOT

HERE be all new delights, cool streams and wells;
Arbors o'ergrown with woodbines; caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love;
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

THE MERMAID TAVERN

Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson

WHAT things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life: then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were canceled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
(Right witty, though but downright fools) more wise.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HENRY WARD BEECHER. Born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813; died in Brooklyn, New York, March 8, 1887. Author of "Star Papers; or Experiences of Art and Nature," "Freedom and War," "Eyes and Ears," "Norwood, or Village Life in New England," two volumes of "Sermons."

As an orator and lecturer, he was for forty years the most sought-for of all American clergymen; and, as an anti-slavery leader and ardent patriot, none was more influential.

(From "LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN")

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS

A HEARTY Industry promotes happiness. Some men of the greatest Industry are unhappy from infelicity of disposition; they are morose, or suspicious, or envious. Such qualities make happiness impossible under any circumstances.

Health is the platform on which all happiness must be built. Good appetite, good digestion, and good sleep, are the elements of health, and Industry confers them. As use polishes metals, so labor the faculties, until the body performs its unimpeded functions with elastic cheerfulness and hearty enjoyment.

Buoyant spirits are an element of happiness, and activity produces them; but they fly away from sluggishness, as fixed air from open wine. Men's spirits are like water, which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools, and is mantled with green, and breeds corruption and filth. The applause of conscience, the self-respect of pride, the consciousness of independence, a manly joy of usefulness, the consent of every faculty of the mind to one's occupation, and their gratification in it — these constitute a happiness superior to the fever-flashes of vice in its brightest moments. After an experience of ages, which has taught nothing from this, men should have learned, that satisfaction is not the product of excess, or of indolence, or of riches; but of industry, temperance, and usefulness. Every village has instances which ought to teach young men, that he, who goes aside from the simplicity of nature, and the purity of virtue, to wallow in excesses, carousals, and surfeits, at length misses the errand of his life; and sinking with shattered body prematurely to a dishonored grave, mourns that he mistook exhilaration for satisfaction, and abandoned the very home of happiness, when he forsook the labors of useful Industry.

The poor man with Industry, is happier than the rich man in Idleness; for labor makes the one more manly, and riches unmans the other. The slave is often happier than the master, who is nearer undone by license than his vassal by toil. Luxurious couches — plushy carpets from oriental looms — pillows of eider-down — carriages contrived with cushions and springs to make motion imperceptible, — is the indolent master of these as happy as the slave that wove the carpet, the Indian who hunted the northern flock, or the servant who drives the pampered steeds? Let those who envy the gay revels of city idlers, and pine for their masquerades, their routs, and their operas, experience for a week the lassitude of their satiety, the unarousable torpor of their life when not under a fiery stimulus, their desperate *ennui*, and restless somnolency, they would

gladly flee from their haunts as from a land of cursed enchantment.

Industry is the parent of thrift. In the overburdened states of Europe, the severest toil often only suffices to make life a wretched vacillation between food and famine; but in America, Industry is prosperity.

Although God has stored the world with an endless variety of riches for man's wants, he has made them all accessible only to Industry. The food we eat, the raiment which covers us, the house which protects, must be secured by diligence. To tempt man yet more to Industry, every product of the earth has a susceptibility of improvement; so that man not only obtains the gifts of nature at the price of labor, but these gifts become more precious as we bestow upon them greater skill and cultivation. The wheat and maize which crown our ample fields, were food fit but for birds, before man perfected them by labor. The fruits of the forest and the hedge, scarcely tempting to the extremest hunger, after skill has dealt with them and transplanted them to the orchard and the garden, allure every sense with the richest colors, odors, and flavors. The world is full of germs which man is set to develop; and there is scarcely an assignable limit, to which the hand of skill and labor may not bear the powers of nature.

The scheming speculations of the last ten years have produced an aversion among the young to the slow accumulations of ordinary Industry, and fired them with a conviction that shrewdness, cunning and bold ventures are a more manly way to wealth. There is a swarm of men, bred in the heats of adventurous times, whose thoughts scorn pence and farthings, and who humble themselves to speak of dollars; — *hundreds* and *thousands* are their words. They are men of *great* operations. Forty thousand dollars is a moderate profit of a single speculation. They mean to own the Bank; and to look down, before they die, upon Astor and Girard. The young farmer becomes almost ashamed to meet his schoolmate, whose stores line whole streets, whose stocks are in every bank and company, and whose increasing money is already well-nigh inestimable. But if the butterfly derides the bee in summer, he was never known to do it in the lowering days of autumn.

Every few years, Commerce has its earthquakes, and the tall and toppling warehouses which haste ran up, are first shaken down. The hearts of men fail them for fear; and the suddenly rich, made more suddenly poor, fill the land with their loud laments. But nothing strange has happened. When the whole story of commercial disasters is told, it is only found out that they, who slowly amassed the gains of useful Industry, built upon a rock; and they, who flung together the imaginary millions of commercial speculations, built upon the sand. When times grew dark, and the winds came, and the floods descended and beat upon them both — the rock sustained the one, and the shifting sand let down the other. If a young man has no higher ambition in life than riches, Industry — plain, rugged, brown-faced, homely clad, old-fashioned Industry, must be courted. Young men are pressed with a most unprofitable haste. They wish to reap before they have plowed or sown. Everything is driving at such a rate, that they have become giddy. Laborious occupations are avoided. Money is to be earned in genteel leisure, with the help of fine clothes, and by the soft seductions of smooth hair and luxuriant whiskers.

Parents, equally wild, foster the delusion. Shall the promising lad be apprenticed to his uncle, the blacksmith? The sisters think the blacksmith so very smutty; the mother shrinks from the ungentility of his swarthy labor; the father, weighing the matter prudentially deeper, finds that a *whole life* had been spent in earning the uncle's property. These sagacious parents, wishing the tree to bear its fruit before it has ever blossomed, regard the long delay of industrious trades as a fatal objection to them. The son, then, must be a rich merchant, or a popular lawyer, or a broker; and these, only as the openings to speculation.

Young business men are often educated in two very unthrifty species of contempt; a contempt for small gains, and a contempt for hard labor. To do one's own errands, to wheel one's own barrow, to be seen with a bundle, bag, or burden, is disreputable. Men are so sharp nowadays, that they can compass by their shrewd heads, what their fathers used to do with their heads and hands.

Industry gives character and credit to the young. The reputable portions of society have maxims of prudence, by which the

young are judged and admitted to their good opinion. *Does he regard his word? Is he industrious? Is he economical? Is he free from immoral habits?* The answer which a young man's conduct gives to these questions settles his reception among good men. Experience has shown that the other good qualities of veracity, frugality, and modesty, are apt to be associated with Industry. A prudent man would scarcely be persuaded that a listless, lounging fellow would be economical or trustworthy. An employer would judge wisely, that where there was little regard for time, or for occupation, there would be as little, upon temptation, for honesty or veracity. Pilferings of the till, and robberies, are fit deeds for idle clerks, and lazy apprentices. Industry and knavery are sometimes found associated; but men wonder at it, as at a strange thing. The epithets of society, which betoken its experience, are all in favor of Industry. Thus, the terms "a hard-working man;" "an industrious man;" "a laborious artisan;" are employed to mean, an *honest man;* a *trustworthy man.*

I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called *good* and *bad luck.* There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; — he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion,

creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck, — for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.

Industry is a substitute for Genius. Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity, — as the faculty of music in Mozart, — invention in Fulton, — ideality in Milton, — we call their possessor a genius. But a genius is *usually* understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind, that he can do anything without labor. According to the popular notion, he learns without study, and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation; exact without calculation; and profound without reflection. While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research, a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is like a vast cathedral, through whose colored windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colors of brilliant pictures. Such minds *may* exist.

So far as my observations have ascertained the species, they abound in academies, colleges, and Thespian societies; in village debating clubs; in coteries of young artists, and among young professional aspirants. They are to be known by a reserved air, excessive sensitiveness, and utter indolence; by very long hair, and very open shirt collars; by the reading of much wretched poetry, and the writing of much, yet more wretched; by being very conceited, very affected, very disagreeable, and very useless: — beings whom no man wants for friend, pupil, or companion.

The occupations of the great man, and of the common man, are necessarily, for the most part, the same; for the business of life is made up of minute affairs, requiring only judgment and diligence. A high order of intellect is required for the discovery and defense of truth; but this is an unfrequent task. Where the ordinary wants of life once require recondite principles, they will need the application of familiar truths a thousand times. Those who enlarge the bounds of knowledge, must push out with bold adventure beyond the common walks of men. But only a few pioneers are needed for the largest armies, and a few profound men in each occupation may herald the advance of all

the business of society. The vast bulk of men are required to discharge the homely duties of life; and they have less need of genius than of intellectual Industry and patient Enterprise. Young men should observe that those who take the honors and emoluments of mechanical crafts, of commerce and of professional life, are rather distinguished for a sound judgment and a close application, than for a brilliant genius. In the ordinary business of life, Industry can do anything which Genius can do; and very many things which it cannot. Genius is usually impatient of application, irritable, scornful of men's dullness, squeamish at petty disgusts: — it loves a conspicuous place, a short work, and a large reward. It loathes the sweat of toil, the vexations of life, and the dull burden of care.

Industry has a firmer muscle, is less annoyed by delays and repulses, and, like water, bends itself to the shape of the soil over which it flows; and if checked, will not rest, but accumulates, and mines a passage beneath, or seeks a side race, or rises above and overflows the obstruction. What Genius performs at one impulse, Industry gains by a succession of blows. In ordinary matters they differ only in rapidity of execution, and are upon one level before men, — who see the *result* but not the *process*.

It is admirable to know that those things which in skill, in art, and in learning, the world has been unwilling to let die, have not only been the conceptions of genius, but the products of toil. The masterpieces of antiquity, as well in literature, as in art, are known to have received their extreme finish, from an almost incredible continuance of labor upon them. I do not remember a book in all the departments of learning, nor a scrap in literature, nor a work in all the schools of art, from which its author has derived a permanent renown, that is not known to have been long and patiently elaborated. Genius needs Industry, as much as Industry needs Genius. If only Milton's imagination could have conceived his visions, his consummate industry only could have carved the immortal lines which enshrine them. If only Newton's mind could reach out to the secrets of Nature, even his could only do it by the homeliest toil. The works of Bacon are not midsummer-night dreams, but, like coral islands, they have risen from the depths of truth, and formed their broad surfaces above the ocean by the minutest accretions of persevering labor.

The conceptions of Michael Angelo would have perished like a night's fantasy, had not his industry given them permanence.

From enjoying the pleasant walks of Industry we turn reluctantly to explore the paths of Indolence.

All degrees of Indolence incline a man to rely upon others, and not upon himself; to eat *their* bread and not his own. His carelessness is somebody's loss; his neglect is somebody's downfall; his promises are a perpetual stumbling-block to all who trust them. If he borrows, the article remains borrowed; if he begs and gets, it is as the letting out of waters — no one knows when it will stop. He spoils your work; disappoints your expectations; exhausts your patience; eats up your substance; abuses your confidence; and hangs a dead weight upon all your plans; and the very best thing an honest man can do with a lazy man, is to get rid of him. Solomon says: *Bray a fool with a pestle, in a mortar with wheat, yet will not his folly depart from him.* He does not mention what kind of a fool he meant; but as he speaks of a fool by preëminence, I take it for granted he meant a *lazy man;* and I am the more inclined to the opinion, from another expression of his experience: *As vinegar to the teeth, and smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.*

Indolence is a great spendthrift. An indolently inclined young man can neither *make* nor *keep* property. I have high authority for this: *He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster.*

When Satan would put ordinary men to a crop of mischief, like a wise husbandman, he clears the ground and prepares it for seed; but he finds the idle man already prepared, and he has scarcely the trouble of sowing; for vices, like weeds, ask little strewing, except what the wind gives their ripe and winged seeds, shaking and scattering them all abroad. Indeed, lazy men may fitly be likened to a tropical prairie, over which the wind of temptation perpetually blows, drifting every vagrant seed from hedge and hill, and which — without a moment's rest through all the year — waves its rank harvest of luxuriant weeds.

First, the imagination will be haunted with unlawful visitants. Upon the outskirts of towns are shattered houses, abandoned by reputable persons. They are not empty, because all the day silent; thieves, vagabonds, and villains haunt them, in joint

possession with rats, bats, and vermin. Such are idle men's imaginations — full of unlawful company.

The imagination is closely related to the passions, and fires them with its heat. The day-dreams of indolent youth glow each hour with warmer colors and bolder adventures. The imagination fashions scenes of enchantment, in which the passions revel; and it leads them out, in shadow at first, to deeds which soon they will seek in earnest. The brilliant colors of far-away clouds are but the colors of the storm; the salacious day-dreams of indolent men, rosy at first and distant, deepen every day, darker and darker, to the color of actual evil. Then follows the blight of every habit. Indolence promises without redeeming the pledge; a mist of forgetfulness rises up and obscures the memory of vows and oaths. The negligence of laziness breeds more falsehoods than the cunning of the sharper. As poverty waits upon the steps of Indolence, so, upon such poverty, brood equivocations, subterfuges, lying denials. Falsehood becomes the instrument of every plan. Negligence of truth, next occasional falsehood, then wanton mendacity, — these three strides traverse the whole road of lies.

Indolence as surely runs to dishonesty, as to lying. Indeed, they are but different parts of the same road, and not far apart. In directing the conduct of the Ephesian converts, Paul says: *Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good.* The men who were thieves were those who had ceased to work. Industry was the road back to honesty. When stores are broken open, the idle are first suspected. The desperate forgeries and swindlings of past years have taught men, upon their occurrence, to ferret their authors among the unemployed, or among those vainly occupied in vicious pleasures.

The terrible passion for stealing rarely grows upon the young, except through the necessities of their idle pleasures. Business is first neglected for amusement, and amusement soon becomes the only business. The appetite for vicious pleasure outruns the means of procuring it. The theater, the circus, the card-table, the midnight carouse, demand money. When scanty earnings are gone, the young man pilfers from the till. First, because he hopes to repay, and next, because he despairs of

paying — for the disgrace of stealing ten dollars or a thousand will be the same, but not their respective pleasures. Next, he will gamble, since it is only another form of stealing. Gradually excluded from reputable society, the vagrant takes all the badges of Vice, and is familiar with her paths; and, through them, enters the broad road of crime. Society precipitates its lazy members, as water does its filth; and they form at the bottom, a pestilent sediment, stirred up by every breeze of evil, into riots, robberies, and murders. Into it drains all the filth, and out of it, as from a morass, flow all the streams of pollution. Brutal wretches, desperately haunted by the law, crawling in human filth, brood here their villain schemes, and plot mischief to man. Hither resorts the truculent demagogue, to stir up the fetid filth against his adversaries, or to bring up mobs out of this sea, which cannot rest, but casts up mire and dirt.

The results of Indolence upon communities are as marked as upon individuals. In a town of industrious people, the streets would be clean; houses neat and comfortable; fences in repair; schoolhouses swarming with rosy-faced children, decently clad, and well-behaved. The laws would be respected, because justly administered. The church would be thronged with devout worshipers. The tavern would be silent, and for the most part empty, or a welcome retreat for weary travelers. Grog-sellers would fail, and mechanics grow rich; labor would be honorable, and loafing a disgrace. For music, the people would have the blacksmith's anvil, and the carpenter's hammer; and at home, the spinning-wheel, and girls cheerfully singing at their work. Debts would be seldom paid, because seldom made; but if contracted, no grim officer would be invited to the settlement. Town officers would be respectable men, taking office reluctantly, and only for the public good. Public days would be full of sports, without fighting; and elections would be as orderly as weddings or funerals.

In a town of lazy men, I should expect to find crazy houses, shingles and weather-boards knocked off; doors hingeless, and all a-creak: windows stuffed with rags, hats, or pillows. Instead of flowers in summer, and warmth in winter, every side of the house would swarm with vermin in hot weather — and with starveling pigs in cold; fences would be curiosities of lazy con-

trivance, and gates hung with ropes, or lying flat in the mud. Lank cattle would follow every loaded wagon, supplicating a morsel, with famine in their looks. Children would be ragged, dirty, saucy; the schoolhouse empty; the jail full; the church silent; the grog-shops noisy; and the carpenter, the saddler, and the blacksmith would do their principal work at taverns. Lawyers would reign; constables flourish, and hunt sneaking criminals; burly justices (as their interests might dictate), would connive a compromise, or make a commitment. The peace officers would wink at tumults, arrest rioters in fun, and drink with them in good earnest. Good men would be obliged to keep dark, and bad men would swear, fight, and rule the town. Public days would be scenes of confusion, and end in rows; elections would be drunken, illegal, boisterous, and brutal.

The young abhor the last results of Idleness; but they do not perceive that the *first steps lead to the last.* They are in the opening of this career; but with them it is genteel leisure, not laziness; it is relaxation, not sloth; amusement, not indolence. But leisure, relaxation, and amusement, when men ought to be usefully engaged, are Indolence. A specious Industry is the worst Idleness. A young man perceives that the first steps lead to the last, with everybody but himself. He sees others become drunkards by social tippling, — he sips socially, as if *he* could not be a drunkard. He sees others become dishonest, by petty habits of fraud; but will indulge slight aberrations, as if he could not become knavish. Though others, by lying, lose all character, he does not imagine that his little dalliances with falsehood will make *him* a liar. He knows that salacious imaginations, villainous pictures, harlot snuff-boxes, and illicit familiarities have led thousands to her door, whose house *is the way to hell;* yet he never sighs or trembles lest these things should take *him* to this inevitable way of damnation!

In reading these strictures upon Indolence, you will abhor it in others, without suspecting it in yourself. While you read, I fear you are excusing yourself; you are supposing that your leisure has not been laziness; or that, with your disposition, and in your circumstances, Indolence is harmless. Be not deceived: if you are idle, you are on the road to ruin: and there are few stopping places upon it. It is rather a precipice, than a road.

ETHELINDA ELIOT BEERS

ETHELINDA ELIOT BEERS, an American poetess. Born at Goshen, New York, January 13, 1827; died at Orange, New York, October 10, 1879. Author of the "Picket Guard" and "All Quiet on the Potomac."

THE PICKET GUARD

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman in the thicket.
'Tis nothing — a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost — only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping:
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard — for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack — his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree, —
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle — "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, —
The picket's off duty, forever!

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Ludwig van Beethoven, the most illustrious and revered of musical composers. Born at Bonn, 1770; died at Vienna, 1827. All the world knows him as a musician. His influence in music has been as helpful and inspiring to the race as Shakespeare's was in literature. His "Correspondence" and "Brentano Letters" also reveal a most attractive personality.

TO WEGELER

Vienna, June 29, 1800.

My dear and valued Wegeler, —

How much I thank you for your remembrance of me, little as I deserve it, or have sought to deserve it; and yet you are so kind that you allow nothing, not even my unpardonable neglect, to discourage you, always remaining the same true, good, and faithful friend. That I can ever forget you or yours, once so dear and precious to me, do not for a moment believe. There

are times when I find myself longing to see you again, and wishing that I could go to stay with you. My fatherland, that lovely region where I first saw the light, is still as distinct and beauteous in my eyes as when I quitted you; in short, I shall esteem the time when I once more see you, and again greet Father Rhine, as one of the happiest periods of my life. When this may be I cannot yet tell; but at all events I may say that you shall not see me again till I have become eminent, not only as an artist, but better and more perfect as a man; and if the condition of our fatherland be then more prosperous, my art shall be entirely devoted to the benefit of the poor. Oh, blissful moment! — how happy do I esteem myself that I can expedite it and bring it to pass!

You desire to know something of my position; well! it is by no means bad. However incredible it may appear, I must tell you that Lichnowsky has been, and still is, my warmest friend (slight dissensions occurred occasionally between us, and yet they only served to strengthen our friendship). He settled on me last year the sum of 600 florins, for which I am to draw on him till I can procure some suitable situation. My compositions are very profitable, and I may really say that I have almost more commissions than it is possible for me to execute. I can have six or seven publishers or more for every piece, if I choose; they no longer bargain with me — I demand, and they pay — so you see this is a very good thing. For instance, I have a friend in distress, and my purse does not admit of my assisting him at once; but I have only to sit down and write, and in a short time he is relieved. I am also become more economical than formerly. If I finally settle here, I don't doubt I shall be able to secure a particular day every year for a concert, of which I have already given several. That malicious demon, however, bad health, has been a stumbling-block in my path; my hearing during the last three years has become gradually worse. The chief cause of this infirmity proceeds from the state of my digestive organs, which, as you know, were formerly bad enough, but have latterly become much worse. I can with truth say that my life is very wretched; for nearly two years past I have avoided all society, because I find it impossible to say to people, *I am deaf!* In any other profession this might be more tolerable, but in mine such

a condition is truly frightful. Besides, what would my enemies say to this? — and they are not few in number.

To give you some idea of my extraordinary deafness, I must tell you that in the theater I am obliged to lean close up against the orchestra in order to understand the actors, and when a little way off I hear none of the high notes of instruments or singers. It is most astonishing that in conversation some people never seem to observe this; being subject to fits of absence, they attribute it to that cause. I often can scarcely hear a person if speaking low; I can distinguish the tones, but not the words, and yet I feel it intolerable if any one shouts to me. Heaven alone knows how it is to end! Vering declares that I shall certainly improve, even if I be not entirely restored. How often have I cursed my existence! Plutarch led me to resignation. I shall strive if possible to set Fate at defiance, although there must be moments in my life when I cannot fail to be the most unhappy of God's creatures. I entreat you to say nothing of my affliction to any one, not even to Lorchen. I confide the secret to you alone, and entreat you some day to correspond with Vering on the subject. If I continue in the same state, I shall come to you in the ensuing spring, when you must engage a house for me somewhere in the country, amid beautiful scenery, and I shall then become a rustic for a year, which may perhaps effect a change. Resignation! — what a miserable refuge! and yet it is my sole remaining one. You will forgive my thus appealing to your kindly sympathies at a time when your own position is sad enough.

Farewell, my kind, faithful Wegeler! Rest assured of the love and friendship of your

BEETHOVEN.

TO COUNTESS GIULIETTA GUICCIARDI

Monday Evening, July 6.

You grieve! dearest of all beings! I have just heard that the letters must be sent off very early. Mondays and Thursdays are the only days when the post goes to K. from here. You grieve! Ah! where I am, there you are ever with me; how earnestly shall I strive to pass my life with you, and what a life will it be!!! Whereas now!! without you!! and persecuted by

the kindness of others, which I neither deserve nor try to deserve! The servility of man towards his fellow-man pains me, and when I regard myself as a component part of the universe, what am I, what is he who is called the greatest? — and yet herein are displayed the godlike feelings of humanity! — I weep in thinking that you will receive no intelligence from me till probably Saturday. However dearly you may love me, I love you more fondly still. Never conceal your feelings from me. Good-night! As a patient at these baths, I must now go to rest [a few words are here effaced by Beethoven himself]. Oh, heavens! so near, and yet so far! Is not our love a truly celestial mansion, but firm as the vault of heaven itself?

July 7.

GOOD-MORNING!

Even before I rise, my thoughts throng to you, my immortal beloved! — sometimes full of joy, and yet again sad, waiting to see whether Fate will hear us. I must live either wholly with you, or not at all. Indeed I have resolved to wander far from you till the moment arrives when I can fly into your arms, and feel that they are my home, and send forth my soul in unison with yours into the realm of spirits. Alas! it must be so! You will take courage, for you know my fidelity. Never can another possess my heart — never, never! Oh, heavens! Why must I fly from her I so fondly love? and yet my existence in W. was as miserable as here. Your love made me the most happy and yet the most unhappy of men. At my age, life requires a uniform equality; can this be found in our mutual relations? My angel! I have this moment heard that the post goes every day, so I must conclude, that you may get this letter the sooner. Be calm! for we can only attain our object of living together by the calm contemplation of our existence. Continue to love me. Yesterday, to-day, what longings for you, what tears for you! for you! for you! my life! my all! Farewell! Oh! love me forever, and never doubt the faithful heart of your lover,

Ever thine. L.
Ever mine.
Ever each other's.

TO MY BROTHERS CARL AND JOHANN BEETHOVEN

HEILIGENSTADT, October 6, 1802.

OH! ye who think or declare me to be hostile, morose, and misanthropical, how unjust you are, and how little you know the secret cause of what appears thus to you! My heart and mind were ever from childhood prone to the most tender feelings of affection, and I was always disposed to accomplish something great. But you must remember that six years ago I was attacked by an incurable malady, aggravated by unskilful physicians, deluded from year to year, too, by the hope of relief, and at length forced to the conviction of a *lasting affliction* (the cure of which may go on for years, and perhaps after all prove impracticable).

Born with a passionate and excitable temperament, keenly susceptible to the pleasures of society, I was yet obliged early in life to isolate myself, and to pass my existence in solitude. If I at any time resolved to surmount all this, oh! how cruelly was I again repelled by the experience, sadder than ever, of my defective hearing! — and yet I found it impossible to say to others: Speak louder; shout! for I am deaf! Alas! how could I proclaim the deficiency of a sense which ought to have been more perfect with me than with other men, — a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection, to an extent, indeed, that few of my profession ever enjoyed! Alas, I cannot do this! Forgive me therefore when you see me withdraw from you with whom I would so gladly mingle. My misfortune is doubly severe from causing me to be misunderstood. No longer can I enjoy recreation in social intercourse, refined conversation, or mutual outpourings of thought. Completely isolated, I only enter society when compelled to do so. I must live like an exile. In company I am assailed by the most painful apprehensions, from the dread of being exposed to the risk of my condition being observed. It was the same during the last six months I spent in the country. My intelligent physician recommended me to spare my hearing as much as possible, which was quite in accordance with my present disposition, though sometimes, tempted by my natural inclination for society, I allowed myself to be beguiled into it. But what humiliation when any one

beside me heard a flute in the far distance, while I heard *nothing*, or when others heard *a shepherd singing*, and I still heard *nothing!* Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life. *Art! art* alone, deterred me. Ah! how could I possibly quit the world before bringing forth all that I felt it was my vocation to produce? And thus I spared this miserable life — so utterly miserable that any sudden change may reduce me at any moment from my best condition into the worst. It is decreed that I must now choose *Patience* for my guide! This I have done. I hope the resolve will not fail me, steadfastly to persevere till it may please the inexorable Fates to cut the thread of my life. Perhaps I may get better, perhaps not. I am prepared for either. Constrained to become a philosopher in my twenty-eighth year! This is no slight trial, and more severe on an artist than on any one else. God looks into my heart, He searches it, and knows that love for man and feelings of benevolence have their abode there! Oh! ye who may one day read this, think that you have done me injustice, and let any one similarly afflicted be consoled by finding one like himself, who, in defiance of all the obstacles of Nature, has done all in his power to be included in the ranks of estimable artists and men. My brothers Carl and Johann, as soon as I am no more, if Professor Schmidt be still alive, beg him in my name to describe my malady, and to add these pages to the analysis of my disease, that at least, so far as possible, the world may be reconciled to me after my death. I also hereby declare you both heirs of my small fortune (if so it may be called). Share it fairly, agree together and assist each other. You know that anything you did to give me pain has been long forgiven. I thank you, my brother Carl in particular, for the attachment you have shown me of late. My wish is that you may enjoy a happier life, and one more free from care, than mine has been. Recommend *Virtue* to your children; that alone, and not wealth, can ensure happiness. I speak from experience. It was *Virtue* alone which sustained me in my misery; I have to thank her and Art for not having ended my life by suicide. Farewell! Love each other. I gratefully thank all my friends, especially Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt. I wish one of you to keep Prince L——'s instru-

ments; but I trust this will give rise to no dissension between you. If you think it more beneficial, however, you have only to dispose of them. How much I shall rejoice if I can serve you even in the grave! So be it then! I joyfully hasten to meet Death. If he comes before I have had the opportunity of developing all my artistic powers, then, notwithstanding my cruel fate, he will come too early for me, and I should wish for him at a more distant period; but even then I shall be content, for his advent will release me from a state of endless suffering. Come when he may, I shall meet him with courage. Farewell! Do not quite forget me, even in death; I deserve this from you, because during my life I so often thought of you, and wished to make you happy. Amen!

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

(*Written on the Outside*)

Thus, then, I take leave of you, and with sadness too. The fond hope I brought with me here, of being to a certain degree cured, now utterly forsakes me. As autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted. Almost as I came, I depart. Even the lofty courage that so often animated me in the lovely days of summer is gone forever. O Providence! vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity! How long have I been estranged from the glad echo of true joy! When! O my God! when shall I again feel it in the temple of Nature and of man? — never? Ah! that would be too hard!

(*Outside*)

To be read and fulfilled after my death by my brothers Carl and Johann.

TO BETTINA BRENTANO

VIENNA, August 11, 1810.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, —

Never was there a lovelier spring than this year; I say so, and feel it too, because it was then I first knew you. You have yourself seen that in society I am like a fish on the sand, which

writhes and writhes, but cannot get away till some benevolent Galatea casts it back into the mighty ocean. I was indeed fairly stranded, dearest friend, when surprised by you at a moment in which moroseness had entirely mastered me; but how quickly it vanished at your aspect! I was at once conscious that you came from another sphere than this absurd world, where, with the best inclinations, I cannot open my ears. I am a wretched creature, and yet I complain of others!! You will forgive this from the goodness of heart that beams in your eyes, and the good sense manifested by your ears; at least they understand how to flatter, by the mode in which they listen. My ears are, alas! a partition wall, through which I can with difficulty hold any intercourse with my fellow-creatures. Otherwise, perhaps, I might have felt more assured with you; but I was only conscious of the full, intelligent glance from your eyes, which affected me so deeply that never can I forget it. My dear friend! dearest girl! — Art! who comprehends it? with whom can I discuss this mighty goddess? How precious to me were the few days when we talked together, or, I should rather say, corresponded! I have carefully preserved the little notes with your clever, charming, most charming answers; so I have to thank my defective hearing for the greater part of our fugitive intercourse being written down. Since you left this I have had some unhappy hours, — hours of the deepest gloom, when I could do nothing. I wandered for three hours in the Schönbrunn Allée after you left us, but no *angel* met me there to take possession of me as you did. Pray forgive, my dear friend, this deviation from the original key, but I must have such intervals as a relief to my heart. You have no doubt written to Goethe about me? I would gladly bury my head in a sack, so that I might neither see nor hear what goes on in the world, because I shall meet you there no more; but I shall get a letter from you? Hope sustains me, as it does half the world; through life she has been my close companion, or what would have become of me? I send you "Kennst Du das Land," written with my own hand, as a remembrance of the hour when I first knew you; I send you also another that I composed since I bade you farewell, my dearest, fairest sweetheart!

TO BETTINA VON ARNIM

Töplitz, August 15, 1812.

My most dear kind Friend, —

Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy-councilors, and confer titles and decorations, but they cannot make great men, — spirits that soar above the base turmoil of this world. There their powers fail, and this it is that forces them to respect us. When two persons like Goethe and myself meet, these grandees cannot fail to perceive what such as we consider great. Yesterday, on our way home, we met the whole Imperial family; we saw them coming some way off, when Goethe withdrew his arm from mine, in order to stand aside; and, say what I would, I could not prevail on him to make another step in advance. I pressed down my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my greatcoat, and, crossing my arms behind me, I made my way through the thickest portion of the crowd. Princes and courtiers formed a lane for me; Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress bowed to me first. These great ones of the earth *know me*. To my infinite amusement, I saw the procession defile past Goethe, who stood aside with his hat off, bowing profoundly. I afterwards took him sharply to task for this; I gave him no quarter, and upbraided him with all his sins.

TO THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL HIGH COURT OF APPEAL

January 7, 1820.

The welfare of my nephew is dearer to my heart than it can be to any one else. I am myself childless, and have no relations except this boy, who is full of talent, and I have good grounds to hope the best for him, if properly trained.

My efforts and wishes have no other aim than to give the boy the best possible education, — his abilities justifying the brightest hopes, — and to fulfil the trust placed in my brotherly love by his father. The shoot is still flexible; but if longer neglected it will become crooked, and outgrow the gardener's training hand, and upright bearing, intellect, and character be destroyed forever.

CATHEDRAL AT BONN, GERMANY, HOME OF BEETHOVEN

[illegible]

[illegible] is, but [illegible] make great men, — spirits that [illegible] the base [illegible] them to respect us. When two persons [illegible] Goethe and myself meet, these grandees cannot [illegible] such [illegible]

[illegible] I pressed down my hat more [illegible] up my greatcoat, and, cross [illegible] my [illegible] my way through the thickest portion [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] sharply to task for this; I gave him no quarter, and I braided him with all his sins.

[illegible]

January 7, 1820.

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My efforts and wishes have no other aim [illegible] to give the boy the best possible education, — his abilities [illegible] the brightest hopes [illegible] to fulfil the trust placed in my brotherly love by his father. The shoot is still flexible, but if longer neglected it will become crooked, and [illegible] the gardener's training [illegible] bearing, intellect, [illegible] character be destroyed forever.

I know no duty more sacred than the education and training of a child. The chief duties of a guardian consist in knowing how to appreciate what is good, and in adopting a right course; then alone has proper attention been devoted to the welfare of his ward, whereas in opposing what is good he neglects his duty.

Indeed, keeping in view what is most for the benefit of the boy, I do not object to the mother in so far sharing in the duties of a guardian that she may visit her son, and see him, and be apprised of all the measures adopted for his education; but to intrust her with the sole guardianship of the boy without a strict guardian by her side, would cause the irrevocable ruin of her son.

On these cogent grounds I reiterate my well-founded solicitation, and feel the more confident of a favorable answer, as the welfare of my nephew alone guides my steps in this affair.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, a delightful and inspiring English essayist. Born April 24, 1862. Son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Author of "From a College Window," "Poems," "Lyrics," "The Schoolmaster," "Tennyson," "Rossetti," and "The Isles of Sunset."

(From "FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW," by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, the publishers.)

GAMES

IT requires almost more courage to write about games nowadays than it does to write about the Decalogue, because the higher criticism is tending to make a belief in the Decalogue a matter of taste, while to the ordinary Englishman a belief in games is a matter of faith and morals.

I will begin by saying frankly that I do not like games; but I say it, not because any particular interest attaches to my own dislikes and likes, but to raise a little flag of revolt against a species of social tyranny. I believe that there are a good many

people who do not like games, but who do not dare to say so. Perhaps it may be thought that I am speaking from the point of view of a person who has never been able to play them. A vision rises in the mind of a spectacled, owlish man, trotting feebly about a football field, and making desperate attempts to avoid the proximity of the ball; or joining in a game of cricket, and fielding a drive with the air of a man trying to catch an insect on the ground, or sitting in a boat with the oar fixed under his chin, being forced backwards with an air of smiling and virtuous confusion. I hasten to say that this is not a true picture. I arrived at a reasonable degree of proficiency in several games: I was a competent, though not a zealous, oar; I captained a college football team, and I do not hesitate to say that I have derived more pleasure from football than from any other form of exercise. I have climbed some mountains, and am even a member of the Alpine Club; I may add that I am a keen, though not a skilful, sportsman, and am indeed rather a martyr to exercise and open air. I make these confessions simply to show that I do not approach the subject from the point of view of a sedentary person, but indeed rather the reverse. No weather appears to me to be too bad to go out in, and I do not suppose there are a dozen days in the year in which I do not contrive to get exercise.

But exercise in the open air is one thing, and games are quite another. It seems to me that when a man has reached an age of discretion, he ought no longer to need the stimulus of competition, the desire to hit or kick balls about, the wish to do such things better than other people. It seems to me that the elaborate organization of athletics is a really rather serious thing, because it makes people unable to get on without some species of excitement. I was staying the other day at a quiet house in the country, where there was nothing particular to do; there was not, strange to say, even a golf course within reach. There came to stay there for a few days an eminent golfer, who fell into a condition of really pitiable dejection. The idea of taking a walk or riding a bicycle was insupportable to him; and I think he never left the house except for a rueful stroll in the garden. When I was a schoolmaster, it used to distress me to find how invariably the parents of boys discoursed with earnestness and

solemnity about a boy's games; one was told that a boy was a good field, and really had the makings of an excellent bat; eager inquiries were made as to whether it was possible for the boy to get some professional coaching; in the case of more philosophically inclined parents it generally led on to a statement of the social advantages of being a good cricketer, and often to the expression of a belief that virtue was in some way indissolubly connected with keenness in games. For one parent who said anything about a boy's intellectual interests, there were ten whose preoccupation in the boy's athletics was deep and vital.

It is no wonder that, with all this parental earnestness boys tended to consider success in games the one paramount object of their lives; it was all knit up with social ambitions, and it was viewed, I do not hesitate to say, as of infinitely more importance than anything else. I do not mean to say that many of the boys did not consider it important to be good, and did not desire to be conscientious about their work. But as a practical matter games were what they thought about and talked about, and what aroused genuine enthusiasm. They were disposed to despise boys who could not play games, however virtuous, kindly, and sensible they might be; an entire lack of conscientiousness, and even grave moral obliquity, were apt to be condoned in the case of a successful athlete. We masters, I must frankly confess, did not make any serious attempt to fight the tendency. We spent our spare time in walking about the cricket and football fields, in looking on, in discussing the fine nuances in the style of individual players. It was very natural to take an interest in the thing which was to the boys a matter of profound concern; but what I should be inclined to censure was that it was really a matter of profound concern with ourselves; and we did not take a kindly and paternal interest in the matter, so much as the interest of enthusiasts and partisans.

It is very difficult to see how to alter this. Probably, like other deep-seated national tendencies, it will have to cure itself. It would be impossible to insist that the educators of youth should suppress the interest which they instinctively and genuinely feel in games, and profess an interest in intellectual matters which they do not really feel. No good would come out of practising

hypocrisy in the matter, from however high a motive. While schoolmasters rush off to golf whenever they get a chance, and fill their holidays to the brim with games of various kinds, it would be simply hypocritical to attempt to conceal the truth; and the difficulty is increased by the fact that, while parents and boys alike feel as they do about the essential importance of games, head-masters are more or less bound to select men for masterships who are proficient in them; because whatever else has to be attended to at school, games have to be attended to; and, moreover, a man whom the boys respect as an athlete is likely to be more effective both as a disciplinarian and a teacher. If a man is a first-rate slow bowler, the boys will consider his views on Thucydides and Euclid more worthy of consideration than the views of a man who has only a high university degree.

The other day I was told of the case of a head-master of a small proprietary private school, who was treated with open insolence and contempt by one of his assistants, who neglected his work, smoked in his class room, and even absented himself on occasions without leave. It may be asked why the head-master did not dismiss his recalcitrant assistant. It was because he had secured a man who was a 'Varsity cricket-blue, and whose presence on the staff gave the parents confidence, and provided an excellent advertisement. The assistant, on the other hand, knew that he could get a similar post for the asking, and on the whole preferred a school where he might consult his own convenience. This is, of course, an extreme case; but would to God, as Dr. Johnson said, that it were an impossible one! I do not wish to tilt against athletics, nor do I at all undervalue the benefits of open air and exercise for growing boys. But surely there is a lamentable want of proportion about the whole view! The truth is that we English are in many respects barbarians still, and as we happen at the present time to be wealthy barbarians, we devote our time and our energies to the things for which we really care. I do not at all want to see games diminished, or played with less keenness. I only desire to see them duly subordinated. I do not think it ought to be considered slightly eccentric for a boy to care very much about his work, or to take an interest in books. I should like it to be recognized at schools that the one quality that was admirable was keenness, and that

it was admirable in whatever department it was displayed; but nowadays keenness about games is considered admirable and heroic, while keenness about work or books is considered slightly groveling and priggish.

The same spirit has affected what is called sport. People no longer look upon it as an agreeable interlude, but as a business in itself; they will not accept invitations to shoot, unless the sport is likely to be good; a moderate performer with the gun is treated as if it was a crime for him to want to shoot at all; then the motoring craze has come in upon the top of the golfing craze; and all the spare time of people of leisure tends to be filled up with bridge. The difficulty in dealing with the situation is that the thing itself is not only not wrong, but really beneficial; it is better to be occupied than to be idle, and it is hard to preach against a thing which is excellent in moderation and only mischievous in excess.

Personally I am afraid that I only look upon games as a *pis-aller*. I would always rather take a walk than play golf, and read a book than play bridge. Bridge, indeed, I should regard as only one degree better than absolutely vacuous conversation, which is certainly the most fatiguing thing in the world. But the odd thing is that while it is regarded as rather vicious to do nothing, it is regarded as positively virtuous to play a game. Personally I think competition always a more or less disagreeable thing. I dislike it in real life, and I do not see why it should be introduced into one's amusements. If it amuses me to do a thing, I do not very much care whether I do it better than another person. I have no desire to be always comparing my skill with the skill of others.

Then, too, I am afraid that I must confess to a lamentably feeble pleasure in mere country sights and sounds. I love to watch the curious and beautiful things that go on in every hedgerow and every field; it is a ceaseless delight to see the tender uncrumpling leaves of the copse in spring, and no less a pleasure to see the woodland streaked and stained with the flaming glories of autumn. It is a joy in high midsummer to see the clear dwindled stream run under the thick hazels, among the lush water-plants; it is no less a joy to see the same stream running full and turbid in winter, when the banks are bare, and the trees

are leafless, and the pasture is wrinkled with frost. Half the joy, for instance, of shooting, in which I frankly confess I take a childish delight, is the quiet tramping over the clean-cut stubble, the distant view of field and wood, the long, quiet wait at the covert-end, where the spindle-wood hangs out her quaint rosy berries, and the rabbits come scampering up the copse, as the far-off tapping of the beaters draws near in the frosty air. The delights of the country-side grow upon me every month and every year. I love to stroll in the lanes in spring, with white clouds floating in the blue above, and to see the glade carpeted with steel-blue hyacinths. I love to walk on country roads or by woodland paths, on a rain-drenched day of summer, when the sky is full of heavy inky clouds, and the earth smells fresh and sweet; I love to go briskly homeward on a winter evening, when the sunset smolders low in the west, when the pheasants leap trumpeting to their roosts, and the lights begin to peep in cottage windows.

Such joys as these are within the reach of every one; and to call the country dull because one has not the opportunity of hitting and pursuing a little white ball round and round among the same fields, with elaborately contrived obstacles to test the skill and the temper, seems to me to be grotesque, if it were not also so distressing.

I cannot help feeling that games are things that are appropriate to the restless days of boyhood, when one will take infinite trouble and toil over anything of the nature of a make-believe, so long as it is understood not to be work; but as one gets older and perhaps wiser, a simpler and quieter range of interests ought to take their place. I can humbly answer for it that it need imply no loss of zest; my own power of enjoyment is far deeper and stronger than it was in early years; the pleasures I have described, of sight and sound, mean infinitely more to me than the definite occupations of boyhood ever did. But the danger is that if we are brought up ourselves to depend upon games, and if we bring up all our boys to depend on them, we are not able to do without them as we grow older; and thus we so often have the melancholy spectacle of the elderly man, who is hopelessly bored with existence, and who is the terror of the smoking room and the dinner-table, because he is only capable of indulging in

lengthy reminiscences of his own astonishing athletic performances, and in lamentations over the degeneracy of the human race.

Another remarkable fact about the conventionality that attends games is that certain games are dismissed as childish and contemptible while others are crowned with glory and worship. One knows of eminent clergymen who play golf; and that they should do so seems to constitute so high a title to the respect and regard with which normal persons view them, that one sometimes wonders whether they do not take up the practice with the wisdom of the serpent that is recommended in the gospels, or because of the Pauline doctrine of adaptability, that by all means they may save some.

But as far as mere air and exercise go, the childish game of playing at horses is admirably calculated to increase health and vigor and needs no expensive resources. Yet what would be said and thought if a prelate and his suffragan ran nimbly out of a palace gate in a cathedral close, with little bells tinkling, whips cracking, and reins of red ribbon drawn in to repress the curveting of the gaitered steed? There is nothing in reality more undignified about that than in hitting a little ball about over sandy bunkers. If the Prime Minister and the Lord Chief Justice trundled hoops round and round after breakfast in the graveled space behind the Horse Guards, who could allege that they would not be the better for the exercise? Yet they would be held for some mysterious reason to have forfeited respect. To the mind of the philosopher all games are either silly or reasonable; and nothing so reveals the stupid conventionality of the ordinary mind as the fact that men consider a series of handbooks on Great Bowlers to be a serious and important addition to literature, while they would hold that a little manual on Blind-man's Buff was a fit subject for derision. St. Paul said that when he became a man he put away childish things. He could hardly afford to say that now, if he hoped to be regarded as a man of sense and weight.

I do not wish to be a mere Jeremiah in the region of prophecy, and to deplore, sarcastically and incisively, what I cannot amend. What I rather wish to do is to make a plea for greater simplicity in the matter, and to try and destroy some of the

terrible priggishness in the matter of athletics which appears to me to prevail. After all, athletics are only one form of leisurely amusement; and I maintain that it is of the essence of priggishness to import solemnity into a matter which does not need it, and which would be better without it. Because the tyranny is a real one; the man of many games is not content with simply enjoying them; he has a sense of complacent superiority, and a hardly disguised contempt for the people who do not play them.

I was staying in a house the other day where a distinguished philosopher had driven over to pay an afternoon call. The call concluded, he wished to make a start, so I went down to the stable with him to see about putting his pony in. The stables were deserted. I was forced to confess that I knew nothing about the harnessing of steeds, however humble. We discovered portions of what appeared to be the equipment of a pony, and I held them for him, while he gingerly tried them on, applying them cautiously to various portions of the innocent animal's person. Eventually we had to give it up as a bad job, and seek for professional assistance. I described the scene for the benefit of a lively lady of my acquaintance, who is a devotee of anything connected with horses, and she laughed unmercifully at the description, and expressed the contempt, which she sincerely felt, in no measured terms. But, after all, it is no part of my business to harness horses; it is a convenience that there should be persons who possess the requisite knowledge; for me horses only represent a convenient form of locomotion. I did not mind her being amused — indeed, that was the object of my narrative — but her contempt was just as much misplaced as if I had despised her for not being able to tell the difference between sapphics and alcaics, which it was my business to know.

It is the complacency, the self-satisfaction, that results from the worship of games, which is one of its most serious features. I wish with all my heart that I could suggest a remedy for it; but the only thing that I can do is to pursue my own inclinations, with a fervent conviction that they are at least as innocent as the pursuit of athletic exercises; and I can also, as I have said, wave a little flag of revolt, and rally to my standard the quieter and more simple-minded persons, who love their liberty, and

decline to part with it unless they can find a better reason than the merely comfortable desire to do what every one else is doing.

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER

Pierre Jean de Béranger. Born in Paris, August 19, 1780; died there, July 16, 1857. Ere he was thirty years old, his songs were universally sung. Musical, witty, and light-hearted were his verses, but often sharply satirical. Twice he was the inmate of a political prison. Some of his most noted works are entitled "The King of Yvetot," "The Old Flag," "The Old Corporal," "Roger Bontemps," "My Grandmother," "Little Red Man," "Little Gray Man," and "The Marquis of Carabas."

FIFTY YEARS

Wherefore these flowers? my saint's-day this?
Ah, no! they only say,
That half a century o'er my head
Completes its course to-day.
Our days how rapidly they fly!
How idly mine have fleeted by!
How many a wrinkle seams my brow!
Alas, alas! I'm fifty now!

Dead hangs the fruit on withered tree;
All at this age is o'er!
But hark! a knock; my part is played —
I stir not to the door.
Some doctor leaves his card, I'll bet,
Where to old Time the lodging's let:
Once I had cried, "Lisette, 'tis thou!"
Alas, alas! I'm fifty now!

In racking pains old age abounds:
By gout we are opprest —
By blindness, darksome prison-house —
By deafness, standing jest.

Then, Reason's lamp, ere it expire,
Gives but a dull and trembling fire:
Before old age, O children, bow!
Alas, alas! I'm fifty now!

O Heavens, I hear him! Death has come,
And rubs his hands in mirth;
Grave-digging wretch! he knocks — adieu,
Good gentlemen of Earth!
Plague, war, and famine are below —
Above, bright stars no longer glow:
I'll open — God still hears my vow —
Alas, alas! I'm fifty now!

Nurse, in Love's Hospital employed,
'Tis thou, young girl! by thee
From nightmare of dark days my soul,
That slumbers, is set free.
Scattering the roses of thine age,
Like Spring, o'er all things — to a sage,
Some perfume for his dreams allow!
Alas, alas! I'm fifty now!

— *Translation of W. Young.*

THE KING OF YVETOT

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny, with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he;
And, step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad, his realms to see;

And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! &c.

If e'er he went into excess,
'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish! — must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot,
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho! &c.

To all the ladies of the land,
A courteous king, and kind, was he;
The reason why you'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.
Sing ho, ho! &c.

Neither by force nor false pretense,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence), —
"Live and let live," his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by,
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho! &c.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,

Look up to him,
Singing ha, ha, ha! and he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me.
— *Translation of W. M. Thackeray.*

THE GARRET

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song:
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 'tis a garret — let him know't who will —
There was my bed — full hard it was and small;
My table there — and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise, — we join in the triumphant strain, —
Napoleon conquers — Austerlitz is won —
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone — the place is sad and strange —
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here —

To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in ân hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one!
— *Translation of W. M. Thackeray.*

JOLLY JACK

When fierce political debate
Throughout the isle was storming,
And Rads attacked the throne and state,
And Tories the reforming,
To calm the furious rage of each,
And right the land demented,
Heaven sent us Jolly Jack, to teach
The way to be contented.

Jack's bed was straw, 'twas warm and soft,
His chair, a three-legged stool;
His broken jug was emptied oft,
Yet, somehow, always full.
His mistress' portrait decked the wall,
His mirror had a crack;
Yet, gay and glad, though this was all
His wealth, lived Jolly Jack.

To give advice to avarice,
Teach pride its mean condition,
And preach good sense to dull pretense,
Was honest Jack's high mission.
Our simple statesman found his rule
Of moral in the flagon,
And held his philosophic school
Beneath the "George and Dragon."

When village Solons cursed the Lords,
And called the malt-tax sinful,
Jack heeded not their angry words,
But smiled and drank his skinful.

And when men wasted health and life,
In search of rank and riches,
Jack marked aloof the paltry strife,
And wore his threadbare breeches.

"I enter not the church," he said,
"But I'll not seek to rob it;"
So worthy Jack Joe Miller read,
While others studied Cobbett.
His talk it was of feast and fun;
His guide the Almanac;
From youth to age thus gaily run
The life of Jolly Jack.

And when Jack prayed, as oft he would,
He humbly thanked his Maker;
"I am," said he, "O Father good!
Nor Catholic nor Quaker:
Give each his creed, let each proclaim
His catalogue of curses;
I trust in Thee, and not in them,
In Thee, and in Thy mercies!

"Forgive me if, 'midst all Thy works,
No hint I see of damning;
And think there's faith among the Turks,
And hope for e'en the Brahmin.
Harmless my mind is, and my mirth,
And kindly is my laughter:
I cannot see the smiling earth,
And think there's hell hereafter."

Jack died; he left no legacy,
Save that his story teaches: —
Content to peevish poverty;
Humility to riches.
Ye scornful great, ye envious small,
Come follow in his track;
We all were happier, if we all
Would copy JOLLY JACK.

— *Translation of W. M. Thackeray.*

THE LITTLE MAN IN GRAY

In Paris lives a little man
  Who's always dressed in gray:
His chubby cheeks like apples glow;
His pockets can't a stiver show;
  Yet, happy as the day,
"Ho," quoth the little man in gray,
"I laugh at all things — that's my way!"
And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in gray!

In running after pretty girls,
  In running up a score,
Hobnobbing, singing, into debt
He runs head over heels; and yet
  When duns or bailiffs bore,
"Ho," quoth the little man in gray,
"I laugh at all things — that's my way!"
And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in gray!

Let rain into his garret leak;
  Let him, unconscious soul,
Sleep in it; 'mid December's snow
Let him his freezing fingers blow,
  For lack of wood or coal;
"Ho," quoth the little man in gray,
"I laugh at all things — that's my way!"
And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in gray!

His comely wife some mode adopts
  For picking up gay dresses;
So that the gayer she appears,
The more at him the public jeers:
  But whilst the truth he guesses,
"Ho," quoth the little man in gray,
"I laugh at all things — that's my way!"

And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in gray!

When on his tattered bed the gout
Has brought him to his level;
And when the priest, called in, begins
To talk to him of all his sins,
Of Death, and of the Devil,
"Ho," quoth the little man in gray,
"I laugh at all things — that's my way!"
And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in gray!

— Translation of W. Young.

THE OLD VAGABOND

Here in this ditch I'll breathe my last;
Weary, infirm, and old — 'tis past.
"He's drunk," the lookers-on will swear;
Let them, so they their pity spare!
Some turn their heads as on they go;
Some a few pence in passing throw —
Off to the fête, haste, quickly fly;
Old vagabond, alone, without you I can die!

Yes, of old age I die; for now,
That hunger kills us, none allow.
I hoped some hospital might cheer
The close of my forlorn career:
But all are full; each refuge shows,
By crowds within, the people's woes.
The street, alas! my nurse — 'tis right,
Old vagabond, to die where first I saw the light!

In youth, to artisans I made
Request, that I might learn their trade:
"Go, work is scarce," thus would they say,
"For us ourselves; go, beg your way!"

Ye rich! who bade me work, a bone
Oft from your feasts for me was thrown:
I found your straw the best of beds;
Old vagabond, my curse is not upon *your* heads!

I might, poor wretch, have stolen; no!
'Twere better I should begging go;
At most the apple was my prey,
That ripening hung beside the way:
Still, twenty times, in dungeon hard,
In the King's name, have I been barred;
Of treasures I possessed but one —
Old vagabond, alas! they robbed me of the sun!

What country's his who poor is born?
What are to me your wines, your corn,
Your glory, your industrious skill,
Your speakers who your councils fill?
The stranger fattened in your halls —
You opened to his arms your walls —
Fool that I was, tears then to shed:
Old vagabond, *his* hand was wont to give me bread!

Why, as some noxious insect, then,
Did ye not crush me, sons of men?
Ah! rather should I have been taught
What good for man I might have wrought!
Sheltered, and adverse winds allayed,
Soon had the worm an ant been made;
My brethren I had loved — but no —
Old vagabond, I die, yes, yes, I die your foe!

— *Translation of W. Young.*

SAINT BERNARD

St. Bernard of Clairvaux. Born at Fontaines, near Dijon, Burgundy, 1091; died at Clairvaux, January 12, 1153. Author of five books on "Reflection" and the hymn, "Jesu! the very thought of Thee."

ST. BERNARD'S HYMN

Jesu, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLUNY

Bernard of Cluny. Born at Morlaix, France, of English parentage. Entered the Abbey of Cluny in the second quarter of the twelfth century. His work "De Contemptu Mundi" was published in 1597. Its three thousand lines included many hymns, among them "Jerusalem the Golden."

THE DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI
OR
RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate —
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom!
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead —
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
Whose own it was before,
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.

Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit Land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite —
The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around —
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless —
Yes, calm! for storm is past —
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace — but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say —
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth;
The palace that reëchoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,

ABBEY OF CLUNY, HOME OF BERNARD

Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless —
Yes, calm! for storm is past —

And shall be for the earth;
The palace that reechoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing mid delay.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,

There nothing can be torn.
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight;
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill —
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
That fullness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, 'midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin,
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in;
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great
(So glorious in its fullness,
Yet so inviolate);
And perfect from unperfected,
And fall'n from those that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand.
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph then —
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them;
They paid the price on earth,

And now shall reap the harvest
  In blissfulness and mirth —
The glorious holy people,
  Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
  The King, the Crucified —
The sacred ransomed number
  Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
  Of Jesus Nazarene,
Who (fed with heavenly nectar
  Where soul-like odors play)
Draw out the endless leisure
  Of that long vernal day.
And, through the sacred lilies
  And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
  Go wandering far and wide;
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
  Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
  On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
  The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
  Of Him who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
  The fullness of His love,
Who gives instead of torment,
  Eternal joys above —
Instead of torment, glory;
  Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
  True Israelites, is rife.

Brief life is here our portion,
  Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care;
The life that knows no ending —
  The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution!
  Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
  A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
  To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwelling,
  Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
  Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
  Is one eternal place.
And martyrdom hath roses
  Upon that heavenly ground;
And white and virgin lilies
  For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure —
  Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
  No human heart can know;
And after fleshly scandal,
  And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
  Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
  But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
  And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
  And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
  With Babylon must cope;
But He whom now we trust in
  Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
  Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
  Of the body shall decay;
The bland and flattering struggles

Of the flesh shall pass away;
And none shall there be jealous,
And none shall there contend;
Fraud, clamor, guile — what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow —
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.
There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced —
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall show Him us, and showing,
Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward:
While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness;
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness.
And Jesus to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see;
And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee —
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
And every ear shall hear it —
"Behold thy King's array,

Behold thy God in beauty,
  The Law hath pass'd away!"
Yes! God my King and Portion
  In fullness of Thy grace,
We then shall see forever,
  And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
  From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel
  Forever shall be changed;
Then all the halls of Syon
  For aye shall be complete,
And in the Land of Beauty,
  All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
  Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
  Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
  Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
  And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only Mansion!
  O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
  And smiles have no alloy,
Beside thy living waters
  All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
  The hyssop of the wall;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
  Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
  Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
  With amethyst unpriced;
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
  And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendor,
  The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
  Thy ransomed people raise:
"Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
  True God and Man," they sing,
"The never-failing Garden,
  The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
  The Guardian of his Court;
The Day-star of Salvation,
  The Porter and the Port!"
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
  Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
  To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
  They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
  And thine the golden dower!
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
  O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
  The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
  Of living pearl thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,
  The Bridegroom thine alone.
The Crown is He to guerdon,
  The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
  And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest —
  Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest —
  The Life where Death is not.
And all thine endless leisure,
  In sweetest accents, sings
The ill that was thy merit,

The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.
They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the Throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!
O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions

For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim;
For 'midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter —
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Even now by faith I see thee
Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.
Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise!
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device!
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart;
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art!
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite!
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music

Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes,
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the Faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state —
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit,
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I;
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.
The best and dearest Father,
Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved,
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
But grace, sweet grace celestial,

Shall all its love display;
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold,
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold!
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

— *Translation of John Mason Neale.*